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THE HISTORY OF SIR CHARLES GRANDISON;

318/7

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

BY MR. SAMUEL RICHARDSON,

AUTHOR OF PAMELA AND CLARISSA.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. VII.

MAHAL.

A NEW EDITION,

WITH THE LAST CORRECTIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

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THE HISTORY OF SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, BART.

LETTER I.

MISS LUCY SELBY TO LADY G.

Saturday, November 25.

YOU enjoined me, my dear Lady G. at parting on Monday last, to write to you; and to be very particular in what I wrote. I will, because I love and fear you. Otherwise I would not write at all; first, because I had not the good fortune to please you, in mine to Lady L.; and next, because I shall so soon have the honour to attend you in town. Well then, I begin.

On Tue[illegible] wo[illegible]n were employed in preparations for the tenants jubilee, next day. Sir Charles, attended by my brother James, paid a

morning visit to Mr. Greville, whom he found moody, reserved, and indisposed. My brother James says, that he never saw such a manly, yet tender treatment, from one man to another, as Sir Charles gave him; and that he absolutely subdued him, and left him acknowledging the favour of his visit, and begging a repetition of it, as often as he could, while he staid in these parts; and that, he said, as well for his credit, as for his comfort. But when, Sir Charles, said he, do you carry from us the siren? I *will* call her names. I hate her. The sooner the better. Curse me, if I shall be able to creep out of the house, while she is visible on Northamptonshire ground—Though I was a friend to the match—Do you mind that, young man (to my brother James): O love, love, added he, of what contradictions art thou the cause! Though I hate her, I almost long to see her. You'll allow me to visit you both, I hope, when I have got over these plaguy megrims.

The same day Sir Charles, making a visit to Sir John Holles's family, found Miss Orme there, expecting her brother to call for her in his post-chaise.

Great civilities passed between Sir Charles and Miss Orme. She was doubtful whether her brother had, at that time, best see Sir Charles, as he was weak in health and spirits: but just as Sir Charles was at the gate, going to his chariot, attended by Sir John and the young ladies, poor Mr. Orme came.

The liveries would not allow Mr. Orme to doubt who it was. He turned pale. Sir Charles addressed himself to him with his usual polite freedom. Knowing, Sir, said he, that Mr. Orme was expected by one of the best of sisters, I presume to salute you,

as the Mr. Orme to whom I have been desirous, ever since I have been in Northamptonshire, to pay my compliments.

Sir Charles Grandison, Sir—

At your service, Mr. Orme; taking his hand.

The happiest man in the world, replied Mr. Orme, with some emotion. The best, the loveliest woman on earth calls you hers.

I *am*, I think myself, the happiest of men. But it will add to my joy, to have it wished me by so good a man as Mr. Orme.

Ah, Sir!—Could I wish joy to any man on this occasion, it would be to you, because of your character; and in the reflection, that the most excellent of women must be happier with you than any other man could have made her. But self, self, Sir! *He* is indeed a hero, who, with such a fervent attachment as mine, can divest himself of self. I loved her, Sir, from her early infancy, and never knew another love.

The man, Mr. Orme, who loved Miss Byron, gave distinction to himself. Permit me to present her to you, and you to her, as dear friends; and allow me a third place in your friendship. You have a sister who justly claims a second. I dare engage for the dear creature, from what I know of her value for Mr. Orme, that she will allow of this friendship, on the foot of his own merits, were my recommendation out of the question.

O Sir Charles! you are, *you ought* to be, the man. And will you allow me on these terms to visit *you*, and visit *her*?—But, alas! I fear I cannot soon—

At your own time, my dear Mr. Orme.—At Mr. Selby's; at her house in London; in Hampshire; wherever she is, and whether I am present or absent, Mr. Orme will be received as *her* brother and *my* brother, as *her* friend and *my* friend.

Good God! Good God!—He gushed into tears. He ran into the house to hide his emotion; but in vain:—Forgive me, said he, forgive me, Sir John! (who just then came in from taking leave of his noble guest) but there is no bearing this man's magnanimity!—He is all I have heard of him. Happy, happy Miss Byron!—No man but this could deserve her. But where is he? rising: I will ask his pardon for my abrupt departure from him.

He is gone, answered Sir John. I saw him in his chariot! Good Mr. Orme! he called you, and sighed for you. Poor Mr. Orme declared, that he would wait upon Sir Charles, and tell him, how acceptable to his heart, and what balm to his mind, would be the tender he had the goodness to make him. Sister, said he, you were at the gate, as well as the young ladies; did he not hint, did he not say, that Miss Byron spoke of me with tenderness?

I begin to fancy I am in a way to please you, Lady G.: of which, at taking up my pen, I had little hopes, and therefore intended not to take much pains about it. I am very saucy, you'll say, perhaps.

In the afternoon, a letter was brought from Sir Rowland Meredith. My cousin intends to shew it to you in town. Such a mixture in it, of joy and sadness; of condolement and congratulation; I believe was never seen in one sheet of paper. It is dated from Windsor. The good man was there in his way to town; resolving to pay a visit to the *wonderful man*, as he calls him, of whom he had heard so great a character; and who was probably to be the husband of his daughter Byron; and there he heard (from Lord W.'s domestics, I suppose) that Sir Charles was in Northamptonshire, and that the marriage was actually solemnized. He therefore intended to set out directly for Bath, where Mr.

Fowler was, or at the hot-well at Bristol, pursuing measures for his health; with a view to console his *poor boy.*

This is a good old man. Methinks I am half ready to wish, that some of my cousin's admirers would dry up their tears, and come among us: yet we are nice and dainty girls, some of us, let me tell you.—'Tis foolish, however, to suggest *leavings*, and such sort of stuff; the lady such as but one man could deserve; *his* merit allowed universally.

Sir Charles acquainted his lady with all that had passed between him and Mr. Orme. She received his account with joy and thankfulness.

You are entered, Sir, said she, into a numerous family. I have called Sir Rowland Meredith my father: Mr. Fowler my brother. Be pleased to read this letter.

I remember the relation, my dear, and acknowledge it. Mr. Fowler is another Mr. Orme. Sir Rowland is a very worthy man.

He read it—What an excellent heart has Sir Rowland! Cultivate, my dearest love, their friendship, as I will Mr. Orme's. My pity for these worthy men joining with yours, and the frankness of our mutual behaviour to them, will strengthen their hearts. We owe it to them, my dearest life, as much as it is in our power, to soften their disappointment.—Could they have a greater?

Who, madam, can think of a man after this—Except one might hope, from the personal knowledge of his charming behaviour, that the men who addressed us, might be improved by such an example?

The tenants jubilee, as they called it, was on Wednesday. It was a much more orderly day than we expected. Sir Charles was all condescension and cheerful goodness: my cousin, all *graciousness*, was

the word for her. Mrs. Shirley was of the company. How was she reverenced! She ever was! Once when the bride was withdrawn, and Sir Charles was engaged in talk with Mr. Deane, she whispered two or three of her tenants to tell the rest, that it was great joy to her, to be assured, that after her departure, the tenants of her dear Mr. Shirley would be treated with as much kindness (perhaps, with more) as he, and as she, after his example, had ever treated them. Yet one caution I give, said she: my dear son will see with his own eyes: he will dispense with his own hands. He will not be imposed upon.

Thursday and Friday the bride saw company. There was as little both days of the impertinence that attends form, as I believe, was ever known on the like occasion. We had a vast number of people: some of them persons of fashion, with whom we had but slender acquaintance; but who wished to see the happy pair.

We shall be this day at Shirley-manor in a family way: in *that*, my dear Lady G. (after all the bustle and parade that we can make) lies the true, because the untumultuous joy.

To-morrow we shall serve God in our usual way.

Adieu, my dear Lady G.—This is the sort of stuff you must be satisfied with from a poor untalented girl; as is

Your ever-devoted,

LUCY SELBY.

No end of love, compliments, &c. I begin again to doubt I shan't please you:—so am (allowably) tired.

[library stamp]

LETTER II.

LADY G. TO MISS SELBY.

Monday, November 27.

COME, come, Lucy, you do pretty well. Don't be disheartened, child. Yet you are not *quite* the clever girl I once thought you. You, that held such a part in the correspondence of our Harriet.—But you say, you can't help it. Poor girl! I am sorry for it. Your talents lie in speech, not in writing.—Your account of the interview between Orme and my brother, shews you can't *write at all*.—No, not you—Poor Lucy! But write one letter more before you come to town. Do! my dear! You have charming subjects before you, yet.

I, you see, have a talent to make subjects out of *nothing*: you, poor soul! can't follow them when made to your hand. I'll tell you a story of my good man and his good woman. A short one. The poor man is very sensible of slight ailments. Happy, as *he* is, in a wife, no wonder he is afraid of dying. He was complaining to me just now [To whom but to a pitying wife should a man complain when he ails any-thing?] that he had a troublesome disorder in the inside of his mouth. I looked very grave; shook my careful head. I am afraid, my lord, something is breeding there, that should not. He started, and looked concerned. The man will never know me. God forbid! said he—afraid of nothing less than a cancer. Have I not told you a thousand times, my lord, of your gaping? As sure as you are alive, your mouth is fly-blown.

Expecting compassion, he found a jest, and never

was man so angry. I was forced to take his hand, and stroke his cheek with mine, to be friends.

But, Lucy, let not any of these flippances meet my brother's eye, or invade his ear: I shall be undone if they do.

Caroline is pure well. Her lord is never out either of her chamber, or the nursery.

Aunt Nell makes an admirable nurse. Her parrot and her squirrel are now neglected for a little marmouset. Every-body but the real nurse likes aunt Nell. The good creature is so *understanding*, so directing! I protest, these old maids think they know every-thing. The nurse, I see, can't endure her.

I interfere not. The boy is robust, and they leave him the free exercise of his limbs, and he has a fine pipe, and makes the nursery ring whenever he pleases; so will do well enough.

But high-ho, Lucy! all these nursery mementos how do they sadden and mortify me! The word *mother*, what a solemn sound has it to me now; Caroline's situation before me!—But, come, the evil day is at distance: Who's afraid?

Beauchamp sighs for Emily: Emily for somebody else. Sir Hargrave is still miserable. Poor Sir Harry! He still lives! But can life be life, when there is no hope!

Write me one more letter before you come up: if it be ever so short a one. Don't be proud and saucy: you imagine, I suppose, that you can't write as well as Harriet and I. Granted. Attempt it not therefore. But write as well as you can; and that, till Harriet can find herself at leisure to resume her pen, shall content

Your true friend, and humble servant,

CH. G.

No end of your compliments to us in town, you say.—No end of ours to you in the country, were I to begin them: therefore will not say a word about them.

LETTER III.

MISS SELBY TO LADY G.

Thursday night, November 30.

And *must* I write your ladyship one more letter? And *will* a short one content you?

Well then, I'll try for it.

On Sunday last, we hoped to be quiet and good: but the church was as much crowded as it was the Sunday before.

Monday and Tuesday the bride and bridegroom returned the visits made them. At one, they met Miss Orme, and accompanied her to her brother's seat, at her request. You did not seem to like my account of Sir Charles's interview with Mr. Orme in my last: so I will not tell you what passed on occasion of this visit to that worthy man. I will be as perverse as you are difficult. I *don't* care. Yet, as your new sister described the meeting and parting to me, you would have been pleased with what I could have told you.

Yesterday we had a ball given by Mrs. Shirley. Were I able to write to please you, how I could expatiate on this occasion! How did the bridegroom shine! Every-body was in raptures with him, on his charming behaviour to his bride. The notice he took of her was neither too little, nor too much, for the most delicate observers. Every young lady en-

vied her; and how coldly did some of them look on their own humble servants! They indeed were as regardful of him as their mistresses: so bore the preference the better. My uncle Selby was all, and more than all, he used to be. How happy that he is a sober man! His joy, raised by wine, would have made him mad.

This day we have been all happy together. A calm, serene day; at Shirley-manor! And thus is the matter settled among us—Your brother and new sister; my uncle and aunt Selby; Mr. Deane, and your ladyship's humble servant; are to set out early to-morrow morning for London. My brother James would fain accompany us; Sir Charles kindly inviting him: but I withstood it; so did my aunt; the private reason because of Miss Jervois.

Sir Charles thinks to stay in town till the Friday following; and then proposes to carry his bride, and all of us, to Grandison-hall.

A motion was made to Sir Charles by my grandmamma Selby; whether he would not choose to be presented with his lady to the king on their nuptials. Sir Charles answered, that he was ready to comply with every proposal that should shew his duty to his sovereign, and the grateful sense he had of the honour done him by his Harriet.

We are to call on Lord and Lady W. at Windsor; and take them with us.

My cousin and I are to write constantly to our two grandmothers. My sister Nancy devotes herself to *our* grandmother Selby. Miss Holles's will constantly visit Mrs. Shirley. Sir Charles is to bring down his lady twice a year, or oftener, if conveniency permit.

He hoped, he said, after a while, to induce his Harriet to take a trip with him to Ireland, to inspect the improvements making in his estate there.

He will find no difficulty, I believe, to prevail upon her to accompany him thither; nor even, were he disposed to it, to the world's end.

He hopes for a visit from the Italian family, so deservedly dear to him; by which he is to regulate many of his future motions.

I cannot say I wish for this visit. I love, I admire, I pity them; and would, had I wings, take a flight into Italy, with all my heart, to see them incognita. Clementina must be a charming creature—but, for Harriet's sake, I have been used to think of her with terror.

For your brother's sake also, Lady G. I rejoice, and so, you know, do Dr. Bartlett and Mrs. Shirley, that she can now be only a visiter. How could Sir Charles, so thorough an Englishman, have been happy with an Italian wife? His heart, indeed, is generously open and benevolent to people of all countries: he is, as I have often heard you say, in the noblest sense, a citizen of the world: but, see we not, that his long residence abroad, has only the more endeared to him the religion, the government, the manners of England? You know, that on a double principle of religion and policy, he encourages the trades-people, the manufactures, the servants, of his own country. Do I not remember a charming lively debate between you and him, on the subject of those elegancies in dress and appearance which you said (and I thought you naughty for saying it) were only to be acquired by employing the *better* taste of foreigners?

He concluded it seriously. I recollect nearly his words: "The error, Lady G. is growing too general, is authorized by too many persons of figure, not to make one afraid of fatal consequences, from what in its beginning seemed a trifle. Shall any one pretend to true patriotism, and not attempt to stem

this torrent of fashion, which impoverishes our own honest countrymen, while it carries wealth and power to those whose national religion and interest are directly opposite to ours!"

Good Heaven, thought I, at the time, how was this noble-minded man entangled by delicacies of situation, by friendship, by compassion, that he should ever have been likely to be engaged in a family of Roman catholics, and lived half of his days out of his beloved country! And the other half to have set, as to the world's eye, such an example in it!

I know, Lady G. he would have made it his study to prevent any mischief to his neighbours from the active zeal of his lady's confessor, had a certain compromise taken effect. I remember the hint he gave to Father Marescotti: but would even *that* good man have thought himself bound to observe faith with heretics in such a case?

Whither am I rambled! I was going to tell you, that if this Italian family comes over, his new-taken house in Grosvenor Square being, as you know, nearly ready, he proposes to compliment with it those noble guests, for the time of their residence in England; for he will not, it seems, be so soon obliged to quit his present London-house, as he had thought he must.

And thus, my dear Lady G. have I obeyed your commands. I know you will not be satisfied with me. Had I been able to *follow a subject that was made to my hand*, I should have attempted the parting scene between my cousin and her grandmamma. Could I have borrowed your pen, I would have displayed the tender, yet magnanimous parent, not once, though tottering with age and infirmities, hinting that she might never again see the darling of her heart. She saddened not hope; but encour-

aged it. All she said, demonstrated love of her Harriet, divested of self, and a soul above the weaker passions; and well might she, since she has already her head among the stars, and can look down with pity, unmixed with envy, on all those who by their youth are doomed to toil through the rugged road of life, in search of a happiness that is not to be met with in it; and, at the highest, can be compounded for, only by the blessing of a contented mind. With the same pen, before I had resigned it, would I have described the lovely grandchild embracing the knees of the indulgent parent, not satisfied with one, two, three blessings; and, less generously in the *purport*, though not in the *intent* (judging from her own present happiness, that there is still something worth wishing for to be met with in this world) praying to God to preserve the over-ripened fruit still on the withered tree: in which we all joined. But O how much less generously, as I hinted, because it was altogether for our own sakes!—But I know not whose pen I must have borrowed, to have done justice to Sir Charles Grandison's behaviour on this occasion!

Excuse this serious conclusion, my dear Lady G. My cousin shall not see it. May she know nothing but felicity! In *hers* is bound up that of Sir Charles Grandison; and in *his* that of hundreds. I long, though we parted so lately, to throw myself at your feet, and to assure you, that whatever defects there are in my pen, there are none in the love borne you, by

Your ladyship's
most sincere admirer, and humble servant,
LUCY SELBY.

LETTER IV.

LADY GRANDISON TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Thursday, December 7.

LUCY (my ever-honoured grandmamma) has given you the particulars of the rapturous reception I met with on Saturday, from my dear Lady L. on the visit we made her in her chamber. She, as well as her lord, welcomed and congratulated us, and herself, with *such* a grace!—They are a charming pair!—We all rejoiced with her, on the addition she had made to two families so worthy.

Mrs. Eleanor Grandison received us also in raptures.

How did the tenderly kind notice which Sir Charles took of the lovely little infant (it is a fine child) delight the happy mother, and every-body!

Lord and Lady G. met us at Lady L.'s; Emily, and the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, with them. How affectionately did the dear girl welcome us, after a few tears, which she endeavoured to hide, and which we passed over as tears of joy! But Lucy has given you all particulars *; and the noble manner also, in which Sir Charles gave me possession of his house, on our first arrival. Every body was charmed with it. It cost my aunt some tears.

The christening was delayed till Monday; because Sir Charles was desirous it should be performed at church. He had some few difficulties to get over, before he carried his point; and this was the substance of his reasonings on the subject: People of fashion, he said, should consider themselves as examples to the lower orders of people. They should

* This letter of Miss Selby does not appear.

shew a conformity to the laws of their country, both ecclesiastical and civil, where they can do it with a good conscience. In the present case, baptism, said he, is one of our two sacraments; and shall it not be performed, when it can, as the church directs; the child in full health?

I will give you, my dear grandmamma, journal-wise, I think, an account of our proceedings; still referring myself to my Lucy for such particulars as now I shall not have time to give. For you know, madam, my time is not now my own, as it used to be; though I shall think myself very ungrateful, and undutiful too, if I permit my new duties so wholly to engross me, as to furnish an excuse for the neglect of those which from my very birth I owe to you.

I think Lucy has not mentioned to you the lively conversations that passed in the evening, after the christening, between Sir Charles and Lady G.; she choosing to single out her brother (as she had threatened, unknown to him, to do) in order to try once more her strength with him, in vivacity and raillery. She delighted every-body with her wit: for it was not so rapid and so unguarded as sometimes it is. He *condescended*, was Lucy's just observation, to return wit for her wit, in order to follow her lead, as he saw the company was delighted with their conversation; and was exceedingly brilliant. She complimented herself on the merit of having drawn him out, though to her own disadvantage. Finding herself overmatched, she shifted her attacks, and made one upon me; but with so much decorum and complaisance, as shewed she *intended* to do me honour, rather than herself.

Tuesday evening.] Sir Charles visited Sir Harry Beauchamp. The poor man numbers his hours, and owned, that the *three* the best of men gave him

(though Sir Charles intended to be back in *one*) were more happy ones than he had promised himself in this life. O madam! How easy sits my Sir Charles's piety upon him! He can pity a dying friend, without saddening his own heart: for he lives the life of duty as he goes along, and fears not the inevitable lot.

Wednesday.] He paid a visit to Sir Hargrave. Sir Hargrave, it seems, complimented him, but with tears in his eyes, on his marriage. Great God! said he, how are you rewarded! How am I punished! Is there not hope that I have all my punishment in this life? I am sure, it is very, *very* heavy.

He visited the same day Mrs. Oldham, and her children.

He drank tea that afternoon with the Danby family in full assembly, at the house of their elder brother; and came to my cousin Reeves's to supper. My uncle, aunt, Mr. Deane, and Lucy, accompanied me thither to tea and supper, where, as by promise, we were joined by Lord and Lady G. Lord L. Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, my Emily, and Mr. Beauchamp. Mr. Reeves had also invited Lady Betty Williams. What felicitations did she pour on me! She sighed, poor lady! for the unhappy step her daughter had taken: and I sighed for the mother; who, though she had not given her daughter a *bad* example, had not set her a *good* one.

Lucy will tell you what a charming evening we had.

On *Thursday.*] Mr. Grandison presented his new-married lady to Sir Charles and me, and dined with us. Sir Charles received the lady, as well as his cousin, with the utmost politeness. She is far from being a disagreeable woman: but, at first, the awe she had of the people of rank in company, particularly of Lady G. as she owned to me, gave her an

air of awkwardness. But Sir Charles's polite notice of her soon made her easy.

Mr. Grandison found an opportunity to praise to me her good sense and fine qualities; but in such a way, as if he were making apologies for having given the *honour* of his name to a woman under his own rank (ungrateful!) who yet had re-established him: he concluded his panegyric with letting me know, that she had already presented him with 25,000 pounds: he looked as if he thought he deserved it all; and actually called her a very discerning woman. I questioned not, I told him, his gratitude to a lady so deserving; and he as good as promised to *reward* her by his love; whispering, with an air of self-sufficiency, sticking his hand in his side, and surveying himself to the right and left, Her former husband, madam, was a very plain, but an honest man. But I do assure you she has taste! —O dear! O dear! thought I to myself.

Sir Charles invited them both to Grandison-hall, and she seemed not a little proud on his calling her, as he did several times, *cousin*.

Lord L. and Lord and Lady G. dined with us, as did Mrs. Eleanor Grandison and Emily. Lady G. in the main, behaved prettily enough to Mr. Grandison and his bride. But once a little forgetting herself, and putting on a supercilious air, I whispered her, Dear Lady G. consider, you can *give* pride to others by your condescension: you must not yourself *condescend* to be proud.

Be you, my Harriet, re-whispered she, always my monitress. It is the sorry fellow, not his wife, that *I look down upon*. She, a widow *cit*, might have done still worse.

Cit! Lady G. And in a trading kingdom?

Ay, cit, child! Have you not heard my brother say, that even in the *republic* of Venice, there are

young nobility and old nobility? Distinctions in blood every-where but at Amsterdam!

Who, and what, at first, made the distinction, my dear? Asked I.

Be quiet, Harriet!—I think I am very good—

And at the *height* of your goodness, Charlotte?

Be quiet, when I bid you; aloud.

Sir Charles a little jealous of our whispering, for the sake of his cousins, turning to Mr. Grandison, Your cousin Charlotte, you know, Sir, is always hard pressed, when she calls out, *Be quiet.*

I was always rejoiced, replied he, when my cousin was brought to that.

Sir Charles has been twice at the drawing-room with me, since we have been in town. He admires the integrity of heart of his sovereign, as much as he reveres his royal dignity. Once I remember, he wished that his majesty would take a summer's progress through his British, another into his Irish, dominions; because the more he was personally known, the more he would be beloved: but expressly with this proviso, That every gentleman and woman of condition should be welcome at his court, who came not in new dresses to pay their duty to him; and this lest the gentry's vying with each other in appearance, should hurt their private circumstances; and for the same reason, that he would graciously treat, but not be treated by, any of the nobility at their houses.

To-morrow morning, Sir Charles, his grateful Harriet, happy creature! my uncle and aunt Selby, Mr. Deane, Lucy, and Emily, are to set out by the way of Windsor for Grandison-hall. We are to take an early dinner there with Lord and Lady W.; who, on that condition, have promised to attend their beloved nephew, and his friends, to the hall.

Lord G. is allowed to stay a week with us, and no more. He is then to attend his now but half-saucy lady; at one of the Earl of G.'s seats in Hertfordshire; where, by promise of long-standing, she is to keep her Christmas: at which she mutters not a little; because she would fain have been with us; and because she imagines, it will be proper for her to confine herself at home, by the time they will part with her.

My aunt Selby, and even my uncle, will write. He must, he says, vent the overflowings of his joy.

Lucy loves to describe houses, furniture, gardens. She says, she will sometimes give conversations too, at which I shall not be present; but will leave to my pen persons, characters, and what passes of the more tender sort in conversations where I am by. But as well Lucy's letters, as mine, are to be sent to Lady G. unsealed; and she, after shewing them to her sister, will hasten them to Northamptonshire.

Referring therefore to Lucy for more particular accounts, I subscribe myself, with all duty and grateful love to my grandmamma, as well as with kindest remembrances to all my dear friends,

Your happy, thrice happy,

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER V.

LADY GRANDISON TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Grandison-hall, Saturday 12 o'clock, December 9.

O MY dearest, dearest grandmamma! Here I am! The declared mistress of this spacious house, and the happiest of human creatures! This is all at this instant I can write.

* *

Lord and Lady W. honoured us, as they had promised, with their company; but detained us so long, that we were obliged to lie one night on the road. But by eleven this morning we arrived here.

At our alighting, Sir Charles clasping me in his arms, I congratulate you, my dearest life, said he, on your entrance into *your own* house. The last Lady Grandison, and the present, might challenge the whole British nation to produce their equals. Then turning to every one of his guests, those of my family first, as they were strangers to the place, he said the kindest, the politest things that ever proceeded from the mouth of man. I wept for joy. I would have spoken, but could not. Every-body congratulated the happy Harriet.

Dr. Bartlett was approaching to welcome us; but drew back till our mutual congratulations were over. He then appeared. I present to you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, said the best of men, the lovely friend, whom you have so long wished to see mistress of this house. He then presented me to the doctor.

God bless you, madam! tears in his eyes.—God bless you both! Then kissed my offered cheek. He could say no more: I could not speak distinctly.

My dear Sir Charles led me, followed by all our rejoicing friends, through a noble dining-room to the drawing-room, called, the lady's: The whole house, my dear, said he, and every person and thing belonging to it, is yours: but this apartment is more particularly so. Let what is amiss in it, be altered as you would have it.

O Sir! grasping his presenting hand between both mine, was all I could say.

This room is elegantly furnished. It is hung with a light green velvet, delicately ornamented; the chairs of the same; the frames of them gilt; as

is the frame of a noble cabinet in it.—My mother's, my dearest life, whispered he. It will be always fashionable! and you, I know, will value it on her account.—Indeed I shall.—He presented me with the keys. Here perhaps will you deposit your letters and correspondencies; some of which (the continuation of those I have had the honour to see) you will allow me to peruse. But of *choice*, remember, madam. For your whole heart must be in the grant of the favours you will confer upon me of this kind.

Dear Sir, said I, leave me power of speech; my will shall be yours, in every-thing. But you will find a strange, strange heart, laid open to you, if you command from me a sight of the papers, that probably will be reposited here, when all my matters are brought from Northamptonshire.

You shall have all the letters you ever wrote to me, and the venerable circle, said Lucy; a loan, not a gift; if you will shew them to Sir Charles.

Courage, Lucy, not inclination, will be only wanting.

Thank you, Lucy, said he. Thank you, my love, to me. You must make marks against the passages in the letters you shall have the goodness to communicate, which you would not have me read. I will give you my honour that I will not pass the bounds you prescribe.

I will snatch another opportunity to proceed.—My dear Sir Charles indulges me. I have told him, that if he now-and-then misses me, he must conclude that I am doubling my joy, by communicating it as I have opportunity, to my dear grandmamma.

* *

Every-body admires the elegance of this drawing-room. The finest japan china that I ever saw,

except that of Lady G.'s, which she so whimsically received at the hands of her lord, took particularly every female eye.

Sir Charles led me into a closet adjoining—Your oratory, your library, my love, when you shall have furnished it, as you desired you might, by your chosen collection from Northamptonshire.

It is a sweet little apartment, elegant book-cases, unfurnished. Every other ornament complete. How had he been at work to oblige me, by Dr. Bartlett's good offices, while my heart perhaps was torn, part of the time, with uncertainty!

The housekeeper, a middle-aged woman, who is noted, as you have heard her master say, for prudence, integrity, and obligingness, a gentlewoman born, appearing; Sir Charles presented her to me. Receive, my love, a faithful, a discreet gentlewoman, who will think herself honoured with your commands. Mrs. Curzon (to her) you will be happy in a mistress who is equally beloved and reverenced by all who have the honour of her countenance, if she approve of your services, and if you choose to continue with us.

I took her hand: I hope, Mrs. Curzon, there is no doubt but you will. You may depend upon every-thing that is in my power to make you happy.

She looked pleased; but answered only with a respectful courtesy.

Sir Charles led the gentlemen out to shew them his study. We just looked into a fine suite of rooms on the same floor, and joined them there.

We found my uncle and Mr. Deane admiring the disposition of every-thing, as well as the furniture. The glass-cases are neat, and, as Dr. Bartlett told us, stored with well-chosen books in all sciences. Mr. Deane praised the globes, the orrery, and the instruments of all sorts, for geographical, astronomi-

cal, and other scientifical observations. It is ornamented with pictures, some, as Dr. Bartlett told us, of the best masters of the Italian and Flemish schools; statues, bustoes, bronzes: and there also, placed in a distinguished manner, are the two rich cabinets of medals, gems, and other curiosities, presented to him by Lady Olivia. He mentioned what they contained, and by whom presented: and said, he would shew us at leisure the contents. They are not mine, added he. I only give them a place till the generous owner shall make some worthy man happy. *His* they must be. It would be a kind of robbery to take them from a family, that, for near a century past, have been collecting them.

* *

Lucy says, she will be very particular in her let- s. This will take up time; especially as Lady and Lady L. must see them in their way to hamptonshire; though they will not detain them. I shall have an opportunity to send this to London on Monday. This makes me intent to snatch every opportunity of writing. It will otherwise be too long before you will hear from us by my hand.

I do not intend to invade this slow girl's province: yet I will give you a slight sketch of the house and apartments, as I go along.

The situation is delightful. The house is very spacious. It is built in the form of an H; both fronts pretty much alike. The hall, the dining-parlour, two drawing-rooms, one adjoining to the study, the other to the dining-parlour (which with the study, mentioned already, and other rooms, that I shall leave to Lucy to describe, make the ground-floor) are handsome, and furnished in an elegant, but not sumptuous taste; the hangings of

some of them beautiful paper only. There is adjoining to the study, a room called *the music-parlour*, so called in Sir Thomas's time, and furnished with several fine musical instruments: Sir Thomas was as great an admirer of music as his son; and a performer.

It is no news to you, madam, that Sir Charles shews a great regard to every thing, place, and disposition, that was his father's; and not absolutely inconvenient, and inconsistent with the alterations he has thought necessary to make: and which Dr. Bartlett praises highly, and promises to particularize to me. We are to be shewn this music-parlour by-and-by.

The dining-room is noble and well-proportioned: it goes over the hall and dining-parlour. It is hun with crimson-damask, adorned with valuable pi tures. The furniture is rich, but less ornamen than that of the lady's drawing-room.

The best bed-chamber adjoining is hung with fine tapestry. The bed is of crimson velvet, lined with white silk; chairs and curtains of the same. Two fine pictures drawn by Sir Godfrey, one of Sir Thomas, the other of Lady Grandison, whole lengths, took my eye (with what reverence, that of my lady!): Lady L. Lady G. as girls, and Sir Charles as a boy of about ten years of age, made three other fine whole lengths. I must contemplate them, when I have more leisure.

There is a fine suite of rooms on the first floor which we just stept into, mostly furnished with damask.

Mrs. Curzon tells us, that, on occasion, they make fifteen beds, within the house, in which the best lord in the land need not disdain to repose. You remember, madam, that Sir Charles, in his in-

vitation to the Italian family, tells them, he has room to receive them. The offices, it seems, are exceedingly convenient.

The gardens and lawn seem from the windows of this spacious house to be as boundless as the mind of the owner, and as free and open as his countenance*.

* *Miss Lucy Selby thus describes the situation of the house, and the park, gardens, orchards, &c. in one of her letters, which does not appear.*

This large and convenient house is situated in a spacious park; which has several fine avenues leading to it.

On the north side of the park, flows a winding stream, that may well be called a river, abounding with trout and other fish; the current quickened by a noble cascade, which tumbles down its foaming waters from a rock, which is continued to some extent, in a ledge of rock-work rudely disposed.

The park is remarkable for its prospects, lawns, and rich appearing clumps of trees of large growth; which must therefore have been planted by the ancestors of the excellent owner; who contenting himself to open and enlarge many fine prospects, delights to preserve, as much as possible, the plantations of his ancestors; and particularly thinks it a kind of impiety to fell a tree, that was planted by his father.

On the south side of the river, on a natural and easy ascent, is a neat, but plain villa, in the rustic taste, erected by Sir Thomas; the flat roof of which presents a noble prospect. This villa contains convenient lodging-rooms; and one large room, in which he used sometimes to entertain his friends.

The gardener's house is a pretty little building. The man is a sober diligent man; he is in years: has a housewifely good creature of a wife. Content appears in the countenances of both: How happy must they be!

The gardens, vineyard, &c. are beautifully laid out. The orangery is flourishing; every thing indeed is, that belongs to Sir Charles Grandison; alcoves, little temples, seats, are erected at different points of view: the orchard, lawns, and grass-walks, have sheep for gardeners; and the whole being bounded only by sunk fences, the eye is carried to views that have no bounds.

The orchard, which takes up near three acres of ground, is

My uncle once took my aunt out from the company, in a kind of hurry. I saw his eyes glisten, and was curious, on her return, to know the occasion. This was his speech to her, unable to check his emotion; What a man is this, dame Selby! We were surely wanting in respect to him when he was among us. To send such a one to an inn!—Fie upon us!—Lord be good unto me, how are things come about!—Who would have thought it?—Sometimes I wonder the girl is not as proud as Lucifer; at other times, that she is able to look him in the face!

To this convenient house belongs an elegant little chapel, neatly decorated. But Sir Charles, when down, generally goes to the parish-church, of which he is patron.

The gallery I have not yet seen—Dr. Bartlett tells me, it is adorned with a long line of ancestors.

* *

After dinner, which was sumptuous and well-ordered, Sir Charles led us into the music-parlour.

planted in a peculiar taste. A neat stone bridge in the centre of it, is thrown over the river: it is planted in a natural slope; the higher fruit-trees, as pears, in a semicircular row, first; apples at further distances next; cherries, plums, standard apricots, &c. all which in the season of blossoming, one row gradually lower than another, must make a charming variety of blooming sweets to the eye, from the top of the rustic villa, which commands the whole.

The outside of this orchard, next the north, is planted with three rows of trees, at proper distances from each other; one of pines; one of cedars; one of Scotch firs, in the like semicircular order; which at the same time that they afford a perpetual verdure to the eye, and shady walks in the summer, defend the orchard from the cold and blighting winds.

This plantation was made by direction of Sir Thomas, in his days of fancy. We have heard that he had a poetical, and, consequently, a fanciful taste.

O madam, you shall hear what honour was done me there!—I will lead to it.

Several of the neighbouring gentlemen, he told us, are performers; and he hopes to engage them as opportunity shall offer. My dear Dr. Bartlett, said he, your soul is harmony: I doubt not but all these are in order—"May I ask you, my Harriet?" pointing to the harpsichord. I instantly sat down to it. It is a fine instrument. Lord G. took up a violin; my uncle, a bass-viol; Mr. Deane, a German flute; and we had a little concert of about half an hour.

Here is a noble organ: when the little concert was over, he was so good himself, on my aunt's referring to him with asking eyes, to shew us it was in tune.

We all seated ourselves round him, on his preparing to oblige us; and he with a voice admirably suited to the instrument (but the words, if I may be allowed to say so, still *more* admirably to the occasion) at once delighted and surprised us all, by the following lines:

I.

Accept, great SOURCE of ev'ry bliss,
The fulness of my heart,
Pour'd out in tuneful ecstasies,
By this celestial art.

II.

My soul, with gratitude profound,
Receive a form so bright!
And yet, I boast a bliss *beyond*
This angel to the *sight*.

III.

When charms of *mind* and person meet,
How rich our raptures rise!
The fair that renders earth so sweet,
Prepares me for the skies!

How did our friends look upon one another, as

the excellent man proceeded!—I was astonished. It was happy I sat between my aunt and Lucy!—They each took one of my hands. Tears of joy ran down my cheeks. Every one's eyes congratulated me. Every tongue but mine, encored him. I was speechless. Again he obliged us. I thought at the time, I had a foretaste of the joys of heaven!—How sweet is the incense of praise from a husband; that husband a good man; my surrounding friends enjoying it! How will you, madam, rejoice in such an instance of a love so pure, and so grateful!—Long, long may it be, for the sake of his Harriet, his and her friends, for the world's sake, before his native skies reclaim him!

He approached me with tender modesty; as if abashed by the applause he met with. But seeing me affected, he was concerned. I withdrew with my aunt and Lucy. He followed me. I then threw myself into his arms; and, had speech been lent me, would have offered him the fervent vows of a heart overflowing with love and gratitude.

LETTER VI.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

The music-parlour [I can hardly mention it without breaking into raptures] is adorned with a variety of fine carvings, on subjects that do honour to poetry and music. Be it Lucy's task to describe them. Let me mention other instances of his tender goodness to one of the happiest creatures on earth.

You know, madam, Sir Charles, when in Northamptonshire, offered me my choice of servants of

both sexes; and when I told him, that I chose not to take with me any one of either but my Sally, he said, that when I came to Grandison-hall, where they would be all together, I should choose which of the men servants I would more particularly call my own. I have not, my dearest life, said he, run into the taste of our modern gentry, for foreign servants, any more than for foreign equipages. I am well served; yet all mine are of our own country.

And then he gave me the names, and an account of the qualities of each.

Frederic I had seen at Selby-house, an observant, sensible-looking young man: I chose *him*. He called him in (my aunt Selby present): All my servants, Frederic, said he, are as much your lady's as mine: but *you* will devote yourself *more particularly* to her commands. I mean not, however, any distinction in your favour, where you all equally merit distinction. The power, madam, of change or dismission through the house, is entirely yours.

To-morrow, I am to go over all the bridal ostentation again at the parish-church. On Monday Lady Mansfield and her family are to be here.—*Your* guests, my dear, said Sir Charles to me, I hope, for a week, at least. This was the first notice he gave of it to Lord and Lady W. What joy and gratitude appeared in her countenance upon it!

Tuesday, by general approbation (Sir Charles submitting the choice of the day to his company) we are to have the neighbouring gentry here to dinner, and for the rest of the day. Sir Charles has been long wished by them all to reside among them. He breaks through the usual forms, and chose this way, at once, to receive the visits of all his neighbours, and in both our names gave the invitation. He shewed us a list of the persons invited. It is a

very large one. My dearest love, said he, we shall be half-familiarized to them, they to us, even to-morrow, by the freedom of this invitation for the Tuesday following.

Mrs. Curzon came to me for directions about the bed-chambers. I took that opportunity to tell her, that I should add to the number of female servants, only my Sally, of whose discretion I had no doubt. You must introduce to me, said I, at a proper time, the female servants. If you, Mrs. Curzon, approve of them, I shall make no changes. I am, myself, the happiest of women: every one who deserves it, shall find her happiness in mine.

You will rejoice all their hearts, madam, by this early declaration of your goodness to them. I can truly say, that the best of masters has not the worst of servants: but Dr. Bartlett would make bad servants good.

I shall want no other proof, said I, of their goodness, than their love and respect to Dr. Bartlett.

In company of my aunt, Lady W. Lucy, Miss Jervois, attended by Mrs. Curzon, we went to choose our rooms; and those for our expected guests of Monday. We soon fixed on them. My aunt, with her usual goodness, and Lady W. with that condescension that is natural to her, took great notice of Mrs. Curzon, who seemed delighted with us all; and said, that she should be the happier in the performance of her duty, as she had been informed, we were managing ladies. It was a pleasure, she said, to receive commands from persons who knew when things were properly done. You, my dearest grandmamma, from my earliest youth, have told me, that to be respected, even by servants, it is necessary to be able to direct them, and not be thought ignorant in those matters that it becomes a mistress of a family to be acquainted with. They

shall not find me pragmatical, however, in the little knowledge I have in family-matters.

Will nothing happen, my dear grandmamma—But no more of this kind—Shall I, by my diffidences, lessen the enjoyments of which I am in full possession? My joy may not be sufficient to banish fear; but I hope it will be a prudent one, which will serve to increase my thankfulness to Heaven, and my gratitude to the man so justly dear to me.

But do you, my grandmamma, whenever you pray for the continuance of your Harriet's happiness, pray also for that of Lady Clementina: that only can be wanting in my present situation, to complete the felicity of

Your ever-grateful, ever-dutiful,

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER VII.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Sunday noon.

WHAT a crowded church-yard and church had I to pass through to the handsome seat, which belongs to the excellent patron of it!—How much exalted was I to hear his whispered praises! How did my Northamptonshire friends rejoice in the respectful approbation paid to the happy creature, to whom they are more immediately related! I am always a little mortified by praises of my figure. What a transitory thing is outward form!—May I make to myself a more solid and permanent foundation for that respect, which is generally more pleasing to a female heart than it ought to be!

Sir Charles was not unhappy in his invitation for

next Tuesday. It took off, I imagine, some particular addresses to him. Yet several gentlemen at his coach-side acknowledged the favour done them in it.

My uncle, who, you know, madam, loves everything that promotes good neighbourhood, is greatly delighted with the thoughts of the day. How proud is he of his Harriet! How much more proud of his relation to the best of men!

I have looked upon what Lucy has written. I see there will be but little room for me to say any-thing. She is delighted with her task. It employs all her faculties; displays her fine taste in architecture, paintings, needle-works, shell-works. She will give you a description of several charming performances in the two latter arts, of the late Lady Grandison!—How does the character of that admirable lady rise upon us! With what emulation does it fire me! On twenty accounts, it was a very bold thing, my grandmamma, for your Harriet to aspire to be Lady Grandison!—Yet how does Sir Charles's goodness, his kind acceptance of all my humble endeavours, encourage me!—O madam! he said truth, when in courtship he told me, that I parted with power to have it returned me with augmentation. I don't know how it is, but his freedom of behaviour to me is increased; yet his respectfulness is not diminished.—And, tender as he was before to me, his tenderness is still greater than it was: yet so much unaffected dignity in it, that my reverence for him is augmented, but without any abatement of my love. Then his cheerfulness, his *more* than cheerfulness, his vivacity, shews, that he is at heart pleased with his Harriet. Happy Harriet!—Yet I cannot forbear now-and-then, when my joy and my gratitude are at the highest, a sigh to the merits of Lady Clementina!—What I am now, should she have been,

think I often!—The general admiration paid me as the wife of Sir Charles Grandison, should have been paid to her!—Lady L. Lady G. should have been her sisters!—She should have been the mistress of this house, the co-guardian of Emily, the successor of the late excellent Lady Grandison!—Hapless Clementina!—What a strange thing, that adherence to religion in two persons so pious, so good, each in their way, should sunder, for ever sunder, persons whose minds were so closely united!

Sir Charles, by Lucy, invites me, till dinner is ready, to walk with them, at her request, in the gallery. Lucy wants, in describing that gallery, to give you, my dearest grandmamma (in whom every other of my friends is included) a brief history of the ancestors of Sir Charles, whose pictures adorn it. I come! Lord of my heart! I attend you!—

* *

How, madam, would you have been delighted, could you have sat in this truly-noble gallery, and seen the dear man, one arm round my waist, pointing sometimes with the other, sometimes putting that other arm round my Lucy's, and giving short histories of the persons whose pictures we saw!

Some of the pictures are really fine. One of Sir Charles's, which is drawn when he was about sixteen, is on horseback. The horse a managed, curvetting, proud beast.—His seat, spirit, courage, admirably expressed: he must have been, as his sisters say he was, the loveliest, and the most undaunted, yet most modest-looking, of youths. He passed his own picture so slightly, that I had not time to take in half the beauties of it. You will not doubt, madam, but I shall be often in this gallery, were only this one picture there.

What pleasure had I in hearing the history of this ancient family, from this unbroken series of the

pictures of it, for so many generations past! And will mine, one day, thought I, be allowed a place among them, near to that of the most amiable of them all, both as to mind and figure? How my heart exulted! What were my meditations as I traced the imagined footsteps of dear Lady Grandison, her picture and Sir Thomas's in my eye! as finely executed, as those in the best bed-chamber. May I, thought I, with a happier lot, be but half as deserving! But, madam, did not Lady Grandison shine the more for the hardships she passed through! —And is it necessary for virtue to be called forth by trials, in order to be justified by its fortitude under them? What trials can I be called to with Sir Charles Grandison? But may I not take my place on the footstep of her throne, yet make no contemptible figure in the family of her beloved son? I will humbly endeavour to deserve my good fortune, and leave the rest to Providence.

There are in different apartments of this seat, besides two in the house in town, no less than six pictures of Sir Thomas: but then two of them were brought from his seat in Essex. Sir Thomas was fond of his person: they are drawn in different attitudes. He appears to be, as I always heard he was, a fine figure of a man. But neither Lucy nor I, though we made not the compliment to Sir Charles, you may suppose (who always speaks with reverence and unaffected love of his father) thought him comparable in figure, dignity, intelligence, to his son.

We were called to dinner before we had gone half-way through the gallery.

We had a crowded church again in the afternoon.

Sunday night.] This excellent Dr. Bartlett! And, this excellent Sir Charles Grandison! I may say.—

Sir Charles having enquired of the doctor, when alone with him, after the rules observed by him before we came down, the doctor told him, that he had every morning and night the few servants attending him in his antechamber to prayers, which he had selected out of the church service. Sir Charles desired him by all means to continue so laudable a custom; for he was sure master and servants would both find their account in it.

Sir Charles sent for Saunders and Mrs. Curzon. He applauded to them the doctor's goodness, and desired they would signify, the one to the men-servants, the other to the women, that he should take it well of them, if they cheerfully attended the doctor; promising to give them opportunity, as often as was possible. Half an hour after ten, doctor, I believe is a good time in the evening?

That, Sir, is about my time; and eight in the morning, as an hour the least likely to interfere with their business. Whenever it does, they are in their duty; and I do not then expect them.

About a quarter after ten, the doctor slipt away. Soon after Sir Charles withdrew, unperceived by any of us. The doctor and his little church were assembled. Sir Charles joined them, and afterwards returned to company, with that cheerfulness that always beams in his aspect. The doctor followed him, with a countenance as serene. I took the doctor aside, though in the same apartment, supposing the matter. Sir Charles joining us—O Sir, said I, why was I not whispered to withdraw with you Think you, that your Harriet—

The company, my dearest love, interrupted he was not now to be broken up. When we are settled, we can make a custom for ourselves, that will be allowed for by every-body, when it is seen we persevere, and are, in every other respect, uniform.

Joshua's resolution, doctor, was an excellent one*. The chapel, now our congregation is large, will be the properest place; and there, perhaps, the friends we may happen to have with us, will sometimes join us.

Monday morning.] Sir Charles has just now presented to me, in Dr. Bartlett's presence, Mr. Daniel Bartlett, the doctor's nephew, and his only care in this world; a young gentleman of about eighteen, well educated, and a fine accomptant; a master of his pen, and particularly of the art of short-hand writing. The doctor insisted on the specification of a salary, which he named himself to be 40l. a year, and to be within the house, that he might always be at hand. He could not trust, he said, to his patron's assurances, that his bountiful spirit would allow him to have a regard, in the reward, only to the merit of the service.

Monday noon.] Lady Mansfield, Miss Mansfield, and the three brothers, are arrived. What amiable women, what agreeable young gentlemen, what grateful hearts, what joy to Lady W. on their arrival! what pleasure to Lord W. who, on every occasion, shews his delight in his nephew!—All these things, with their compliments to your happy Harriet, let Lucy tell. I have not time.

* *

What, my dear grandmamma, shall we do with Lord and Lady W.?—Such a rich service of gilt plate! Just arrived! A present to me!—It is a noble present!—And so gracefully presented! And I so gracefully permitted to accept of it, by my best, my tenderest friend!—Let Lucy describe this too.

* As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord, Josh. xxiv. 15.

Tuesday morning.] A vast company we shall have. Gentlemen and their ladies are invited: your Harriet is to be dressed: she is already dressed. How kindly am I complimented, by every one of my friends!—Let Lucy, let my aunt (she promises to assist Lucy) relate all that shall pass, describe the persons, and give the characters of our visiters; our managements, our entertainments, the ball that is to conclude the day and night. I shall not be able, I suppose, to write a line.

Wednesday noon.] Our company left us not till six this morning. My uncle was transported with the day; with the night.

I will only say, that all was happy; and decency, good order, and mirth, went through the whole space. Sir Charles was every-where, and with every-body. O how he charmed them all! Sir William Turner said once, behind his back, Of what transports did my late friend Sir Thomas, who doted upon his son, deprive himself, by keeping him so long abroad!

I could not but think of what my dear Lady G. once wrote, that women are not so soon tired as men, with these diversions, with dancing particularly. By three, all but Sir Charles and my uncle seemed quite fatigued: but recovered themselves. My Emily delighted every-body. She was the whole night what I wished her to be—Dear madam, be not uneasy. We shall be very happy in each other.

O that you were with us, my dearest grand-mamma! But you, from your cheerful piety, and joyful expectation of happiness supreme, are already, though on earth, in heaven!—Yet it is my wish, my aunt's, my uncle's, Lucy's, twenty times a day, that you were present, and saw him, The domestic man, the cheerful friend, the kind master,

the enlivening companion, the polite neighbour, the tender husband! Let nobody who sees Sir Charles Grandison at home, say, that the private station is not that of true happiness.

How charmingly respectful is he to my uncle, aunt, and good Mr. Deane! To Lucy, he is an affectionate brother. Emily, dear girl, how she enjoys his tenderness to her!

My uncle is writing to you, madam, a letter. He says, it will be as long as his arm. My aunt will dispatch this day, a very long one. Theirs will supply my defects. Lucy is not quite ready with her first letter. If there were not so much of your Harriet in it, I would highly praise what she has hitherto written.

Thursday morning.] I leave to my uncle the account of the gentlemen's diversions in the gardens and fields. They are all extremely happy. But Lord G. already pines after his Charlotte. He will not be prevailed on to stay out his week, I doubt; sweet-tempered man! as I see him in a thousand little amiable instances. If Lady G. did not love him, I would not love her. Lord W. is afraid of a gouty attack. He is never quite free. He and his admirable lady will leave us to-morrow.

I think, my dear Lady G. with you, that discretion and gratitude are the corner-stones of the matrimonial fabric. Lady W. had no prepossessions in any other man's favour. My lord loves her. What must be that woman's heart, that gratitude and love cannot engage? But she loves my lord. Surely she does. Is not real and unaffected tenderness for the infirmities of another, the very essence of love? What is wanting where there is that? My Sir Charles is delighted with Lady W.'s goodness to his uncle. He tells her often, how much he reveres her for it.

In our retired hours, we have sometimes the excellent lady abroad for our subject. I always begin it. He never declines it. He speaks of her with such manly tenderness! He thanks me, at such times, for *allowing* him, as he calls it, to love her. He regrets very much the precipitating of her; yet pities her parents and brothers. How warmly does he speak of his Jeronymo! He has a sigh for Olivia. But of whom, except Lady Sforza and her Laurana, does he not speak kindly?—And them he pities. Never, never, was there a more expanded heart!

* *

Ah, madam, a cloud has just brushed by us! Its skirts have affected us with sadness, and carried us from our sunshine prospects *home*; that is to say, to thoughts of the general destiny!—Poor Sir Harry Beauchamp is no more! A letter from his Beauchamp! Sir Charles shewed it to me, for the honour of the writer, now Sir Edward. We admired this excellent young man together, over his letter. What fine things did Sir Charles say on this occasion, both by way of self-consolation, and on the inevitable destiny! But he dwelt not on the subject. He has written to Lady Beauchamp, and to the young baronet. How charmingly consolitory!—What admirable—But Sir Charles, madam, is a CHRISTIAN!

* *

This event has not at all influenced his temper. He is the same cheerful man to his company; to his Harriet; to every-body. I am afraid it will be the cause of his first absence from me: how shall I part with him, though it were but for two days?

Friday noon.] Lady Mansfield, and her sons, Lord G. and Lord and Lady W. have left us. Miss Mansfield is allowed to stay with me some time longer. Emily is very fond of her. No wonder: she is a good young woman.

We are busied in returning the visits of our neighbours, which Sir Charles promised to do, as if they were individually made to us. We have a very agreeable neighbourhood. But I want these visitings to be over. Sir Charles, and his relations and mine, are the world to me. These obligations of ceremony, though unavoidable, are drawbacks upon the true domestic felicity. One happiness, however, results from the hurry and bustle they put us in: Emily's mind seems to be engaged: when we are not quite happy in our own thoughts, it is a relief to carry them out of ourselves.

* *

Sir Charles and I have just now had a short conversation about this dear girl. We both joined in praising her; and then I said, I thought, that some time hence Mr. Beauchamp and she would make a very happy pair.

I have, said he, a love for both. But as the one is my own very particular *friend*, and as the other is my *ward*, I would rather he found for himself, and she for herself, another lover, and that for obvious reasons.

But suppose, Sir, they should like each the other?

So as they made it not a compliment to me, but gave me reason to believe, that they would have preferred each the other to every one else, were they strangers to me, I would not stand in their way. But the man who hopes for my consent for Emily, must give me reason to think, that he would have preferred her to any other woman, though she had a much less fortune than she is mistress of.

I am much mistaken, Sir, if that may not be the case of your friend.

Tell me, my nobly frank, and ever-amiable Harriet, what you know of this subject. Has Beauchamp any thoughts of Emily?—

Ah, Sir! thought I, I dare not tell you *all* my thoughts; but what I do tell you shall be truth.

I really, Sir, don't imagine Emily has a thought of your Beauchamp—

Nor of any other person? Has she?—

Lady G. Lady L. and myself, are of opinion, that Beauchamp loves Emily.

I am glad, my dear, if any-thing were to come of it, that the man loved first.

I was conscious. A tear unawares dropt from my eye—He saw it. He folded his arm about me, and kissed it from my cheek. Why, my love! my dearest love! why this? and seemed surprised.

I must tell you, Sir, that you may not be surprised. I fear, I fear—

What fears my Harriet?

That the happiest of all women cannot say, that her dear man loved her first!—

He folded me in his kind arms. How sweetly engaging! said he: I will presume to hope, that my Harriet, by the happiest of all women, means herself—You say not no! I will not insult your goodness so much, as to ask you to say yes. But, this I say, that the happiest of all men loved his Harriet, before she *could* love him; and, but for the honour he owed to another admirable woman, though then he had no hopes of ever calling her his, would have convinced her of it, by a very early declaration. Let me add, that the moment I saw you first (distressed and terrified as you were, too much to think of favour to any man) I loved you: and you know not the struggle it cost me (my destiny with *our* dear Clementina so uncertain) to conceal my love—Cost me, who ever was punctiliously studious to avoid engaging a young lady's affections, lest I should not be able to be just to her; and always thought what is called platonic love an insidious pretension.

O Sir! and I flung my fond arms about his neck, and called him the most just, the most generous, of men.

He pressed me still to his heart; and when I raised my conscious face, though my eye could not bear his, Now, Sir, said I, after this kind, this encouraging acknowledgment, I can consent, I *think* I can, that the lord of my heart shall see, as he has more than once wished to see, long before he declared himself, all that was in that forward, that aspiring heart.—

Lucy had furnished me with the opportunity before. I instantly arose, and took out of a drawer a parcel of my letters, which I had sorted ready, on occasion, to oblige him; which, from what he had seen before, down to the dreadful masquerade-affair, carried me to my setting out with his sisters to Colnebrook.

I think not to shew him farther, by my own consent, because of the recapitulation of his family story, which immediately follows; particularly including the affecting accounts of his mother's death; his father's unkindness to the two young ladies; Mrs. Oldham's story; the sisters conduct to her; which might revive disagreeable subjects.

Be pleased, Sir, said I, putting them into his hands, to judge me favourably. In these papers is my heart laid open.

Precious trust! said he, and put the papers to his lips: you will not find your generous confidence misplaced.

An opportunity offering to send away what I have written, here, my dearest grandmamma, concludes

Your ever-dutiful

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER VIII.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Saturday morning, December 16.

I WILL not trouble you, my dear grandmamma, with an account of the preparations we are making to benefit and regale our poorer neighbours, and Sir Charles's tenants, at this hospitable season. Not even Sir Charles Grandison himself can exceed you, either in bounty or management, on this annual solemnity. Sir Charles has consulted with Dr. Bartlett, and every-thing will be left to the direction of that good man. My uncle and aunt have dispatched their directions to Selby-house, that *their* neighbours and tenants may not suffer by their absence.

The gentlemen are all rid out together, the doctor with them, to *reconnoitre* the country, as my uncle calls it. Emily and Lucy are gone with them, on horseback. My aunt and I declined accompanying them; and took this opportunity, attended by Mrs. Curzon, to go through the offices.

In the housekeeper's room, I received the maid-servants, seven in number; and, after her, called each by her name, and spoke kindly to them, all. I told them how handsomely Mrs. Curzon spoke of them, and assured them of my favour. I praised the cheerfulness with which Dr. Bartlett had told me they attended him every day in his antechamber. They should have the opportunity given them, I said, as often as possible. I hoped that my Sally behaved well among them.

They praised her.

Sally, said I, has a serious turn. Piety is the best security in man and woman for good behaviour. She

will seldom fail of attending the doctor with you. We shall all be happy, I hope. I am acquainting myself with the methods of the house: Nobody shall be put out of their good way by me. My aunt said, My niece proposes to *form* herself on the example of the late excellent Lady Grandison.

They blessed me; tears in their eyes.

I made each of them a present for a pair of gloves.

We went through all the offices, the lowest not excepted. The very servants live in paradise. There is room for every-thing to be in order: every-thing *is* in order. The offices so distinct, yet so conveniently communicating—Charmingly contrived!—The lower servants, men and women, have laws, which, at their own request, were drawn up, by Mrs. Curzon, for the observance of the minutest of their respective duties; with little mulcts, that at first *only* there was occasion to exact. It is a house of harmony, to my hand. Dear madam! What do good people leave to good people to do? Nothing! Every one knowing and doing his and her duty; and having, by means of their own diligence, time for themselves.

I was pleased with one piece of furniture in the housekeeper's room, which neither you, madam, nor my aunt, have in yours. My aunt says, Selby-house shall not be long, after her return, without it. It is a servants library, in three classes: one of books of *divinity* and *morality:* another for *housewifery:* a third of *history*, true adventures, voyages, and innocent amusement. I, II, III. are marked on the cases, and the same on the back of each book, the more readily to place and re-place them, as a book is taken out for use. They are bound in buff, for strength. A little fine is laid upon whoever puts not a book back in its place. As new books come

out, the doctor buys such as he thinks proper to range under these three classes.

I asked, If there were no books of gardening? I was answered, that the gardener had a little house in the garden, in which he had his own books. But her master, Mrs. Curzon said, was himself a library of gardening, ordering the greater articles by his own taste.

Seeing a pretty glass-case in the housekeeper's apartment, filled with physical matters, I asked, If she dispensed any of those to the servants, or the poor? Here is, said she, a collection of all the useful drugs in medicine: but does not your ladyship know the noble method that my master has fallen into since his last arrival in England? What is that? He gives a salary, madam, to a skilful apothecary; and pays him for his drugs besides (and these are his, though I have a key to it); and this gentleman dispenses physic to all his tenants, who are not able to pay for advice; nor are the poor who are not his tenants refused, when recommended by Dr. Bartlett.

Blessings on his benevolence! said I. O my aunt! What a happy creature am I! God Almighty, if I disgrace not my husband's beneficence, will love me for his sake!—Dear creature! said my aunt—And for your own too, I hope.

There lives in a house, madam, continued Mrs. Curzon, within five miles of this, almost in the middle of the estate, and pays no rent, a very worthy young man; brought up under an eminent surgeon of one of the London hospitals, who has orders likewise for attending his tenants in the way of his business—As also every casualty that happens within distance, and where another surgeon is not to be met with. And he, I understand, is paid, on a cure actually performed, very handsomely. But if the patient die, his trouble and attendance are only con-

sidered according to the time taken up; except a particular case requires consideration.

And this surgeon, Mrs. Curzon, this apothecary—

Are noted, madam, for being good, as well as skilful men. My master's test is, that they are men of seriousness, and good livers: their consciences, he says, are his security.

How must this excellent man be beloved, how respected, Mrs. Curzon!

Respected and beloved, madam!—Indeed he is—Mr. Saunders has often observed to me, that if my master either rides or walks in company, though of great lords, people distinguish *him* by their respectful love: to the lord, they will but seem to lift up their hats, as I may say; or if women, just drop the knee, and look grave, as if they paid respect to his quality only: but to my master, they pull off their hats to the ground, and bow their whole bodies: they look smilingly, and with pleasure and blessings, as I may say, in their faces: the good women courtesy also to the ground, turn about when he has passed them, and look after him—God bless your sweet face; and God bless your dear heart; will they say—And the servants who hear them are *so* delighted!—Don't your ladyship see, how all his servants love him as they attend him at table? How they watch his eye in silent reverence—Indeed, madam, we all adore him; and have prayed morning, noon, and night, for his coming hither, and settling among us. And now is the happy time: forgive me, madam; I am no flatterer; but we all say, He has brought another angel to bless us.

I was forced to lean upon my aunt—Tears of joy trickled down my cheeks. O madam, what a happy lot is mine!—

My uncle wonders I am not proud—Proud, madam!—Proud of my inferiority!

We visited Mr. Bartlett in his new office. He is a modest, ingenious young man. I asked him to give me, at his leisure, a catalogue of the servants library, for my aunt.

O my dear, said my aunt, had your grandfather, had your father, your mother, lived to this day!—

I will imagine, said I, that I see them looking down from their heaven. They bid me take care to deserve the lot I have drawn; and tell me, that I can only be more happy, when I am *what* and *where* they are.

* *

Dr. Bartlett, attended by his servant, returned without the gentlemen. I was afraid he was not very well. I followed him up, and told him my apprehensions.

He owned afterwards, that he was a little indisposed when he came in; but said, I had made him well.

I told him what had passed between Mrs. Curzon and me. He confirmed all she said.

He added, that Sir Charles was careful also in improving his estates. The minutest things, any more than the greatest, escaped not his attention. He has, said he, a bricklayer, a carpenter, by the year; a sawyer, three months constantly in every year. Repairs are set about the moment they become necessary. By this means he is not imposed upon by incroaching or craving tenants. He will do any thing that tends to improve the estate; so that it is the best conditioned estate in the country. His tenants grow into good circumstances under him. Though absent, he gives such orders, as but few persons on the spot would think of. He has a discernment that goes to the bottom of every-thing. In a few years, improving only what he has in both kingdoms, he will be very rich, yet answer the ge-

nerous demands of his own heart upon his benevolence: all the people he employs, he takes upon character of seriousness and sobriety, as Mrs. Curzon told you; and then he makes them the more firmly his, by the confidence he reposes in them. He continually, in his written directions to his master-workmen, cautions them to do justice to the tenants, as well as to him, and even to throw the turn of the scale in their favour. You are, says he, *my* friends, *my* workmen: you must not make me both judge and party. Only remember, that I bear not imposition. The man who imposes on me once, I will forgive; but he never shall have an opportunity to deceive me a second time: for I cannot act the part of a suspicious man, a watchman over people of *doubtful* honesty.

The doctor says, he is a great planter, both here, and in Ireland: and now he is come to settle here, he will set on foot several projects, which hitherto he had only talked of, or written about.

Sir Charles, I am sure, said he, will be the friend of every worthy man and woman. He will find out the sighing heart before it is overwhelmed with calamity.

He proposes, as soon as he is settled, to take a personal survey of his whole estate. He will make himself acquainted with every tenant, and even cottager, and enquire into his circumstances, number of children, and prospects. When occasions call for it, he will forgive arrears of rent; and if the poor men have no prospect of success, he will buy his own farms of them, as I may say, by giving them money to quit: he will transplant one to a less, another to a larger farm, if the tenants consent, according as they have stock, or probability of success in the one or the other; and will set the poor tenants in a way of cultivating what they hold, as well by

advice as money: for while he was abroad, he studied husbandry and law, in order, as he used to say, to be his father's steward; the one to qualify him to preserve, the other to manage, his estate. He was always prepared for, and aforehand with, probable events.

Dear Dr. Bartlett, said I, we are on a charming subject; tell me more of my Sir Charles's management and intentions. Tell me all you know, that is proper for me to know.

Proper, madam! Every-thing he *has* done, *does*, and *intends* to do, is proper for you, and for all the world to know. I wish all the world were to know him, as I do; not for his sake, but for their own.

That moment (without any-body's letting me know the gentlemen were returned) into the doctor's apartment, came Sir Charles. My back was to the door, and he was in the room before I saw him. I started! and looked, I believe, as if I thought excuses necessary.

He saw my silly confusion. That, and his sudden entrance, abashed the doctor. Sir Charles reconciled us both to ourselves—He put one arm round my waist, with the other he raised my hand to his lips, and in the voice of love, I congratulate you both, said he: such company, my dearest life! such company, my dearest friend! you cannot have every hour! May I, as often as there is opportunity, see you together! I knew not that you were. The doctor and I, madam, stand not upon ceremony. Pardon me, doctor. I insist upon leaving you as I found you—

I caught his hand, as he was going—Dear, dear Sir, I attend you. You shall take me with you; and, if you please, make my excuses to my aunt, for leaving her so long alone, before you came in.

Doctor, excuse us both; my Harriet has found,

for the first time, a will. It is her own, we know, by its obligingness.

He received my offered hand, and led me into company: where my aunt called me to account for leaving her, and begged Sir Charles would chide me.

She was with Dr. Bartlett, madam, said he: had she been with any other person, man or woman, and Mrs. Selby alone, I think we would have *tried* to chide her.

What obliging, what sweet politeness, my dear grandmamma!

Such, madam, is the happiness of your Harriet.

Lucy has an entertaining letter to send you!—From that letter, you will have a still higher notion of my happiness, of Sir Charles's unaffected tenderness to me, and of the approbation of a very genteel neighbourhood, than myself could give you.

Lady G. and Lady L. have both made up for their supposed neglects. I had written to each to charge them with having not congratulated me on my arrival here. Two such affectionate letters!—I have already answered them. They love as well as ever (Thank heaven they do!) your

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER IX.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Monday, December 18.

THE dearest, best of men, has just now left me!—Did not every-body keep me in countenance, I should be very angry with myself for wishing that *such* a man should be always confined to my company! I must keep my fondness within equitable bounds.

But, he kindly seemed, and, if he *seemed*, he *was*, as loth to part with me. He is gone to London, madam: poor Lady Beauchamp has besought his presence, not at Sir Harry's funeral (he was to be interred, it seems, last night) but at the opening of the will: and his Beauchamp joined in the request.

He hopes to be down with us on Thursday. Miss Mansfield took the opportunity to return to her mother, who sent word, that she knew not how to live without her.

Sir Charles was pleased to give me the keys of his study, and of Lady Olivia's cabinets. Lucy gave you, madam, an account of the invaluable contents. And now I will amuse myself there, and sit in every chair, where I have seen him sit, and tread over his imagined footsteps.

Tuesday.] My books are come, and all my trinkets with them. We have all been busy in classing the books. My closet will be now furnished as I wish it: and I shall look at these, my dear companions of Selby-house, and recollect the many, many happy hours they gave me there.

Was I ever, ever unhappy, my dear grandmamma? If I was, I have forgot the time. I acquiesce cheerfully with your wishes not to dis-furnish your gallery, by sending to me our family pictures. Let those of my benevolent father, and my excellent mother, of happy memory, still continue there, to smile upon you, as you are pleased to express yourself. Nobody but you and my aunt Selby have a right to each of those of mine, which are honoured with a place in your respective drawing-rooms. My dear Sir Charles, thank heaven! calls the original his. But why would you load me with the precious gold box, and its contents; less precious those, though of inestimable value, than my dear grandfather's pic-

ture in the lid?—But I can tell you, madam, that Sir Charles is an ungrateful man: he will not thank you for it. A *remembrance*, madam! (I know what he will say) "Does the best of women think my Harriet wants any-thing to remind her of the obligations she is under to parents so dear?"—He will be very jealous of the honour of his Harriet. Forgive, madam, the freedom of my expostulation, as if I were not *your* girl, as well as *his.*

What reasons have you found out (but this was always your happy, your instructive way) to be better pleased with your absence from us, than if you were present with us, as we all often wish you!

* *

Here, Lady L. Lady G. sisters so dear to me, since these letters will pass under your eye, let me account to you, by the following extract from my grandmamma's last letters, for the meaning of what I have written to that indulgent parent, in the lines immediately preceding.

"You often, my dearest Harriet, wish me to be with you. In the first place I am here enjoying myself in my own way, my own servants about me; a trouble, a bar, a constraint, upon no one, but those to whom I make it worth while to bear with me. I should think I never could do enough for strangers: no, though I were sure they thought I did too much. In the next, were I to be with you at Grandison-hall, I could not be every-where: so that I should be deprived of half the delightful scenes and conversations, that you, your aunt, and Lucy, relate and describe to me by pen and ink: nor should I be able perhaps to bear those grateful ones, to which I should be present. My heart, my dear, you know is very susceptible of joy; it has long been preparing itself for the sublimest. Grief touches it not so much. The losses I sustained of your father,

your mother, and my own dear Mr. Shirley, made all other sorrows light. Nothing could have been heavy, but the calamity that once threatened my gentle Harriet, had she been afflicted with it. Now, I take up the kind, the rapturous letters, from my table, where I spread them. When the contents are too much for me, I lay them down; and resume them, as my subsided joy will allow: then lay them down again, as I am affected by some new instance of your happiness; bless God, bless you, your dearest of men; bless every-body.—In every letter I find a cordial that makes my heart light, and, for the time, insensible of infirmity:—Can you, my Harriet, be happier than I am?"

* *

I am called upon by my aunt and Lucy. I will here, my dear grandmamma, conclude myself,

Your for ever-obliged, and dutiful,

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER X.

LADY GRANDISON, IN CONTINUATION.

A TREASURE, an invaluable treasure, my dear grandmamma!—On the table in Sir Charles's own closet, I took up a common-prayer book, under which, on removing it, I saw a paper written in Sir Charles's largest hand, the three last lines of which appearing to be very serious (the first side not containing them) I had the curiosity to unfold it: it contains reflections, mingled and concluded with solemn addresses to the Almighty. I asked leave to transcribe them. On promise that a copy, as his, should

not pass into any-body's hands but yours, I obtained it.

What a comfort is it, on reflection, that, at his own motion, I joined with him in the sacramental office, on occasion of our happy nuptials, the first opportunity that offered! A kind of renewal, in the most solemn manner, of our marriage-vows; at least a confirmation of them. No wonder that the good man, who could draw up such reflections, should make such a motion.

What credit did he do (may not one say so?) to religion on that happy day! A man of sense, of dignity in his person, known to be no bigot, no superstitious man; yet not ashamed to join in the sacred office with the meanest. It was a glorious confession of his christian principles. Whenever he attends on public worship, his seriousness, his modesty, his humility, all shew that he believes himself in the presence of that God whose blessing he silently joins to invoke: and when all is over, his cheerfulness and vivacity demonstrate, that his heart is at ease in the consciousness of a duty performed. How does my mind sometimes exult in the prospects of happiness with the man of my choice, extending, through Divine goodness, beyond this transitory life!

I will conclude this letter with a copy of these reflections. What is fit to come after them, that can be written by your

HARRIET GRANDISON?

THE REFLECTIONS.

What, O my heart! overflowing with happiness! are the sentiments that ought to spring up in thee, when admitted either in the solemnities of public

worship, or the retiredness of private devotion, into the more immediate presence of thy MAKER!—Who does not govern, but to bless! Whose divine commands are sent to succour human reason in search of happiness!

Let thy law, ALMIGHTY! be the rule, and thy glory the constant end, of all I do! Let me not build virtue on any notions of honour, but of honour to thy name. Let me not sink piety in the boast of benevolence; my love of God in the love of my fellow-creatures. Can good be of human growth? No! It is thy gift, Almighty, and All-good! Let not thy bounties remove the Donor from my thought; nor the love of pleasures make me forsake the Fountain from which they flow. When joys entice, let me ask their title to my heart. When evils threaten, let me see thy mercy shining through the cloud; and discern the great hazard of having all to my wish. In an age of such licence, let me not take comfort from an inauspicious omen, the number of those who do amiss: an omen rather of public ruin, than of private safety. Let the joys of the multitude less allure than alarm me; and their danger, not example, determine my choice. What weigh public example, passion, and the multitude, in one scale, against reason, and the Almighty, in the other?

In this day of domineering *pleasure*, so *lower* my taste, as to make me relish the *comforts* of life. And in this day of dissipation, O give me thought sufficient to preserve me from being so desperate, as in this perpetual flux of things, and as perpetual swarm of accidents, to depend on *to-morrow*: a dependence that is the ruin of *to-day*; as that is of *eternity*. Let my whole existence be ever before me: nor let the terrors of the grave turn back my survey. When temptations arise, and virtue stag-

gers, let imagination sound the final trumpet, and judgment lay hold on eternal life. In what is well begun, grant me to persevere; and to know, that none are wise, but they who determine to be wiser still.

And since, O Lord, the *fear* of thee is the *beginning* of wisdom; and, in its *progress*, its surest shield; turn the world entirely out of my heart, and place that guardian angel, thy blessed fear, in its stead. Turn out a foolish world, which gives its money for what is not bread; which hews out broken cisterns that hold no water; a world in which even they, whose hands are mighty, have found nothing. There *is* nothing, Lord God Almighty, in heaven, in earth, but Thee. I will seek thy face, bless thy name, sing thy praises, love thy law, do thy will, enjoy thy peace, hope thy glory, till my final hour! Thus shall I grasp all that can be grasped by man. This will heighten good, and soften evil, in the present life! And when death summons, I shall sleep sweetly in the dust, till his mighty CONQUEROR bids the trumpet sound; and then shall I, through his merits, awake to eternal glory.

LETTER XI.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

December 21.

SIR Charles arrived here in safety about two hours ago. He has settled every-thing between Lady Beauchamp and the now Sir Edward, to the satisfaction of both; for they entirely referred themselves to him. This was the method he took.—As

their interests were not naturally the same, he enquired of each separately, what were the wishes of each; and finding the lady's not unreasonable, he referred it to Sir Edward, of his own generosity, to compliment her with more than she asked.

Particularly she had wished to Sir Charles, that she might not be obliged to remove under a twelvemonth from the house in Berkley Square: and when Sir Charles had brought them together, and pronounced between them, making that an article, Sir Edward thus bespoke her:

All that your ladyship demands I most cheerfully comply with. Instead of the year you wish to remain in Berkley Square, let me beg of you, still to consider both houses as your own; and me your inmate only, as in the life-time of my father. I never will engage in marriage, but with your approbation: let us, madam, be as little as possible separated: be pleased only to distinguish, that I wish not this, but from pure and disinterested motives. I will be your servant as well as son. I will take all trouble from you that you shall think trouble; but never will offer so much as my humble advice to you in the conduct of your own affairs, unless you ask for it.

She wept. We will henceforth, said she, have but one interest. You shall be dear to me, for your father's sake. Let me, for the same dear sake, be regarded by you: Receive me, excellent pair of friends, proceeded she, as a third in your friendship. Should any misunderstanding arise, which, after so happy a setting out, I hope, cannot be, let Sir Charles Grandison determine between us. Justice and he are one.

Sir Charles invited down to us the lady and his Beauchamp. He hopes they will come. The young baronet, I dare say, will. Emily says, she wants to

see how he will become his new dignity. Very well, I dare say, said I. Why yes; such an example before him, I don't doubt but he will.

Lucy was present. Near 4000l. a year, and a title, said she—I think you and I, my dear, were we nearer of an age, would contend for him.

Not I, Miss Selby: so that I have the love of my guardian and Lady Grandison, you may be Lady Beauchamp for me.—You will be of another mind, perhaps, some time hence, said Lucy—When I am, replied Emily, tell me of it.

Sir Charles, when he was in town, visited his two sisters. We shall be favoured with the company of Lord and Lady L. as soon as her visits and visitings are over. With what delight do I expect them!

Mind, my dear Lady G. what follows:

Lady L. said he, is all joy, that her great event is happily over; she and my lord rewarded with a dear pledge of their mutual love. But is not Lady G. a little unaccountable, my dear?

As how, Sir?

She hardly seems to receive pleasure in her happy prospects. She appears to me peevish, even childishly so, to her lord. I see it the more for her endeavours to check herself before me. She submits but ungraciously to the requisites of the circumstance, that gives him and me, and our several united families, so much satisfaction. I was unwilling to take notice of her particular behaviour, for two reasons; first, because she wants not understanding, and would see her own error before she went too far; and next, because she tacitly confessed herself to be wrong, by being evidently desirous to hide her fault from me. But is not *our* Charlotte a little unaccountable, my dear?

What, my dear Lady G. should I have answered?

I hope you will allow me to be just. I should have been most sincerely glad to have spoken a good word for you: but to attempt to excuse or palliate an evident fault, looks like a claim put in for allowances for one's own.

"Indeed, Sir, she is a *very* unaccountable creature! She is afraid of you, and of nobody but you. You should, as she could not conceal from you her odd behaviour to one of the best of husbands, and sweetest-tempered of men, who loves her more than he loves himself; and who is but too solicitous to oblige so unthankful a wife; have taken notice of it, and chidden her *severely*. I, for my part, take liberties of this kind with her in every letter I write; but to no purpose. I *wanted* you, Sir, to find her out yourself; she will get a habit of doing wrong things; and make herself more unhappy than she will make any-body else; since it is possible for her to tire out her lord. How insupportable to her of all women, would it be, were the tables to be turned; and vere the man she treats so ungraciously, to be rought to slight her? The more insupportable, as ie has a higher opinion of her own understanding an she has of his!"

Can't you form to yourself, my dear Lady G. the :itude of astonishment, that your brother threw -mself into?—

But, ah, my dear grandmamma, do you think I said this to Sir Charles?—No, indeed! For the world, I would not have said one syllable of it. But let Lady G. for a moment, as she reads my letter, think I did. She loves to surprise; why should she not be surprised in turn? Her displeasure would affect me greatly: but if by incurring it I could do her good, and put her in a right train of thinking, I *would* incur it, and on my knees afterwards beg her to forgive me.

He did make the above observation. A thousand excellent qualities has my Charlotte. I particularized to her brother half a dozen, and those are more than fall to the share of most of our modern people of quality; and he was willing to be satisfied with them —Why? Because he loves her. But, as she now-and-then whispers her Harriet, in her letters, let me whisper her, that she is under great obligation to her brother, and still greater to her lord, for passing over so lightly her petulances.

Thursday afternoon.

Who, madam, do you think, is arrived? Arrived just as we sat down to dinner; and will stay with us this one night, but, he says, no [illegible]?—Sir Rowland Meredith! [illegible] man! and M[illegible]ler! The latter attended his uncle reluctantly, it seems; but, thank God, he is in pretty good health. How kindly, how affectionately, did Sir Charles receive them both! How has he already won the heart of honest Sir Rowland!

* *

Let me, madam, acquaint you with somethin generously particular of this worthy man.

He desired Sir Charles to let him have me [illegible] himself for one quarter of an hour. So fine a you[illegible] gentleman would not, he hoped, be jealous of such a poor old man as he.

We were in the dining-room; and he rising to attend me, I led him to my drawing-room adjoining. He looked round him, and was struck with the elegance of the room and furniture; disregarding me for a few moments—Why, ay! said he, at last; This is noble! This is fine! Stately, by mercy! And he bowed to me, poor man! the more respectfully, as I thought, for what he saw. And will you, madam, bowing again, and again, allow me to call

you *daughter?* I can't part with my *daughter:* nor would I, were you a queen.

You do me honour, Sir Rowland. Call me *still* your daughter.

Why then, you must allow me—Forgive me, madam!—And he saluted me. Joy, joy, tenfold joy, attend my daughter! I don't know what to make of the present fashions. Would Sir Charles have been affronted, had I taken this liberty before him? The duce is in the present age; they reserve themselves to holes and corners, I suppose. But I am sure no creature breathing could mean more respect than I do. I think only of myself as of your *father*.

You are a good man, Sir Rowland. Sir Charles Grandison was first prepared to love you; [illegible] prepared to value [illegible] afterwards.

Prepared by your own respect for us, madam!—God love you, say yes.

Yes indeed, I ever shall respect you both. Have I not claimed a father in you? Have I not claimed a brother in your nephew? I never forget my relations.

Charming, charming, by mercy! And he stalked to the other end of the room, wiping his eyes: The very same good young lady that you ever were! But, but, but, putting his hand in his pocket, and pulling out a little box, if you are my daughter, you shall wear these for your father's sake!—How now, madam! Refuse me! I command you on your obedience to accept of this—I will not be a jack-straw father—

Indeed, indeed, Sir Rowland, you must excuse me: I thought I might have trusted myself with you alone. Your generosity, Sir, is painful to me.

I courtesied, and withdrew to the company in the dining-room. The good man followed me, tears

upon his cheeks, the box in his hand: my face glowed.

She calls me father, Sir Charles; and refuses her obedience. Here I have brought a toy or two, to shew my fatherly love to my daughter. Not a soul, not my nephew there, knows a syllabe of the matter; it was that made me call her aside.

Sir Charles rose from his seat. My dearest life is not used, said he, to make light of a duty; taking my hand. You will excuse her from accepting the present, Sir Rowland; that would look as if you thought it necessary to bribe her to do her duty. She will always acknowledge her father: so will I mine. But you do us honour enough in the relation.

What, Sir Charles, not of a present from her father to his daughter, on her nuptials, and as a small token of his joy on the occasion; when I know not the man living out of my own family—There he stopt.

My dearest love, there is no resisting this plea: your duty, your gratitude, is engaged.

Look you there now! Look you there now! God love you both everlastingly, Amen!—And there is the blessing of a father!

I took the box, courtesying low; but looked silly, I believe.

Forgive me, Sir Charles, said the knight; but I must—He took my hand, and kissed it—and looked as if he wished to salute me—Fathers, my dear, must be reverenced, said Sir Charles, by their children.

I bent my knee, and, in compliance with a motion of Sir Charles, leaned forward my cheek. He saluted me; and again he blessed us both—My dear nephew, said he, hastening to Mr. Fowler, if you envy such

a man as this his good fortune, by mercy I will renounce you.

I *may* envy you, Sir Charles, said Mr. Fowler, addressing himself to him in an agreeable manner; I don't know how it is possible to avoid it; but at the same time I revere you for your character and accomplishments. You are the only man in the world whom I could cordially congratulate, as I do you, on your happiness.

True, nephew, true: I, any more than you, should never have enjoyed myself, had any of the feather-headed creatures I saw formerly endeavouring to make an interest in my daughter's favour, succeeded with her. But you, madam, have chosen a man that every-body must prefer to himself.

The knight, after this, moved to have the box opened.

When Sir Charles saw the jewels, he was a little uneasy, because of the value of them. A costly diamond necklace and ear-rings, a ring of price, a repeating watch finely chased; the chain of which is richly ornamented; one of the appendages is a picture of Sir Rowland in enamel, adorned with brilliants; an admirable likeness: this I told him was more valuable to me than all the rest. I spoke truth; for so rich a present has made me uneasy. He saw I was. He knew, he said, that I could not want any of these things: but he could not think of any other way to shew his love to his daughter. It was nothing to what he had intended to do in his will; had I not intimated to him, that what he left me, should be given among his relations. I am rich, madam, I can tell you: and what, on your nuptials, could I do less for my daughter?

Sir Charles said, This must not end so, Sir Rowland: but I see you are an invincible man. Mr.

Fowler, I wish you as happily married as you deserve to be: your lady will be intitled to a return of equal value.

Sir Rowland begged, that he might try on the ring himself.

He was allowed to do so, and was pleased it was not *much* too big. He said, I should not pull it off this night. I kept it on to humour the worthy man.

* *

Supper over, and a cheerful glass going round with my uncle, Mr. Deane, and the knight, Sir Rowland made it his odd request, that I would permit Sir Charles to put on the necklace for me. By no means, I said. But the knight being very earnest, and my uncle seconding him (for there was particularity enough in the motion, to engage the dear odd man) and Sir Charles not discouraging it, my aunt and Lucy smiling all the time, I thought I had better comply. Yet I was the more reluctant, on poor Mr. Fowler's account; for his smiles were but essays to smile. Sir Charles, in his own graceful manner, put it on; bowing low to me, when he had done.

Friday noon.

Sir Rowland and Mr. Fowler have left us. They would not stay to dine. They have business to dispatch in town, which will take them up some days: but they were so well pleased with their reception, that they promise to see us before they set out for Caermarthen.

At parting, Sir Rowland drew me aside: Your cousin Lucy, as you call her, is a fine young lady. They tell me, that she has a great fortune: but I matter not that of a straw—Would to God, my boy

knew how to submit to his destiny like a man—Hem! You understand me, madam—Mercy! I want to be akin to you—You take me, madam.

We *are* akin. Sir Rowland Meredith is my father.

God bless you, madam! I love you dearly for that. And so we are: but you understand me: A word to the wise: She is not engaged, is she?—I love your uncle of all men—except the king of all men; your lord and master—God bless him! With what good humour he eyes us—Sir Charles, one word with you, if you please.

I thought the knight had his fingers ready to take hold of Sir Charles's button; for his hand was extended; but suddenly, as from recollection, withdrawn.

He led Sir Charles to me—And put the same question to him, as he had done to me.

Let me ask you, my dear Sir Rowland, Was this in your thought before you came hither?

No, by mercy!—It just now struck me. My nephew knew not a syllable of the matter. But why, you know, Sir Charles, should a man pine and die, because he cannot have the *she* that he loves?—Suppose, you know, six men love one woman, as has been the case here, for ought I know; what a duce, are five of them to hang, drown, or pistol themselves? Or are they to out-stay their time, as I have done, till they are fit for nobody?

Women must be treated with delicacy, Sir Rowland. Miss Selby is a young lady of great merit. When questions are properly asked, you hardly need to doubt of a proper answer.

But, Sir Charles, is Miss Selby, *bona fide*, engaged, or is she not? that's the question I ask: if she be, I shall not say a word of the matter.

My dear? said Sir Charles to me.

I don't know that she is, answered I. But Lucy will never think of a man, be his qualifications ever so great, if he cannot give her proofs of loving her above all women.

I understand you, madam—Well, well, and I should be nice too, I can tell you, for my boy. But I'll sound him. I must have him married before I die, if possible. But no more of that for the present. And now, God Almighty bless, preserve, and keep you both!—I will pray for the continuance of your happiness.

He saluted me: wrung Sir Charles's hand: wiped his eyes: made his bow: and stept into the chariot to his nephew, who had taken leave of us all before.

Lucy, with an air *so* like some of dear Lady G.'s, put up her saucy lip, when I told her of this; and bid me not write it to you: but I thought, were nothing to come of it, it would divert my grandmamma, as I am sure it will Lady G.

God preserve the most indulgent and pious of parents, and my two sisters and their lords (including the honoured lord and lady you, Lady G. are with) prays

Her ever-dutiful, and their ever-affectionate,

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XII.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Tuesday, January 9.

I HAVE been obliged, by the just demands made upon us by the equally-solemn and joyful season, to be silent for many days. You, madam, and you,

Ladies L. and G. have, I doubt not, been engaged in consequence of the same demand;—so will excuse me; especially as Lucy and my aunt have both written, and that very minutely, in the interim.

Mr. Deane, to our great joy, has signified to us his intention to live near us; and to present his house at Peterborough to one of his two nephews.

Sir Charles has besought him to consider Grandison-hall as his own house. He promises that he will. I hope, by my care of him, to be an humble means of prolonging his life; at least of making his latter days cheerful.

What a happy season has this been to scores of people in our neighbourhood! but most to ourselves, as the giver is more blessed than the receiver! Such admirable management! Such good order!—But I told you, that all was left to Dr. Bartlett's direction: What a blessing is he to us, and to all around him!

Sir Charles has a letter from Mr. Lowther, who is on his return from Bologna. By the date it should have arrived a fortnight ago: so that he may be every day expected.

Mr. Lowther lets him know, that the family at Bologna are all in spirits, on the prospect they have of carrying their point with Lady Clementina: who, however, for the present, declines the visits of the Count of Belvedere; and they humour her in that particular.

Mr. Lowther is afraid that all is not quite right as to her mind. Poor lady! He judges so, from the very great earnestness she continues to express to visit England.

She received, he says, with great intrepidity, the news of Sir Charles's marriage. She besought a blessing upon him and his bride; but since has been thoughtful, reserved, and sometimes is found in

tears. When challenged, she once ascribed her grief to her apprehensions that her malady may possibly return.

The physicians have absolutely given their opinion, that she should marry.

The general is expected from Naples to urge the solemnity; and vows, that he will not return till she is actually Countess of Belvedere.

She begs, that she may be allowed again to pass the Apennines, and visit Mrs. Beaumont at Florence, in order to settle her mind.

She dreads to see the general.

How I am grieved for her!—Sir Charles must be afflicted too. Why will they not leave to time, the pacifier of every woe, the issue of the event upon which they have set their hearts?

Mr. Lowther writes, that Signor Jeronymo is in a fine way.

In this letter he acquits Sir Charles of all obligation to himself. He returns him bills for the sum he had advanced; and declares, that he never will enter into his presence, if he refuses to accept of his acquittance. The family, he says, have nobly rewarded him.

Dr. Bartlett applauds Mr. Lowther's spirit on this occasion. As Sir Charles, he says, is not an ostentatious man, but judges of every-thing, according to the rules of right and prudence, he has no doubt, (though he might not expect this handsome treatment) but he will acquiesce with it. This, however, lessens not the *comparative* merit of Mr. Lowther. There are men, I believe, who having succeeded so well, would have accepted of a reward from both parties. Yet, on recollection, Sir Charles stipulated with Mr. Lowther, that he should receive no fee, but from himself: and his present to the worthy man was the ampler on that account.

I have two charming letters from the Countess of D. By her permission, I have shewn to Sir Charles the correspondence between that good lady and me. He greatly admires her. She desires, that he will be acquainted with her son; and declares, she will always look upon me as her daughter, and call me so. Sir Charles bids me tell her, that he cannot consent to her calling me so, unless she will look upon him as her son, and unless my lord will allow him to call him brother. He bid me express his wishes of a friendship with both, answerable to that desirable relation.

My uncle says, he knows not such a place as Selby-houe. Shirley-manor indeed he loves for the sake of the dear mistress of it: but, as long as he has with him his dame, his Harriet, Mr. Deane, and Sir Charles, he is happy. Yet my aunt now-and-then gets upon a rising ground in the park, and asks, pointing, Does not Northamptonshire lie off there?

Emily is very good in the main. Dear girl! I pity her. Her young heart so *early* to be tried and tormented by the stings of hopeless love!—Her eyes just now were fixed for several minutes, so much love in them! on the face of her guardian, that his modest eye fell under them.

I will give you, on this occasion, the particulars of a conversation, that passed between us; which, at the conclusion, let in a little dawn of hope, that the dear girl may be happy in time.

I had more than once been apprehensive, that her eyes would betray her to her guardian; who at present imputes all her reverence for him to gratitude; and as soon as he was withdrawn, with a true sisterly tenderness, Come hither, my love, said I. I was busy with my needle—She came.

My dearest Emily, if you were to look with so much earnestness in the face of any other man, as you sometimes do, and just now did, in that of your guardian, and the man a single man, he would have hope of a wife.

High-ho! sighed she. Did my guardian mind me?—I hope he did not so much, madam, as you do.

So much as I do, my love?

Yes, madam. When my guardian is present, you do look very hard at me: but I hope, I am not a confident girl.

You are serious, my Emily!

And so is my dear Lady Grandison!

I was a little surprised. She abashed me. Her love, thought I, will make the dear girl hardy, without intending to be so.

She was too innocent even for consciousness of having disconcerted me. She looked upon my work. What would I give, madam, to be so fine a workwoman as you?—But why that sigh, madam?

The poor Lady Clementina! said I. I was really thinking of her.

Do you sigh for every-body, madam, that loves my guardian?

There are different sorts of love, Emily.

Why so I think. Nobody loves my guardian better than I myself do: but it is not the love that Lady Clementina bears him. I love his goodness.

And does not Clementina?

Yes, yes; but still the love is different.

Explain, my dear, your kind of love.

Impossible!

Why, now, sighs my Emily? You asked me why I sighed. I have answered it was from pity.

Why, madam, I can pity Lady Clementina, and I do: but I sigh not for her; because she might have had my guardian, and would not.

I sigh for her the more, for that very reason, Emily; her motive so great!

Pho, pho, her *motive!* When he would have allowed her to be of her own religion!

Then you sigh not now for Clementina, Emily?

I believe not.

For whom then?

I don't know. You must not ask. A habit, and nothing else.

Again sighs my Emily?

You must not mind me, madam. A habit, I tell you. But, believe me, Lady Grandison (hiding her blushing face in my bosom, her arms about my neck) I believe, if the truth were known—

She stopt, but continued there her glowing cheek—

What, my dear, if the truth were known?

I dare not tell you. You will be angry at me.

Indeed, my love, I will not.

O yes, but you will.

I thought we had been sisters, my dear. I thought we were to have no secrets. Tell me, *what,* if the truth were known?

Why, madam, for a trial of your forgivingness, tell me, Are you not *apt* to be a little jealous?

Jealous, my Emily! You surprise me! *Why,* of *whom,* of *what,* jealous? Jealousy is doubt; of whom should I doubt?

People have not always cause, I suppose, madam.

Explain yourself, my dear.

Are you not angry with me, madam?

I am not. But why do you think me jealous?

You need not, indeed! My guardian adores you. You deserve to be adored.—But you should allow a

poor girl to look upon her guardian now-and-then, with eyes of gratitude. Your charming eye is *so* ready to take mine to task!—I am, if I know myself, a poor innocent girl. I do love my guardian, that's certain: so I ever did, you know, madam: and let me say, before he knew there was such a lady in the world as yourself, madam.

I threw aside my work, and clasping my arms about her, And love him still, my Emily. You cannot love him so well as he deserves. You are indeed a dear innocent, but not a *poor*, girl. You are *rich* in the return of his love. I will ever, ever, be a promoter of an affection so innocent, so pure on both sides. But *jealousy*, my dear! do you charge *me* with *jealousy?* Impossible I should deserve it! My only concern is, lest, as the heart is guessed at by the eyes (the hearts of young creatures especially, whose good minds are incapable of art or design) you should give room for the censorious, who know not as I do, that your love is reverence next to filial, to attribute it to a beginning of the other sort of love; which yet in you, were it kindled, would be as bright and as pure a flame as ever warmed a virgin heart.

O madam! how you express yourself! What words you have! They go to my heart!—I don't know how it is: but every day I reverence more and more my guardian: *Reverence!* Yes, that is the proper word: I thank you for it! *Filial reverence!* Just the thing! And let me say, that I never reverenced him so much as now, that I see what a polite, what a kind, what an affectionate husband he makes my dear Lady Grandison. Yet, let me tell you truth, madam, I should, I am afraid, be such a little-minded poor creature, that if I were married, and had not a husband that was very like him, I should envy you. I should be at least unhappy.

If you could be *envious*, my dear, you would be unhappy: but you must never encourage the addresses of a man, who you think loves you not better than any other woman: who is not a good man upon principle: who is not a man of sense; and that has seen something of the world.

And where, madam, can such a man be found?

Leave it to your guardian, my dear. He, if any-body, will find you a man that you may be happy with, if your eye be not aforehand with your judgment.

That, madam, I hope it will not be: first, because the reverence I have for my guardian, and his great qualities, will make all other men look little in my eye; and next, as I have such a confidence in his judgment, that if he points his finger, and says, That's the man, Emily! I will endeavour to like him. But I believe I never now shall like any man on earth.

It is early days, my love; but is there not some one man, that, were you of age to marry, you would think better of than of any other?

I don't know what to say to that. It is early days, as you say. I am but a girl: but girls have thoughts. I will tell you, madam, that the man who has passed some years in the company of Sir Charles Grandison; who is beloved by him, on proof, on experience (as I may say) of his good heart—She stopt.

Beauchamp, my dear?

Why yes—Him, I mean: he is the most to be liked of any man but my guardian: but he now is a great man; and I suppose may have seen the woman he could love.

I fancy not, my dear.

Why do you fancy not, madam?

Because, if I must speak as freely to you, as I would have you do always to me, I think he shews

great and uncommon respect to you, though you are so young a creature.

That's for my guardian's sake: but be that as it will; let me be secure of my guardian's love and yours, and I shall have nothing to wish for.

Her guardian, *my* guardian, my friend, my lover, my HUSBAND, every sweet word in one, coming in, put an end to the subject.

I leave this conversation to your own reflections, my dear grandmamma, Lady L. Lady G. But I have hopes from it.

LETTER XIII.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Saturday, Sunday, January 20, 21.

ANOTHER long silence. Lucy will supply all my defects. She will tell you how much I have been engaged. Are you not delighted with her last letter?

We went, as we had proposed, to Mansfield-house. The lady of it would not part with us till Thursday, the days being short, and the weather unfavourable.

Mr. Dobson and his lady were guests there. He is a credit to his cloth; his wife to him. They are greatly beloved by all who know them.

Lady Mansfield and Miss Mansfield are all that is polite and good.

The three brothers were there. The eldest, who was once a melancholy man, is now one of the cheerfullest.

With what pleasure did I meditate, as I looked

upon them, the restoration of such a worthy and ancient family to affluence! They were born to it: yet when they were deprived of it, how glorious was the resignation of mother and daughters! And now, how easy sits prosperity upon them! Never saw I eyes more expressive of gratitude to a benefactor, than those both of ladies and gentlemen, as they were often cast upon my dear Sir Charles.

I heartily wish Mr. Orme may find his expectations answered in the second voyage Nancy tells me he is preparing for to Lisbon. She will make known my best wishes for the restoration of his health. How good is his sister to accompany nim!—I always loved her.

I received yesterday yours, madam, acquainting me with Mr. Greville's visit and proposal, and asking my opinion of the latter; and whether I would choose to mention it to Lucy and my aunt. What can I say? You once told me, madam, that you believed Lucy would not have refused Mr. Greville, had he first applied to her. Lucy's grandmother, you say, is not averse to the match; and you think my uncle would not refuse his consent, because of the contiguity of their respective estates, and in hopes, that he might resume with success, on such an event, his favourite project of exchange of lands. Yet I am sure this consideration would have no weight with him, if he thought Lucy could not be happy with Mr. Greville.

I have mentioned it to my aunt. She says, Mr. Greville is not a bashful man. He knows how to apply to Lucy himself. And she has no notion, in *such* a case, of that pride which withholds him till he thinks himself sure of the family-interest.

He will, if possible, he says, be related to *me*: let that be mentioned to Lucy, as one of his prin-

cipal motives, and his business with her is done for ever.

Lady G. would laugh at the notion of a difficulty from a first love. First love she calls first nonsense. Too frequently it is so. Lucy is a noble girl. She has overcome a first attachment; the more laudably, as it cost her some struggles to do it. Mr. Greville, I doubt, has had several first loves: this transition, therefore, is nothing to him. So neither of them will be first love to the other. It may therefore be a match of discretion. Yet his character! The reformation he boasts of!—I *hope* he is reformed: but I have no notion of a good young woman, as Lucy is, trusting her person, I may say, her *principles*, to the arbitrary will of an impetuous man, who has been an avowed libertine, and pretends not to have reformed from proper convictions. A scoffer too! How came he by his new lights?—You, madam, have told *us* young folks the difficulty of overcoming evil habits. I own that Lucy always spoke of him with more favour than any-body else. She was inclined to think him a good-natured man; and was pleased with what she called humour in him. *Humour!* I never could call it so. Humour, I used to tell her, is a gentle, a decent, though a lively thing. Mr. Greville is boisterous, impetuous, *rude*, I had almost said: his courtship to me was either rant, or affront; the one to shew his love, the other his plain dealing. He knows not what respectful love is. In short, his mirth, his good-nature, as it is called, has fierceness in it; it always gave me apprehension.

As to worldly matters, there can be no exception to him: but I cannot be of the opinion of Lucy's grandmother, that he is a generous man. He has only qualities that look *like* generosity. His start

to me, when he *resigned* his pretensions to me, as they have been called (for I know not any he had) was *only* a start. He could not hold it. But be all these things as they may, how can I, who love Lucy as myself, propose to the dear girl a man, whom I could not think of for myself? Lucy has a fine fortune, and surely, there are men enough in the world, who have never made pretensions to Lucy's cousin, who would think themselves honoured by her acceptance; otherwise, I should, after Sir Rowland's hint, and earnest wishes in his nephew's favour, much sooner recommend Mr. Fowler to her than Mr. Greville.

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My aunt had said, that, for her part, she should choose to leave the above affair to its own workings: yet, could not forbear to acquaint Lucy with it. The dear girl came to me, to demand a sight of your letter, and of what I had written upon it. I could not (though I had some little reluctance to shew her the latter) deny her. I will give you, madam, the substance of a short dialogue that passed between us on the occasion; and leave it to you to draw such conclusions from it, as you shall judge proper, with regard to my Lucy's inclinations.

She did not know what I meant, she said, by writing to you, that she had always spoken of Mr. Greville with more favour than any-body else.

It is ungenerous, Lucy, if you are angry at what you would oblige me to shew you against my will.

I am *not* angry. But—She stopt, and would not explain her half-sullen BUT. O Lucy, thought I, what would uncle Selby say to this! He would say you are a woman, my dear. And I am half angry myself for your giving such an occasion.

As to what you write, said she, of his desire of

being related to *you;* who would not?—If that be not his *principal* motive—Very well, Lucy! thought I.

I know, said she, that my grandmamma Selby has often wished Mr. Greville would make his addresses to her grand-daughter!—So! so! so! Lucy, thought I.

His libertinism indeed is an objection—But I have not heard *lately* of any enormities.—

Go on, Lucy, thought I: hitherto appears not any reason for Mr. Greville to despair.

He may have seen his folly.

No doubt but he has! thought I. He *saw* it all the time he was committing it: but, perhaps, he is the more determined bad man for that. Is not purity of heart, thought I, as well as of manners, an eligible thing?

If a woman is not to marry till she meet with a strictly virtuous man—

You have too often pleaded that argument, Lucy, to me—I am sorry—I stopt; willing to hear her quite out; for she held before her what I had written.

How came he, you ask, said she, by his new lights? I have nothing to do with how he came by them. I should rather indeed he had them from *proper* convictions—But if he has them, that's enough.

Is it, my dear, let him have been what he will?

I am for judging charitably—

Charming! thought I—judging charitably! So I have lost a virtue, and you, Lucy, have found it!

Mr. Greville is nothing to me: nor ever will be.

Not quite so sure of that, thought I to myself.

You say, Harriet, you have no notion of a good young woman trusting her *principles* to the arbitrary will of a man who has been a free liver—*Must* the

man be arbitrary?—Were a husband a free liver, must a wife's own principles be endangered?

These questions from my Lucy! thought I.

A scoffer, you say, Harriet!—The man's a fool for that!—But what a poor soul must she be that could not silence a scoffer!

Silence a scoffer! Ah, Lucy! said I: and would you marry a man with a hope to be able to silence him? Mr. Greville is a conceited man: my Lucy has six times his sense; but he will not be convinced of that. You will have the less influence upon him, if he is jealous of the superiority of your understanding. Mr. Greville is obstinate as well as conceited. Few men, I believe, will own conviction from a wife's arguments.

To be sure the man is not a Sir Charles Grandison. Who *is?*—Let him, as my aunt Selby says, apply to me; I shall give him his answer.

You would wish he should, Lucy?

I don't say so.

I fancy, Lucy, you would not be very *cruel* if he did.

You *fancy* I would not—But I can, as *you* always did, treat the man who professes to love me, with civility, yet not throw myself into his arms at the first word—

First word, Lucy! No! The second, or third, or fourth, is time enough; so the man is not mean time rendered quite hopeless.

Very well, Lady Grandison: but let me go on with what you have written—*Good-natured man!*—I do think he is not an *ill-natured* man.

So much the better for himself, and his future wife, Lucy.

That will not be I, Lady Grandison.

Perhaps not, Lucy.

—*Humour!* I do think he is a humorous good-

natured man. A little too vehement perhaps in his mirth; a little too frolick: but who is faultless?

Proceed, my Lucy.

—*Generous!* "Not a generous man!"—"Qualities that look *like* generous ones."—You are a nice distinguisher, Harriet; you always were—But here you tell your grandmamma, that you had rather I should have Mr. Fowler than Mr. Greville—

Well, my dear, and what say you to that?

Why, I say, I think you are not so nice for me, in this case, as you are in others.

How so?

How so! Why is there not a difference between the actual proposals made by Mr. Greville to Mrs. Shirley; and Sir Rowland's undertaking to *try* to *prevail* upon Mr. Fowler, to make his addresses to me?

Granted, my dear—I have not a word more to say in behalf of Mr. Fowler. Mr. Greville, Lucy—

Is a man I never will have—

No rash resolutions, my dear. And yet I believe a woman has seen the same man in a very different light, when he has offered himself to her acceptance, from what she did before.

I believe so—But I had a mind to sound you, Harriet; and to come at your opinion—

You were intitled to it, Lucy, without attempting to sound me for it.

True. But we women sometimes choose to come at a point by the *round-abouts,* rather than by the *fore-rights.*

That is, Lucy, either when we think the *fore-right* way would not answer our wishes; or when we are not willing to open our own hearts.

Your servant, my dear: but the cap fits not. Whenever I speak to you, my heart is upon my lips.

Let me try then, in this first doubtful instance, that I ever had from you of its being so—Do you think of encouraging Mr. Greville's proposal?

It is not a proposal, till it comes in a direct way to myself.

Very well, my dear—I say no more till it does.

* *

Sir Charles has just now heard that Mr. Lowther is arrived in London. He longs (so I am sure do I) to know, how affairs are situated in Italy. O for good news from thence! Then will my happiness in this life be perfected!

LETTER XIV.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Grandison-hall, Thursday, January 25.

Mr. Lowther arrived here last night. Sir Charles gave him a most kind reception. He presented him to all our guests, with expressions of the warmest friendship; and then retired with him to his study. He soon led him back to company, and, seating him, drew a chair between my aunt and me—You must have curiosity, my dear, said he. Behold the sister-excellence of Lady Clementina, Mr. Lowther! Not a person of her family is more concerned for the happiness of that lady, than this dearest and most generous of women. Every one of my friends present (looking round him) is an admirer of her—We cannot, my dear (applying to me) know for certainty, the destiny of that excellent lady from Mr. Lowther. He passed a week at Lyons, a fortnight at Paris, on his return to Eng-

land. But my Jeronymo is in a fine way, thank God, and resolves to visit us in the spring.

I hope, Sir, said my aunt, to Mr. Lowther, you left Lady Clementina well and happy in her mind.

She was at Florence, answered he, when I left Italy. She has been pretty much indisposed there. The general, the bishop, and Father Marescotti, had been with her. She was expected at Bologna very soon. By this time, I have no doubt, she is Countess of Belvedere.

By her own consent, I hope then, Mr. Lowther? said I eagerly.

He shook his head—As to *that*, said he, she has the most indulgent of parents—

They cannot be so, Mr. Lowther, if they would compel her to marry any man to whom she has an indifference.

They will not *compel* her, madam—

Persuasion, Sir, in the circumstances this excellent lady is in, is compulsion.

I think it may be justly called so, said Sir Charles. Mr. Lowther, they should not have been so precipitating.

So you have always told them, Sir Charles. Signor Jeronymo is entirely of your opinion: yet is earnest in the Count of Belvedere's favour. The count adores her.

Adores her, Sir! said I. Adores *himself!* for so it should be said (pardon me, Sir!) of a man who prefers not the happiness of the object beloved, to his own. I felt my face glow.

Generous warmth! said Sir Charles—laying his hand on mine.

For my part, replied Mr. Lowther, I am only afraid of the return of her malady. If it do not return, and she can be prevailed on, her piety will reconcile her to a duty—

A *duty*, Mr. Lowther, interrupted I—So imposed! —A *duty!*—

I knew not what I said. I thought, at that instant, I did not like Mr. Lowther.

My uncle, aunt, and the rest of us, thought Sir Charles and Mr. Lowther would be glad to be left alone; and retired early.

My aunt, my Lucy, and I, had a good deal of discourse upon this interesting subject; Emily present.

We all foresaw, that the situation of this admirable lady would overcloud a little (we hoped *but* a little) the happiest days that ever mortals knew. The sincere value, said my aunt, that you have for so deserving a woman, and your native generosity, will be your security for happiness, my dear; and will fix on a durable base your mutual love: but this lady's trials will, however, be trials to you. God give her peace of mind! it is all we can hope for in *her* favour: to *you*, the continuance of your present happiness: greater, cannot fall to the lot of mortal.

She left me. I retired to my pen.

* *

Thus far have I written. 'Tis late. Sir Charles is coming up—And I am here at my pen. I will compliment him with a place in my closet while I retire.—Good night, my dearest grandmamma. Pray for your Harriet, and pray for Clementina.

Friday morning.

Sir Charles would have withdrawn to his study, when he found me at my pen. I besought him to sit down in my closet.

Remove your papers then, my dear.

No need, Sir. *These* (putting what I had been just writing, and those I had written the day before,

on one side of my desk) I would not, Sir, except you have a curiosity, wish you to see at present: *these*, Sir, you may, if you please, amuse yourself with.

I will take down one of your books, my love. I will not look into any of your written papers.

Dear, generous Sir, look into them all—Look into both parcels. Something about Lucy; something of what Mr. Lowther has talked of, in that parcel—Read *any* of the written papers before you.

A generous mind, my love, will not take all that is offered by a generous mind. Hasten, my Harriet: it is late. My mind is a little disturbed: yours, I am afraid, is generously uneasy. In your faithful bosom will I repose all my cares.

I pressed his hand between both mine, and would have pressed it with my lips: but, kissing my hands, first one, then the other—Condescending goodness! said he. God continue to me my Harriet's love, and make Clementina not unhappy, and what can befall me, that will not add thankfulness to thankfulness?

With what soothing tenderness did he afterwards open his generous heart to his Harriet! He was indeed disturbed: for Mr. Lowther had told him, that the general (I don't love him) was quite cruel—At one time he threatened the excellent creature: he called her ungenerous, ungrateful, undutiful!—She fell down at his feet, in a fainting fit: he left her in anger—Staid not to recover or sooth her—Yet returned in about two hours (his conscience stinging him) and on his knees besought her pardon—Received it—The dear saint forgave the *soldierly* man—Yet he persisted, and turned his threatenings into worse, if possible, than threatenings, into persuasion.

If I have an enemy, said the dear creature to her

brothers, who has conceived a mortal antipathy to me, let him insinuate himself into the favour of those most dear to me, and prevail upon them to attack me with all the powers of persuading love, in order to induce me to do the thing, whatever it be, most contrary to my heart: and then will the instigator wreak upon me his whole vengeance, and make me think death itself an eligible refuge.

Sir Charles sighed at repeating this. I wept. How happy, thought I, more than once, are you, best of men, in your own reflections, that a woman so excellent, who cannot be happy with any other man, *herself* refused you, and *persisted* in her refusal; though you sought all ways, and used all arguments to bring her to a change of determination! What otherwise would have been your regret! And how unhappy should I have been in the consciousness of being in her place; and of having dispossessed her of a heart to which she had so much better pretensions! Now has he no room for remorse; but for friendly pity only, and for wishes to relieve her afflicted heart. Of what a blessing is that man possessed, who, when calamity assails him, can acquit himself, his *intentions* at least; and say, "This I have not brought upon myself: it is an inevitable evil: a dispensation of Providence I will call it, and submit to it as such!"

Methinks, madam, I could spare this excellent woman some of my happiness. Have I not more than mortal ever knew before?

Sir Charles mentioned to me, that Lady Olivia, in her last letter to him, intimated her desire to come over once more to England: but he hoped what he had written to dissuade her from it, would have weight with her. I told him, I wished that lady the wife of some worthy man, whose gratitude and affection she, by her great fortune, might en-

gage. But, Sir, said I, I cannot, cannot wish (be the Count of Belvedere ever so good a man) that Lady Clementina were married.

What would my Harriet wish for Lady Clementina, circumstanced as she is?

I don't know. But the woman who has loved Sir Charles Grandison with a heart so pure, can never be happy with any other man.

You are ever obliging, my love. You judge of Clementina as she deserves to be judged of, as to the purity of her heart. But—He stopt.

But what, my dear Sir?—Alas! she says that you have strengthened the hands of her friends: am I forgiven before I go any further?

Not, my Harriet, if you think it necessary to ask such a question. Blame me always, when you think me wrong: I shall doubt your love, if you give me reason to question your freedom.

Dear Sir!—But answer me: Would *you* have Clementina, circumstanced as she is, marry?

What answer can I return to my Harriet's question; when sometimes I am ready to favour the parents pleas; at others, the daughter's? I would not have her either compelled, or over-earnestly persuaded. The family plead, "That their happiness, her health and peace, depend on her marriage; they cannot bear to think of rewarding Laurana for her cruelty, with an estate that never was designed for her; and to the cutting it off, as it may happen, from their Giacomo and his descendants for ever, in case Clementina assumes the veil. The healths of the father and mother are declining: they wish but to live to see the alliance with the Count of Belvedere take place. The noble lady gave reasons that *could* be answered. She had, by her own magnanimity, got over a greater difficulty, if I may presume to say so, than they had required her to struggle

with: how could I avoid advising her to yield to the supplications of parents, of brothers, of an uncle, who, however mistaken in the means by which they seek to obtain their wishes, love not their own souls better than they love their Clementina?

"It was, besides, a measure by which only, at the time, I could demonstrate (and the general, I know, considered it as a *test*) that I really gave up all hopes of her myself.—And when I had owned, that there was a woman, with whom I had no doubt of being happy, could I engage her to accept of me, they all besought me, for *their* sakes, for *Clementina's*, to court that acceptance, having hopes, that though she could not set me an example, she would *follow* mine."

This, my dearest life, was the occasion, as I told your friends, of accelerating my declaration to you. I could not else, either for the sake of *your* delicacy or my own, *so soon* have made proposals, not even to Mrs. Shirley; for, situated as I was, I could not think of applying to you till I had strengthened myself, as I hoped to do, by her interest. Your generous acceptance, signified to me by that good lady, has for ever obliged me. I regarded it, my Harriet, circumstanced as I had been, and shall *ever* regard it, as a *condescension*, which, as I told that lady *at the time*, laid me under an obligation that I never, by my utmost gratitude, shall be able to repay.

O Sir, well have you shewn that you meant what you said. How poor a return is my love for so much goodness, and kind consideration!

He clasped me to the faithfullest of human hearts.

But, dear Sir, I find, on the whole, that you think Lady Clementina has not so much reason on *her* side, as her parents have on *theirs*.

My tenderness for her, my dear, because of her unhappy malady, and my apprehension of a return

of it, together with my admiration of her noble qualities, prejudice me strongly in her favour. If she *could* be convinced by their motives, I should be ready to own my convictions in favour of those. But if *she* cannot, neither can *I;* so partial am I in the cause of a lady I so sincerely admire, and who has been so much afflicted. But what, in the situation they and she were in, remained for me to do, but to advise the family to proceed with tenderness and patience; that their Clementina might have time to weigh, to consider, their reasons, their indulgence? You, my dear, shall see in the copies of the letters I have written since I have been in England, my remonstrances to them on their precipitating her. But they were in a train: they presumed on the characteristic duty of their Clementina: they flattered themselves, that sometimes she seemed to relent: they conceived hopes from the expressions of compassion for the Count of Belvedere, which sometimes she let fall. The general, who, though a generous man, can do nothing moderately, would not be satisfied with *cold* measures, as he called them; and, not doubting his sister's acquiescence with her duty, if once she would be prevailed upon to think her compliance such, they were resolved to pursue the train they were in: but in order to avoid their importunities, how has the dear Clementina shifted the scene from Bologna to Florence, from Florence to Bologna, and once, for that purpose, wanted to go to Urbino, once to Naples, and even, as you have seen, to come to England!—But now, by this time, most probably, they have succeeded. God give happiness to the dear Clementina!

Most cordially did I join in the prayer.

The next letters from Italy must acquaint us with the unwished for success of the family; and the poor lady's thraldom. Can, my dear grandmamma, the

Count of Belvedere really be a good, a generous man, to solicit the favour of a *hand*, that he knows will not be accompanied by a *heart?* Can the man be said to know what true love is, who prefers not the happiness of the beloved object to his own; who thinks he can be happy, though the person he professes to love, shall be unhappy?

Thank God, this dreadful lot has not been drawn by your

HARRIET GRANDISON.

I am glad, my dear Lady G. that you are returned to Grosvenor-square. Be easy, be patient, my Charlotte. We shall have, I hope, many happy days together at Grandison-hall, at Grosvenor-square; at every-place where we shall be. You are a dear fretful creature!—But not half so petulant, I hope, in behaviour, as on paper to me. Let us think of nothing grievous, my Charlotte; but of the unhappy situation of poor Lady Clementina: and let us join to pray for her happiness.

LETTER XV.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Saturday morning, February 3.

Emily and I have had another conversation. She had been more grave and solemn than usual from the time of the last, of which I gave you an account.

Her Anne had taken notice to Sally of a change in the temper of her young mistress. She knew not how to please her, she said. From the best-natured

young lady in the world, she was grown one of the most peevish; and she had taken the liberty to tell her, that she must quit her service, if she found her so hard to be pleased.

Do then, was her answer; I won't be threatened by you, Anne. You seem to have found out your consequence with me. Go, Anne, as soon as you will. I won't be threatened, Anne. I have enough to vex me, without being disturbed by you.

The honest maid, who dearly loves her, and has been with her ever since she was seven years old, and was much approved for her fidelity and good behaviour by her father, burst out into tears, and would, in a mild and humble manner, have expostulated with her. Let me beseech you, madam, said she, to permit me a word or two by way of dutiful expostulation. But she hurried from her—I won't hear you, Anne. You have begun at the wrong end. You should have expostulated, and not threatened, first. And then going up to her closet, she locked herself in.

I pitied the dear girl. Too well I thought I could account for this change of temper in her: so exceeding good her guardian to her, her gratitude augments her love [Don't I know how that may easily be?]: yet, thought I, it would half break her heart, if he were to assume reserve—I would not for her sake have him imagine there was a necessity for a change of his behaviour to her. And indeed if he were to be more reserved, what would that do? So good a man; so uniform his goodness; the poor Emily must acquit him, and condemn herself; yet have no cure for her malady.

Sally offered Anne to acquaint me with what had passed: but the good young woman begged she would not. Her young lady was so tenacious, she said (young lady like) of her authority, that she

would never forgive her if she were known to make an appeal to me, or to my aunt. And to complain without a probability of redress, the prudent creature observed, except to her, as one lady's woman to another, would expose her beloved young mistress; when, perhaps, the present grievance might be cured by time, assiduity, and patience.

This was necessary to premise.

Sir Charles, my uncle, and Mr. Deane, having rode out pretty early this morning to breakfast, at Sir William Turner's; and my aunt and Lucy retiring after breakfast to write; and I to my closet for the same purpose; Emily came and tapped at my door. I instantly opened it.

I intrude, madam.—No, my dear.

I had observed at supper last night, and at breakfast this morning, that she had been in tears; though nobody else did; for the hints, privately given me by Sally, made me more observant of her motions.

I took her hand, and would have placed her by me—No, madam, said she, let me stand: I am not worthy of sitting down in your presence.

Her eyes were brimful of tears; but as she twinkled in hopes to disperse them, I would not take such full notice of them, as might make them run over, if they could be dispersed: yet mine, I believe, sympathized.

In my presence, my Emily! my friend! Why this?

I stood up. Your elder sister, my love, sits not, while her younger stands.

She threw her arms about me, and her tears ran over. This goodness kills me!—I am, I am, a most unhappy creature!—Unhappy from the grant of my own wishes!—O that you would treat me severely! I cannot support myself under the hourly instances which I receive of your goodness!

Whence, my dearest Emily, these acknowledgments? I do love my Emily: and should be either ungrateful or insensible to the merits of my beloved sister, did I not do all in my power to make her happy. What can I do for her, that is not her due?

She struggled herself out of my embracing arms, withdrawing hers—Let me, let me go, madam!—She hurried into the adjoining apartment. I followed her; and taking her hand, Leave me not, in this perplexity, my Emily! I cannot part with you: if you love your Harriet, as she loves her Emily, you will put me in the way of alleviating this anguish of the most innocent, and most amiable of minds. Open your heart to me, my dear.

O Lady Grandison! the deserving wife of the best of men, you ought to hate me!

My *dearest* Emily! said I.

Indeed you ought.

Let us sit down on this sofa, if you will not return to my closet.

I sat down. She sat by me, leaning her glowing face on my shoulder. I put one arm around her neck; with the other hand, I grasped one of hers. Now, my dear, I conjure you, by the friendship that is between us, the *more* than sisterly friendship, open your whole heart to me; and renounce me, if it be in my power to heal the wounds of your mind, and I do not pour into them the balm of friendly love.

What can I say?—Yesterday, my dearest Lady Grandison, I received an answer to a case I put to Dr. Bartlett, of a young creature, who—I *can't* tell you—

She wept; raised her head; dried her eyes; again leaned her face on my shoulder; again I put my arm round her neck—Your case, my love?

Ah, madam! *My* case—Did you say, *my* case?

I asked, my dear, not as for *your* case, any other than as for the case you put to the doctor.

He has not told you, madam?

Indeed he has not said a word of your consulting him.

I had rather tell you myself. I am afraid he guesses who the young woman is. O the poor cunning!—I am a weak silly creature!—He certainly guesses—

May I, my love, see the case?—May I see the answer to it?

I have burnt them both!—In a fit of anger at myself, that I should expose myself (for he certainly guesses who the young woman is) I threw them in the fire.

But you can *tell* me the case. You can give me the substance of the answer.

How can I? *You* of all women! *You*, madam, whom I best love of all women; but who ought to hate, to despise me!

Trust me, love, with your secret. It shall never without your leave pass this faithful bosom, if it be a secret that *already* I do not guess at.

She started—Guess at, madam!

Don't start at what I say, my love.

O you cannot, cannot guess at it. If you did—

What if I did?

Then would you banish from your presence for ever the justly-hated Emily: then would you make my guardian renounce me!

Shall I, my dear, *tell* you what I guess?

Whisper me then, throwing about me the hand I held not: but whisper me that I may not hear.

You *love* your guardian, my Emily!—He loves you!

O madam!

He will always love you; so will I.

Banish the criminal from your presence for ever; rising, yet again laying her face on my shoulder—and clasping her arms about me, Hide me, hide me from myself.

No need, my dear. Every-body loves your guardian. You cannot love him but with innocence. Your love is founded in gratitude. So was mine. Don't I know how to allow for my Emily?

You will banish fear from my heart, madam, by this your goodness to me. I find I may own all my weakness, my folly, to you; and the rather, as I shall intitle myself by it to your advice. I wanted to do it; but was afraid you would hate me: in the same circumstances I doubt I should not be so generous as you are. O that I had not put my case to the doctor!

The doctor, my dear, is all goodness. He will keep your secret—

And not tell my guardian, madam, any-thing about it? It would be worse than death to me, if my guardian should mistrust me. *He* would hate the poor Emily, if *you* did not.

He never shall know it, my dear. You have already engaged the doctor to secrecy, I doubt not.

I have.

He will inviolably keep your secret, no fear; especially as your charming ingenuousness to me will be a means of putting you and me, my love, on finding expedients, that shall equally secure your honour, and your guardian's regard for you.

That, madam, is the very thing.

Open then to me your innocent heart, my dear. Regard me as your friend, your sister, and as if I were not the happy wife of your beloved guardian—

And so I will.—I did not, madam, mistrust myself till the solemnity had passed, that made you and

my guardian one. Then I began to be uneasy with myself; and the more, as I was for hiding myself from myself, as I may say; for I was afraid of looking into my heart: Why so? thought I. Am I not an innocent girl? What do I wish for? What can I hope for? Do I not love Lady Grandison? I do. Yet now-and-then—Don't hate me, madam! I will reveal to you all my heart, and all my weakness.

Proceed, my Emily. This is indeed a token of your love, of your confidence in me. What a compliment does my dearest sister make me!

Yet now-and-then, something like envy, I thought, arose in my heart: And can your countenance forbear to change, when I tell you of envy?

If it did, it would be from compassionate love to my Emily. You don't know, my dear, how my heart dilates on this your most agreeable confidence in me.

God bless that dear heart!—There never was such a heart as yours. Well, but I will go on, if you please.

Do, my dear.

Here, thought I, once (that I was resolved to call myself to account) did I ask the favour of being allowed to live with my guardian and his lady, when they were married: and what did I mean by it? Nothing but innocence, believe me. Well, and my request is granted! This was all that I thought was wanting to make me happy: but, said I to myself, Am I happy? No. Do I love my guardian less? No. Do I love Lady Grandison more for granting me this favour? I *admire* her more, I think; and I have a grateful sense of her goodness to me: but, I don't know how it is—I think, though I dearly love her, yet I would be sometimes glad I did not, quite so well. Ungrateful Emily! And severely I took myself to talk. Surely, pity, madam, is near akin

to love; for while your suspenses lasted, I thought I loved you better than I loved my own heart: but when you were happy, and there was no room for pity, wicked wretch that I was! I wanted, methought, sometimes to lower you.—Don't you hate me now?

No, no, my Emily; my pity, as you say, increases my love of you. Proceed, sweet child: your mind is the unsullied book of nature: turn to another leaf. Depend upon my kindest allowances. I knew, before you knew it yourself, that you loved your guardian.

Before I knew it myself! Why that might be. So I went on reasoning with myself—"What, Emily, canst thou love thy guardian more; and Lady Grandison, with all her goodness to thee, *not* more—And canst thou mingle envy with admiration of her?—Ah, silly, and worse than silly, girl, where may this end?—Lord bless me! If I suffer myself to go on thus, shall I not be the most ungrateful of creatures? Shall I not, instead of my guardian's love, incur his hatred? Will not all the world despise me?—And where may this stop?"—Yet I went on excusing myself; for I knew I had no vile meaning; I knew I only wanted my guardian to love me, and to be allowed to love him. But what! thought I, at last, *can* I allow myself in loving a married man, the husband of my friend? And sometimes I trembled at the thought; for I looked back; and said to myself, "Wouldst thou, Emily, a year ago, have allowed in thyself, but the same lengths that thou hast now run?"—No; answered I my own question. "Is not this a fair warning of what may be a year hence?"—So I put a case, to Dr. Bartlett, as of three persons of my Anne's acquaintance, two young women, one young man, living in one house: the young man contracted to one of the young women;

the other knowing it; and though a person incapable of a criminal thought, yet finding an increasing regard for the young man, though she dearly loved her friend, began to be afraid her heart was not quite as it should be: what, I asked, as for my Anne's friend, would he advise in the case?

And what, my dear, was the doctor's advice?

I was a silly creature to put it to him. As I said, he certainly must guess. If you, madam, *could*, without such a case put, he certainly must. We young girls think, if we put our hands before our eyes, nobody can see us. In short, the doctor pronounced the increasing regard to be a beginning love. The consequence would be, that the young woman would in time endeavour to supplant her friend; though at present she might probably shudder at the thought. He bid me tell Anne to warn her acquaintance against the growing flame. He said, she might entangle her own heart, and, without gaining her end, render unhappy a couple, who, according to my representation from my Anne, deserved to be happy: and he advised, by all means, that she should leave the contracted couple to themselves, and for her own honour's, her own heart's sake, remove to as great distance from them as possible.

Believe me, madam, I was shocked, I was frighted at myself: I threw the papers in the fire; and have been, ever since I read them, more unhappy than usual. My dear Lady Grandison, then thought I, I will, if you give me encouragement, open my heart to you. You will hear of my folly, my weakness, one day or other.—And now, dear good madam, forgive me: keep my secret; and advise me what to do.

What, my dearest creature, *can* I advise you? I

love you. I ever will love you. I will be as careful of your honour as of my own. I will endeavour to cultivate your guardian's affection to you.

He never, madam, I hope, guessed at the poor Emily's folly.

He never mentioned you to me, but with love and tenderness.

Thank God!—But say, advise me, madam; my heart shall be in your hand; guide it, as you please.

What, my dear, did you think of doing yourself?

I must not think of living with you now, madam.

Why not? You shall find me ever your true friend.

But I am sure Dr. Bartlett's advice to Anne's acquaintance is right. I tell you, madam, that I must every day, and every hour of the day, that I see his tender behaviour to you; that I behold him employed in acts of beneficence; that I see every one adoring him; admire him more. I see that I am less my own mistress than I thought it was possible I could be: and if such a girl as I have so little command of myself, and his merit every hour spreading itself out before me with increasing lustre, my weak eyes will not be able to bear his glory—O madam, I ought to fly; I am resolved, whatever it cost me, to fly.

How I admired, how I pitied, how I loved, the dear creature! I clasped both my arms about her; and, pressing her to my bosom—What can I say, my Emily? What *can* I say? Tell me, what would you wish me to say?

You are wise, madam: you have a tender and generous heart: O that I were half as good!—Advise me something—I see the folly of my wishing to live with you and my guardian.

And is it necessary, my dear, to a conquest of yourself, that we should not live together?

Absolutely so: I am convinced of it.

Suppose, my dear, you go to the London house, and put yourself under Mrs. Grandison's protection?

What, madam, my guardian's house still?

I hope a few weeks absence, by help of a discretion of which you have, in the present conversation, given shining proofs, will answer all we wish; since you never, my dear, could have thought but of admiring, and that at distance, the great qualities of your guardian.

I have, 'tis true, but just found myself out: I never could have hope of being looked upon in any other light, than as his daughter; and I hope, I have made the discovery in time. But I must not be with him in his own house: I must not be in the way of his constant conversation.

Admirable discretion! amiable innocence!—Well then, suppose you request Lady L. Lady G.—

Ah, no, no! That would not do, neither. My guardian would be the continual subject of our conversation; and often, very often, his brotherly goodness would lead him to them; them to him.

Charming fortitude! Heroic Emily! How I admire you! I see you have thought attentively of this matter. What *are* your thoughts?

Can't you guess?

I know what I wish—But you must speak first.

Don't you remember what the blessed Mrs. Shirley (I must call her blessed!) said to me on your wedding-day, in the vestry?

I do, my dearest Emily! And are you inclined—

Shall I be received, madam, as a second Harriet in your family? It would be my ambition to tread in your steps at Selby-house and Shirley-manor; to hear *from* you; to write *to* you; to form myself by the model, by which *you* were formed; to be called by Mrs. Shirley, by Mrs. Selby, *their* Emily.

How you would rejoice them all, my Emily! and, if we must part, *me*, to have my Emily be to my dearest friends what their Harriet so happily was!

But, madam, will you undertake to procure my guardian's consent?

I will endeavour it.

Endeavour it! Then it is done. He will deny you nothing. Will good Mrs. Shirley consent?

I have no doubt but she will, if your guardian do.

Will Mrs. Selby, will Mr. Selby, be *my* uncle and aunt?

We will consult them: they are happily with us, you know.

But, madam, there is one objection; a very great one.

What is that, my love?

Your cousin James Selby! I should respect him, as your cousin, and as the brother of the two Miss Selbys: but that is all.

I never, my dear, approved of any motion of that kind. Not one of my friends think of it: they wish it not. He has met with discouragement from every one of my family, and his own: he submits to the discouragement.

Then, madam, if you please to break the matter to Mr. and Mrs. Selby, and to Mrs. Shirley, without letting them know the poor girl flies to them as for refuge against herself; and satisfy Lady L. Lady G. and Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, that I mean nothing of slight to them; then will I attend Mr. and Mrs. Selby in their return home: and I shall be in a while a very happy girl, I doubt not. But still remember, madam, I must love my guardian: but it shall be with a love that shall not exclude Lady Grandison from a large share of it; the *largest*, if I can. And now, clasping her arms about my neck, let me beg your pardon for all the strange things I

have said. My heart will be the easier for having found a confident; such a confident, however, as no girl ever found before—But in this instance of goodness, you more than equal Lady Clementina herself; and a thousand, thousand thanks for your patience with me on such a subject!—Yet say, my dear Lady Grandison, you don't hate the poor girl, who has the vanity to emulate you and Lady Clementina!

I wept over her from joy, pity, tenderness.

Will you not, my dear grandmamma, love my Emily more than ever? Will you call her *your* Emily, and think of her, as your Harriet?

Lady L. Lady G. will you excuse the preference she has given to quiet Northamptonshire, against noisy London, and its gay scenes, at so young a time of life?—*Excuse* it! I am sure you will think that the reason she has given for the preference raises her above woman.

Monday, February 5.

I have already obtained my uncle's and aunt's, and Lucy's, high approbation of Emily's proposal. They, at her request, asked Sir Charles's consent, as a favour. He desired to see her upon it. She came in, bashful, her steps unassured, looking down. He took her hand: My good Emily, said he, I am told that you have a desire to restore to Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, and Mr. Selby, the grand-daughter and niece I have robbed them of. They rejoice in your proposal. You will be exceedingly happy in their protection. My Harriet will be loth to part with you; but for their sakes, as well as yours, she will cheerfully acquiesce: and, though we wanted it not, we shall have an additional pleasure in visiting Northamptonshire.—It is your deliberate choice, my dear?

It is, Sir: and I hope I may be allowed to accompany Mrs. Selby down.

Settle the matter, ladies, among yourselves. I have but one thing to add on the subject. You have a mother, my dear. We must not absolutely resolve till we have her consent. She is good now: you must make a compliment to my sisters, and their lords also, and to my aunt Grandison: they love my ward: and she must preserve every worthy person's love.

The dear girl courtesied: wept—You are all—all goodness, Sir.

If your mind should change, my dear, don't be afraid to signify the alteration. It will be the business of us all to make each other happy. You will be always dear to my Harriet. Recollect, mean time, if there be any-thing further in my power to oblige you.

O Sir! You must not (she ran to me, and in my bosom, weeping, spoke out her sentence) be too good to me!

I kissed the dear girl's forehead—Heroic Emily! whispered I, to confirm her in her real heroism.

And thus already, my dearest grandmamma, is this material article settled. My aunt answers for your approbation; and Lucy for the pleasure that this acquisition, as I may call it, will give to Nancy, and all our other kindred and acquaintance. But how, when the time comes, shall I part with her?

What, I wonder, will Sir Edward Beauchamp say to this?—He must get his dear friend's leave to visit with us Shirley-manor and Selby-house, which I hope we shall do twice a year at least.

My uncle and aunt, Lucy, and Mr. Deane, are exceedingly rejoiced on this occasion: How fond are they of Emily! She of them! This gives them a re-

lation to each other, that I hope will produce a friendship which will last for ever.

My aunt and Lucy have been asking my opinion, whether Sir Charles did not discover something of the good girl's growing affection for him; so undisguisedly sincere as she always was, and for some time not suspecting herself; he so penetrating a man? Of this, said Lucy, I am sure; he would have seen it at once, had any other man been as much the object of her regard.

If any-thing would induce me, said I, to think he did, it would be his ready acquiescence with her proposal, and his being so little inquisitive after her motives for leaving us: the case, continued I, is of so delicate a nature, that he never will say, even to me, what his thoughts are upon it, if such thoughts he has. And as to myself, it would be dealing with Emily less delicately than I was dealt with by the two noble sisters, should I presume to sound him on so nice a subject.

And indeed there never could be a man in the world that had a greater regard than he has to those real delicacies of our sex, which border not upon what is called *prudery*.

Mr. Lowther is gone to London: he has given into Sir Charles's wishes, to settle in this neighbourhood. He said, he liked the country: he had no particular attachment to any place; and made a fine compliment to Sir Charles on the occasion. I need not say, it was a just one.

My uncle, my aunt, write. Lucy has another long letter almost ready. I have only further to say therefore, at this time, that I am, and ever will be,

Your most dutiful

HARRIET GRANDISON.

Sir Charles intends to write to you, madam, on Emily's proposal—My uncle and aunt begin

to be weary of us, as Sir Charles and I tell them: but they call us both unreasonable. God give us good news from Italy!

LETTER XVI.

LADY GRANDISON TO LADIES L. AND G.

Grandison-hall, Tuesday, February 13.

I WRITE to my dearest sisters now.

Nor will I ask you to send my letters to my grandmamma for the present.

Lucy shall be left to entertain my Northamptonshire friends.

The inclosed translation of a letter written by Signor Jeronymo, will give you the surprising news —Surprising indeed—Poor, poor lady!

I must tell you in my next, how we were all affected on the receiving it: no more at present can I add, but that I am, my dear ladies,

Your ever-affectionate sister,

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XVII.

SIGNOR JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

MY GRANDISON,

You will be surprised—astonished—The dear Clementina! How has she tarnished all her glory! A young creature of her nice honour!—Good God!

—And must I her brother, your Jeronymo, expose his sister?

We gave into almost every wish of her heart. The dear *Scripturist* had requested a month's time to travel from place to place on the other side of the Apennines, partly on pretence of establishing her health, and partly in imitation of the daughter of the famous Israelitish general *; implying, that she considered the meditated marriage as a sacrifice: and we had hopes at the end of it, that she would be brought to give her hand, not uncheerfully, to the Count of Belvedere, for whom she owned pity and gratitude.

We had consented to several trifling delays of her return to us before. Yet besought her to excuse us from allowing her to visit Rome and Naples; and she acquiesced with the reasons we gave her. She desired leave to take into her service, as a page, an English youth, the nephew of a gentleman of the English factory at Leghorn, who was well recommended by his uncle, on the enquiry Mrs. Beaumont, at our desire, made into his character. We, supposing her motive to be merely an innocent and grateful regard to the country of a man whom we could allow her to respect, consented. She accordingly took him; and he attended her in her excursions to Pistoia, Prato, Pratolina, Pisa, Sienna, &c.; to some of which places she was accompanied by Mrs. Beaumont, and the ladies her friends. But being desirous to see the sea-coast from Piombino to Lucca, according to a plan she shewed; and talking of stretching to Genoa, when at Lucca; which was to conclude her excursions, and complete her month; she was left by those ladies to be attended by her own servants: these, all but her page

* Jephthah. See Judges xi.

and Laura, she contrived (the high-souled Clementina stooped to art!) to send different ways, ordering them to meet her at Lucca; but, instead of going thither, took a short way to Leghorn; and there embarked on board an English ship ready cleared out, and bound for the port of London; and it had sailed three days, before it was known what was become of her. But then the contents of the following letter, directed to Mrs. Beaumont, astonished that lady, and her friends; as you will believe it did us, when it was transmitted to us in a letter written by Mrs. Beaumont, acquainting us with the particulars of her excursions and flight; and the certainty, upon proper enquiries at Leghorn, that she was gone to England.

"Forgive me, my dearest ladies; my dearest Mrs. Beaumont, particularly, forgive me! I am embarked in an enterprize, that will be enough my punishment. Pity me, therefore, as well as pardon me! The impending evil is always the most terrible. My heart is extremely averse to a married life. A fortnight of the month is expired, at the end of which I am expected to give my vows to a man not unworthy of them, could I think it in my power to make him happy, and could I be so myself in the prospects before me: but how can that be? Persuasion, cruel persuasion! A kneeling father, a sighing mother; generous, but entreating brothers; how can I resist you, if I go to dear, once *most* dear Bologna? All you, my friends, at Bologna, at Urbino, *every-where*, forgive me! What have I not suffered before I came to the resolution that must be pursued, though repentance, when I have attained the proposed asylum, follow! My good Lord of B. forgive me also. Change your attachment. You deserve a better wife, than conscience, than honour, than justice (words that mean the same

thing) tell me, can be made you, by the unhappy Clementina. She dare not add Della Porretta.—Ah my mother!"—

This letter was left with a person at Leghorn, with orders not to send it, till the vessel had sailed three days. We are all distracted; but most my mother.

For the sake of *her* peace of mind, we are come to a resolution to anticipate our summer's visit to you; and, unpropitious as the season is for such a journey, we shall set out next week accordingly. God give my mother strength to bear the fatigue! Courage she has, on *this* occasion, who never before could be brought to go by sea any-where: no, not to Naples, to visit her Giacomo, and his lady, though in a more propitious season.

It was a long-laid scheme, we imagine; for she had dismissed her faithful Camilla, on her urging her to a change of condition. I am afraid the good woman was too sedulous in obeying the orders given her by my brother, to make use of every opportunity to inspire her with tender sentiments, in favour of the Count of Belvedere. Laura has for some time been her only favourite servant.

This youth, by name Antony Dagley, no doubt has managed this affair for her.

Mrs. Beaumont now recollects several circumstances, which, could she have suspected Clementina to be capable of such an enterprize, might have given her suspicion.

The vessel she is in, is called *the Scanderoon:* Alexander Henderson master.

How can the dear creature on her arrival in England look you, your lady, your sisters, in the face? What may she suffer in such a voyage, at such a season! To what insults may she be exposed! So little as she knows of the English tongue! Laura not

a syllable of it! Depending on the fidelity of a stranger-boy? So few changes of apparel as she had the opportunity to take with her!—Whether provided with any considerable sums of money, we know not! England, in her opinion, a nation of heretics!—Good Heaven! could Clementina della Porretta be guilty of such a rashness?

But what an averseness must she have to marriage! We have certainly been too precipitating. You cautioned us: yet, I dare say, could not have believed, that our Clementina could have taken such a step. But, alas! we conclude, that it is owing more to the effects of her late unhappy malady, than to any other cause. When once the mind is disordered, there is danger, it seems, of its shewing itself, on extraordinary occasions, even after the cure is supposed to be perfected, capable of extravagance. Again, I say, we have been too hasty.—Our brother Giacomo!—But he is the most disinterested of men. He would not otherwise be so urgent as he is for her *marriage.*

Dear, dear creature! How my heart bleeds for the distresses she may be thrown into!—But they cannot be equal to those which her mother feels for her. Clementina knows how much the lives of her father and mother are bound up in hers. But I repeat, she must be under the influences of her former malady, or never could she have done an act, that she must know would wound our very souls.

From the lights I have held out, we hope you will be able to find her before she can have suffered more than the hardships of the voyage; before she can have wanted money, or other conveniences. If you do, your sisters will give the rash one countenance and protection till we can arrive.

Our company will be, my father, mother, the bishop, the Count of Belvedere, your Jeronymo,

Father Marescotti, and our two cousins Sebastiano and Juliano. Mrs. Beaumont has the goodness, purely from motives of charity, to accompany my mother. Poor Camilla, almost as inconsolable as my mother, attends her lady.

We must give you the trouble of hiring for us as large a house as you can procure. The circumstances we are in, allow us not to think of anything more than common convenience, and to be incognito.

Our two cousins above-named may be in lodgings, if room be wanted.

We shall have no more than necessary attendants.

A lesser house, or handsome lodgings, will content the Count of Belvedere.

These cares for us, my dear Grandison, we must throw upon you: yet, if my Lowther be in England, he will be so kind as to ease you of part of them. You will have concern enough in sharing ours, for the occasion which carries us to you, so much sooner than we intended, and in an inconvenient season; circumstances that will sufficiently demonstrate the distress we are in.

The vessel we have hired, is called *the Leghorn frigate.* The master's name is Arthur Gunning. If we are favoured in our voyage, the master hopes to be in your river Thames in about three weeks from our embarking.

God give us, my Grandison, a meeting not unhappy! May we find the dear fugitive safe in your protection, or under the wings of one of your noble sisters!

I hope this unhappy affair will produce no uneasiness between your lady and you. If it should, what an additional evil would the dear rash one have to answer for!

The general is too much incensed against the unhappy girl, to think of accompanying us, could he obtain permission of his sovereign.

The least reparation the dear creature can make us, the bishop says, is, cheerfully to give her vows to the good Count of Belvedere, who looks forward to the issue of this affair, as to the crisis of his fate.

I hardly know what I have written; nor how to leave off. It is to *you*, our dear friend, our consoler, our brother, and, let me add, our refuge, next to the Almighty, who we hope will guide us in safety to you, and give an issue not greatly derogatory to the glory of our sister, and family. Join, my Grandison, your prayers with ours, to this purpose. Noblest of friends, Adieu!

JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA.

LETTER XVIII.

LADY GRANDISON TO LADIES L. AND G.

Wednesday, February 14.

Let me now give you the promised particulars. As we, and our beloved guests, were at dinner yesterday, all harmony, all love; the dear Emily laying out the happy days she hoped to see in Northamptonshire; Sir Charles using generous arguments to prevail on my uncle and aunt to stay a little longer with him; the letter, the affecting letter, was given into Sir Charles's hands: "From my Jeronymo!" said he, looking at the superscription. Asking leave, he broke it open, and casting his eye upon the first lines, he started; and bowing, he arose from table, and withdrew to his study.

We had not half dined. I urged our friends, but could not set them the example; and we arose by consent, and went into the adjoining drawing-room.

Sir Charles soon joined us there: his face glowed; he seemed to have struggled for a composure, for our sakes, which, however, he had not obtained.

I looked upon him with eyes, I suppose, that had speech in them, by his taking my hand, and saying, Be not surprised, my love: you will soon have guests.

From Italy! From Italy, Sir?—"Yes, my life." —Who? Who, Sir?

Dr. Bartlett was with us. He besought him to give a translation of that letter. The doctor retired to do it: and Sir Charles said, It is not impossible but Clementina may be soon in England: perhaps before the rest of her family. Be not surprised (for we all looked upon one another): Dr. Bartlett will give you the contents of the letter. Oblige me, my dear, with your hand.

He led me into his study; and there, in the most tender and affectionate manner, acquainted me with what he had just read.

My dearest Harriet, said he, his arms encircling my waist, will not, cannot doubt the continuance of my tenderest love. I am equally surprised and disturbed at the step taken. God preserve the dear Clementina! Join your prayers with mine for her safety. You can pity the unhappy lady: she is, I am afraid, desolate and unprotected: you can pity her *equally* unhappy friends. They are following her: they are all good: they mean well. Yet over-persuasion, as you lately observed, in such a case as hers, is a degree of persecution. In the unhappy circumstances she had been in, she *should* have had time given her. Time subdues all things.

Let me beseech you, Sir, said I, to give the unhappy lady your *instant* protection. Consider me as a strengthener, not a weakener, of your hands, in her service. I have no concern but for her safety and honour, and for your concern on the affecting occasion. Dear Sir, let me by participation lessen it.

Soul of my soul, said he, clasping me more ardently to his bosom, I had no doubt of your generous goodness. It would be doing injustice to the unhappy *absent*, and to the knowledge I have of my *own heart*, as well as to *you*, the absolute mistress of it, did I think it necessary to make professions of my unalterable, my inviolable love to you. I will acquaint you with every step I take in this arduous affair. You must advise me as I go along. Minds so delicate as yours and Clementina's, must be allied. I shall be sure of my measures when I have the approbation of my Harriet. All *our* friends (they have discretion) shall be made acquainted with my proceedings. I will not leave a doubt upon the mind of any one of them, that my Harriet is not, as far as it is in my power to make her, the happiest of women.

What, Sir, is the date of the letter?—It has no date, my dear. Jeronymo's grief—The lady, Sir, said I, may be arrived. Leave me here at Grandison-hall, with my friends: I will endeavour to engage their stay a little longer than they had designed; and do you hasten up to town: if you can do service to the unhappy lady, destitute as you apprehend she is at present of protection, and exposed to difficulties and dangers, your letters shall be, if possible, more acceptable to me, than even the presence of the man who is as dear to me, as my own soul.

I was raised. It was making me great, my dear ladies, to have it in my *power*, as I may say, to con-

vince Sir Charles Grandison, that my compassion, my love, my admiration, of the noblest of women, was a *sincere* admiration and love.

How happy a man am I? said he. You have anticipated me by your goodness. I will hasten up to town. You will engage your friends. The man whose love is fixed on such a mind as my Harriet's, all loveliness as is the admirable person that thus I again press to my fond bosom, must be as happy as a mortal man can be!

He led me back to the expecting company. They all stood up, as by an involuntary motion, at our entrance; each person looking eager to know our sentiments.

The doctor had not finished the translation: but Sir Charles sent up for the letter; and read it in English to us all.

My uncle, my aunt, my Lucy, Mr. Deane, all, *before* Sir Charles could well speak, besought him not to suffer their being here to be one moment's hindrance to his setting out for London.

He generously applauded me to them for what had passed between us in his study, and told them, he would set out early in the morning, if they would promise to keep me company here.

They said, they would stay as long as their convenience would permit; and the longer, that he might be the easier on such a generous call to town.

One thing, dear Sir, said I, let me beg; Let not the sweet fugitive be *compelled*, if you can help it, to marry. Let not advantage be taken, as they seem, by a hint in this letter, inclined to take it, of this seeming rash step, to make her compliance the condition of their forgiveness and reconciliation.

He called me his generous, his noble Harriet; repeated, that he would be governed by my advice, and that then he should be sure of his footing.

Your brother set out early this morning for London: join your prayers, my dear ladies, with his and mine, and with those of all our friends here, for a happy issue to the present afflictions of the dear Clementina. How I long, yet half-fear, to see her! Shall I, do you think, be able to see her, without being apprehensive, that she will look upon me as the invader of her right? She was undoubtedly his first love.

Your brother communicated to me his intention of completing the furnishing of the new-taken house in Grosvenor Square, which was before in great forwardness, and to have it well aired for the reception of his noble friends. He will acquaint his sisters with his further intentions, as occasions arise. God succeed to him his own wishes—He may be trusted with them.

Adieu, my dearest sisters! How proud am I, that I can indeed call you so, by the name of

HARRIET GRANDISON!

LETTER XIX.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON TO LADY GRANDISON.

St. James's Square, Thursday, February 15.

MY DEAREST LIFE,

On my arrival here last night I found a long letter, dated Tuesday last, from the unhappy lady, whom we both so much admire and pity. The contents too well confirm her wandering state of mind, and account for the steps she has taken. I will send you the letter itself as soon as I have seen her, and can prevail upon her to put herself into my protec-

tion. Till the hope of a happier state of mind shall dawn upon us, the contents of it will afflict you.

"She has been ten days in England: I wrote to her last night, to beg her to admit me to her presence.

She expresses in her letter a generous joy in our happiness, and in the excellent character which she has heard of the beloved of my heart; of *every* heart. In the midst of her affecting wanderings, she preserves the greatness of mind that ever distinguished her. She wishes to see you; but unknown to us both.

It would not be difficult perhaps to find out the place of her abode; but she depends on my honour, that I will not attempt it: Clementina loves to be punctiliously observed. In the way she is in, she must be soothed, and as little opposed as possible. She thinks too highly of my character, and apprehends that the step she has taken, has lowered her own. She has great sensibility, and only *sometimes* wanders into minutenesses to which her circumstances, which I find are not happy, oblige her to attend. I have great hopes, that I shall be able to sooth, conciliate, and restore her: her mind seems not to be deeply wounded. God enable me to quiet the heart of the noblest of your sisters! Forgive me for my two beloved sisters. *They* will, if *you* do.

I hope our dear friends will make themselves and you happy, at Grandison-hall. This cloud passed away, if God preserve us to each other, and our friends to us, all our future days must be serene: at least as far as it is in my power, they shall be so to my Harriet. Professions would disgrace *my* love, and *your* merits. All that your own heart can wish me to be, that, if I know it, will I be; for am I not the happy husband of the best and most generous of women; and, as such,

Wholly yours,

CHARLES GRANDISON?

LETTER XX.

LADY CLEMENTINA TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

[*Mentioned in the preceding.*]

Tuesday, February 13. O. S.

By this time, it is very probable, you have heard of the rashest step that the writer of these presents (chequered and unhappy, as the last years of her life have been) ever took. She knows it to be rash: she condemns herself for taking it. She doubts not but she shall be condemned by every body for it: nor is she sure, that she shall have the better opinion of your justice, if you are not one of the severest of her censurers: for you are a good man. Your goodness, I hear, fills every mouth in this your own country; and it is not one of your least praises, that you did your duty in the strictest manner, to a father, who was wanting in his to his whole family. It is, it seems, your principle, that where a duty is reciprocal, the failure in it of the one, acquits not the other for a failure in his. How then can I appear before you? I am covered with blushes at the thoughts of it—I, who am a runaway from the kindest, the most indulgent, of parents—God forgive me!—Yet, can I say, I repent? I *think*, I can.—But at best, it is a conditional repentance only, that I boast.

I am here in your England; I cannot, cannot, tell you where; in a low condition; my fortune scanty; my lodgings not very convenient; two servants only my attendants; Laura (you remember *her*) one; weeping every hour after her friends, and our Italy: my other you know not—My page he was called in the days of my state, as I may, comparatively, call them; but now my every-thing: Poor youth!

But he is honest, he is faithful. God reward him!—I cannot.

Yet in all this my depression of circumstances, if I may so express myself, and sometimes (too often indeed) of spirits; I think I am happy in the thought that I am a single woman.

Well, Sir!—And what can I say further? A thousand things I have to say: too many, to know which to say first. I had better say no more. I am not, however, sure I shall send you this, or any other letter.

I have been ten days in this great, and, as it seems to me, ugly city: a vastly populous one: people very busy. I thought your London people were all rich—But what is this to write to you about?

I have been out but once, and that for an airing in one of your parks. I can't say, I like England, nor its people, much: but I have seen nothing of the one, or the other.

I live a very melancholy life: but that befits me best.

They tell me, that your churches are poor, plain things. You bestow more upon yourselves than you do upon your God: but perhaps you trust more to the heart, than to the eye, in the plainness of your places of devotion. But, again, what is all this stuff to you?—Yet, I am apt to ramble too-too much!

The truth is, I am not very well: so excuse me.

But do you know how it comes about, that having the best of fathers, the best of mothers, the most affectionate of brothers, I should yet think them persecutors? How it comes about, that I, who love them, who honour them, as much as daughter ever honoured parents, or sister ever loved brothers, should run away from them all, into a strange land, a land of heretics; yet once be thought a pious

kind of creature! Do you know how this comes about?

Once there was a man—But him I renounced—But I had a good reason for it. And do you think I repent it? By my truth, chevalier, I do not: I never did. Yet I think of nobody half so often, nor with half the pleasure: for, though a heretic, he is a good man.

But hush! Dare I, in this country, say he is a heretic? Perhaps, we Catholics are looked upon as heretics here. Idolaters I know we are said to be—I grant that I had like to have been an idolater once—But let that pass. I believe we Catholics think worse of you Protestants, and you Protestants think worse of us Catholics, than either deserve: it may be so. But, to me, you seem to be a strange people, for all that.

Of one thing, my good chevalier, methinks I should be glad.—Here I am told you are married: that I knew before I left Italy: else, let me tell you, I never would have come hither: yet I should have got away rather than be married myself, I believe: but then perhaps it would have been to a catholic country.

What was I going to say?—One thing I should be glad of: it is to see your lady; but not if she were to see me. I came with very few clothes, and they were not the best I had at Florence: my best of all are at Bologna. My father and mother loved to see me dressed. I dressed many a time to please them more than to please myself. For I am not a proud creature: Do you think I am? You knew me once better than I knew myself: but you know little of me now. I am a runaway: and I know you won't forgive me. I can't help it. However, I should be glad to see your lady. She dresses richly, I suppose. Well she may!

I am told, she is one of the loveliest women in England: and as to her goodness—there is nobody so good. Thank God! You know, chevalier, I always prayed, that the best of women might be called by your name.

But Olivia, it seems, praises her; and Olivia saw her when she was a rambler to England, as, God help me! I am now.

But Olivia's motive and mine were very different. Olivia went to England in hopes of a husband—Poor woman! I pity her.

But, chevalier, cannot I see your lady, and she not see me? I need not be in disguise to see her. If you were with her, handing her, suppose, to church (I would not scruple to crowd myself into some unobserved corner of *your* church on such an occasion) you would be too proud of *her* to mind *me:* and you would not know me, if you saw me; for I would stoop in my shoulders, and look down; and the clothes I should have on would be only an English linen gown and petticoat, unadorned by ribbands or gew-gaw—Not half so well dressed as your lady's woman.

But yet I should thank God, that you had not disgraced the regard I had once for you: I had a great deal of pride, you know, in that hope. Thank you, Sir, that you have married so lovely and so deserving a woman. She is of a good family, I hope.

It was a great disappointment to me, when I came first to London, to find, that you were not there. I thought, some how or other, to catch a sight of you and your lady, were it but as you step into your coach; and I to have been in a chair, near, or even on foot: for, when I heard what a character you bore, for every kind of goodness; I, a poor fugitive, was afraid to see you. So many good lessons as you

taught me, and all to come to this! Unhappy Clementina!

Where will your ladyship (but I have forbidden that stile) choose to take up your residence? said Antony when we first landed (my servant's name is Antony; but you shall not know his other name). We landed among a parcel of guns, at the Tower, they called it, in a boat.

Laura answered for me, for he spoke in Italian; Somewhere near the Chevalier Grandison's, won't you, madam? I won't tell you what was my answer; for perhaps I am near the Thames—I don't want you to find me out. I beseech you, chevalier, don't give yourself pain for me. I am a fugitive. Don't disgrace yourself in acknowledging any acquaintance with a creature who is poor and low; and who *deserves* to be poor and low; for is she not a runaway from the best of parents? But it is to avoid, not to get, a husband; you'll be pleased to remember that, Sir.

But, poor Laura—I am sorry for Laura; more sorry than for myself—My brother Giacomo would kill the poor creature, I believe, if ever she were to come in his way. But she is in no fault. It was with great reluctance she obeyed her mistress. She was several times as impertinent as Camilla. Poor Camilla! I used her hardly. She is a good creature. I used her hardly against my own nature, to make her the easier to part with me. I love her. I hope she is well. It is not worth her while to pine after me; I was an ungrateful creature to her.

My Antony is a good young man, as I told you. I think to save half his wages, and give the other half to raise Laura's, to keep her a little in heart. The poor young man hoped preferment in my service; and I can do nothing for him. It will behove me to be a good manager. But I will sell the few jewels

I have left, rather than part with him, till he can get a better service. What little things do I trouble you with! Little things to you; but not quite so little to me now, as I have managed it. But so as I can do justice to this poor youth, and poor Laura, I matter not myself. What I have done is my choice: they had no option. I over-persuaded Laura, as my friends would have done me. I feel that sting: it was not doing as I would be done by. Very, very wicked in me! I dare say, you would tell me so, were you to find me out.

But, chevalier, shall I send you, yes, or no, this scrawl, written to divert me in a pensive mood? I would not, if I thought it would trouble you. God forbid that your pupil Clementina should give you discomposure, now especially in the early part of your nuptials! Yet if I could so manage, as that you would permit your secretary (I would not ask the favour of your own pen) to send a few lines to some particular place, where my servant could fetch them unknown to you or any-body, only to let me know, if you have heard from Bologna, or Naples, or Florence (I was very ungrateful to good Mrs. Beaumont and the ladies her friends) and how they all do; my father, mother (my heart at times bleeds for them) my dear Jeronymo, my two other brothers, and good Father Marescotti, and my sister-in-law whom I have so much reason to love; it will be a great ease to my heart; provided the account be not a *very* melancholy one: if it should, poor Clementina's days would be numbered upon twice five fingers.

I am put in a way—This shall be sent to your palace in town. You will order your secretary to direct his letter, To George Trumbull, Esq.; to be left till called for, at White's Chocolate-house in St. James's-street. I depend upon your honour, chevalier, that you will acquiesce with my desire to remain

incognito, till I shall consent to reveal to you the place of my abode, or to see you elsewhere. I sign only

CLEMENTINA.

LETTER XXI.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON TO LADY GRANDISON.

Saturday, February 17.

All Thursday I was in pain that I heard not from Clementina. But I made myself as easy as I could in visiting my sisters, and their lords, and my aunt Grandison. What blessings do they all pour forth on my Harriet! What compassion do they express for the dear fugitive! How do they long to see her!

Yesterday I received a letter from her.

The copy of that to which hers is an answer; of hers; and of my reply; and her to return that; I inclose. You will read them to our friends in English.

You will find by the last of the four, that I am to be admitted to her presence. I would not miss a post, or I should have delayed, till the interview be over, the sending this to my Harriet. Hope the best, my dearest love. The purity of your heart, and of Clementina's, and the integrity of my own, if I *know* my heart, bid us humbly hope for a happy dissipation of the present cloud, which, hanging over the heads of a family I revere, engages our compassion, and mingles a sigh with our joys.

Adieu, my best, my dearest love. Answer for me to all my friends.

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON TO LADY CLEMENTINA.

[*Under cover, To George Trumbull, Esq. &c.*]

St. James's Square, Wednesday night, Feb. 14.

TEN days the noble Clementina in England, the native place of her fourth brother, her equally admiring and faithful friend; yet not honour him with the knowledge of her arrival!—Forgive me, if I call you cruel.—It is in your power, madam, to make one of the happiest men in the world a very unhappy one; and you will effectually do it, if you keep from him the opportunity of throwing himself at your feet, and welcoming you to a country always dear to him, but which will be made still dearer by your arrival in it.

I have a letter from your and my Jeronymo. I have a great deal to say to you of its contents; of your father, mother, brothers—But it must be *said*, not *written*. For God's sake, madam, permit me to attend you in company of one of my sisters, or otherwise, as you shall think best. You have in me a faithful, an indulgent friend. I am no severe man: need I tell *you* that I am not? If you do not choose that any-body else shall know the place of your abode, I will faithfully keep your secret. You shall be as much the mistress of your own will, of your own actions, as if I knew not where to address myself to you. If ever you had a kind thought of your fourth brother, if you ever wished him happy, grant him the favour of attending you; for his happiness, I repeat, depends upon it.

I received our Jeronymo's letter but yesterday. Tender and affectionate are the contents.

I have ridden post, to get hither this night, in hopes of being favoured with intelligence of you. In the morning I should have made enquiries at the proper places: but little did I think my sister could have been so many days in town. Let not an hour pass after this comes to your hand, before you relieve the anxious heart of,

Dearest Lady Clementina,

Your most affectionate brother,

and faithful humble servant,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXIII.

LADY CLEMENTINA TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

Friday morning, February 16. O. S.

I RECEIVED yours but this moment. What can I say to the contents? I wish to see you; but dare not. Your happiness, you say, depends upon an interview with me. Why do you tell me it does? I wish you happy. Yet if you wished me so, you would have told me how my dear friends in Italy do. This omission was designed. It was not generous in the Chevalier Grandison. It was made to *extort* from me a favour, which you thought I should otherwise be unwilling to grant.

But can you forgive the rash Clementina? God is merciful as well as just. You imitate him. But how can Clementina, humbled as she is, be sunk so low, as to appear a delinquent, before the man she respects for a character, which, great as she thought it before, has risen upon her since her arrival in England?

But, Sir, can you, will you, engage, that my friends

will allow me to continue single? Can you answer, in particular, for the discontinuance of the Count of Belvedere's addresses? Can you procure forgiveness, not only for me, but my poor Laura? Will you take into your service, or recommend him effectually to that of some one of your friends, in some manner that is not altogether servile, the honest youth who has behaved unexceptionably in mine? For he wishes not to return to Italy.

Answer me these few easy and plain questions; and you will hear further from

CLEMENTINA.

LETTER XXIV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON TO LADY CLEMENTINA.

[*Under cover, directed as before.*]

Friday morning, February 16.

To the questions of dear Lady Clementina I answer thus—I will endeavour to prevail upon your parents, and other friends, to leave you absolutely free to choose your own state, without using either compulsion, or over-earnest persuasion.

Who, madam, can forbid the Count of Belvedere to hope? Leave him hope. If he has not the over-earnest entreaties of your own relations to give weight to his addresses, it will be in your power to give him either encouragement or despair.

I will engage for the joyful reconciliation to her of all the dear Clementina's friends. I am sure I can.

Laura shall be forgiven, and provided for by an

annuity equal to her wages, if the continuance of her service be not accepted.

I will myself entertain your young man; and place and reward him according to his merits.

And now, madam, admit to the honour of your presence,

Your brother, your friend, your ever-grateful and affectionate humble servant,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXV.

LADY CLEMENTINA TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

Saturday morning, February 17.

I DEPEND upon your honour, Sir, for the performance of the prescribed conditions: yet, on meditating my appearance before you, I am more and more ashamed to see you. It was a great disappointment to me at my first arrival, that you were at your country-seat. At that time my heart was full. I had much to say, and I could have seen you then with more fortitude than now falls to my share. However, I *will* see you. To-morrow, Sir, about five in the evening, you will find at one of the doors on the higher ground, on the left hand going up St. James's street, from the palace, as it is called, the expecting Laura, who will conduct you to

CLEMENTINA.

LETTER XXVI.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON TO LADY GRANDISON.

Monday, February 19.

You requested me, my dearest Harriet, to write minutely to you. Now I have been admitted to the presence of Clementina, and have hopes that she will soon recover her peace of mind, I can the more cheerfully obey you.

I was exactly at the hour at the appointed place. Laura guessed at my chair, and my servants, as they crossed the way; and stood out on the pavement, that I might see her. When she found she had caught my eye, she ran into the house, wringing her clasped hands—God be praised! God be praised! were her words, as I followed her in, in her own language. Laura can speak no other. Shew me, shew me, to your lady, good Laura! said I, with emotion.

She ran up one pair of stairs before me. She entered the dining-room, as it is called. I stopt at the stairs head till I had Clementina's commands. Laura soon came out. She held open the door for me, courtesying in silence.

The drawn window-curtains darkened the room: but the dignity of Clementina's air and motion left me not in doubt. She stood up, supporting herself on the back of an elbow-chair.

Taking her trembling hand; Welcome, thrice welcome to England, dearest Lady Clementina!

I pressed her hand with my lips; and seated her: for she trembled; she sobbed; she endeavoured to speak, but could not for some moments.

I called to Laura, fearing she was fainting.

O that well known voice! said she. And do you,

can you, bid me welcome?—Me, a fugitive, an ingrate, undutiful!—O chevalier, lower not your unsullied character, by approving so unnatural a step as that which I have taken!

I *do* bid you welcome, madam! Your brother, your friend, from his soul, welcomes you to England.

Let me know, chevalier, before another word passes, whether I have a father, whether I have a mother?

Blessed be God, madam, you have both.

She lifted up her clasped hands: Thank God! God, I thank thee! Distraction would have been my portion, if I had not! I was afraid to ask after them. I should have thought myself the most detestable of parricides, if either of them had been no more.

They are in the utmost distress for your safety. They will think themselves happy, when they know you are well, and in the protection of your brother Grandison.

Will they, Sir? O what a paradox! They so indulgent, yet so cruel—I, so dutiful, yet a fugitive! But tell me, Sir; determined as I was against entering into a state I too much honour to enter into it with a reluctant heart, *could* I take any other step than that I have taken, to free myself from the *cruelty of persuasion?* O that I might have been permitted to take the veil!—But answer my question, chevalier?

Surely, madam, they would *not* have compelled you. They always declared to me they would not.

Not compelled me, Sir! Did not my father kneel to me? My mother's eyes spoke more than her lips *could* have uttered. The bishop had influenced good Father Marescotti (against the interests of religion, I had almost said) to oppose the wish of my heart. Jeronymo, your Jeronymo, gave into their measures: What refuge had I?—Our Giacomo was

inexorable. I was to be met on my return from Florence to Bologna, by the Count of Belvedere, and all those of his house; the general was to be in his company: I had secret intelligence of all this: and I was to be received as an actual bride at Bologna, or made to promise I would be so within a few days after my arrival. My sister-in-law, my only advocate among my Italian friends, pitied me, it is true: but, for that reason, she was not to be allowed to come to Bologna. I was at other times denied to go to Urbino, to Rome, to Naples—*Could* I do otherwise than I have done, if I would avoid profaning a sacrament?

My dearest sister Clementina *sometimes* accuses *herself* of rashness, for taking a step so extraordinary. At this moment, does she not receive her brother in darkness? Whence this sweet *consciousness?* But what is done, *is* done. Your conscience is a law to you. If that accuse you, you will repent: if it acquit you, who shall condemn?—Let us look forward, madam. I approve not of the vehemence of your friends persuasions. Yet what parents ever meant a child more indulgence; what brothers, a sister more disinterested affection?

I own, Sir, that my heart at times misgives me. But answer me this: Are you of opinion I ought, at the instance of my parents and brothers, however affectionate, however indulgent in all other instances, to marry against inclination, against justice, against conscience?

Against any one of these you ought not.

Well, Sir, then I will endeavour to make myself easy as to this article. But will you undertake, Sir, (a woman wants a protector) to maintain this argument for me?

I will, madam; and shall hope for the more suc-

cess, if you will promise to lay aside all thoughts of the veil.

Ah, chevalier!

Will my dearest sister answer me one question? Is it not your hope, that by resisting their wishes, you may tire out opposition, and at last bring your friends to consent to a measure to which they have always been extremely averse?

Ah, chevalier!—But if I could get them to consent—

Dear madam! is not *their* reasoning the same—If they could get *you* to consent?

Ah, chevalier!

May not this be a contention for months, for years? And—

I know, Sir, your inference: you think that in a contention between parents and child, the child should yield. Is not that your inference?

Not against reason, against justice, against *conscience.* But there may be cases, in which *neither* ought to be their own judge.

Well, Sir, you that have yielded to a plea of conscience (God *has* blessed you, and may God *continue* to bless you, for it!—)

Admirable Clementina!

—Are fit to be a judge between us—You shall be mine, if ever the debate be brought on.

No consideration, in that case, shall bias me!—But may I not hope, that the dear lady I stand before, will permit me to behold a person, whose mind I ever revered?

Laura, said she, let the tea be got ready: I have been taught to drink tea, Sir, since my arrival. The gentlewoman of the house is very obliging. Permit me, Sir, to withdraw for a few moments.

She sighed as she went out, leaning upon Laura.

Laura returned soon after with lights. She set them on the table; and giving way to a violent emotion, O Milord Grandison, said the poor girl, falling down, and embracing my knees; for the blessed Virgin's sake, prevail on my lady to return to dear, dear Bologna!

Have patience, Laura: all will be well.

I, the unhappy Laura, shall be the sacrifice. The general will kill me—O that I had never accompanied my lady in this expedition!

Have patience, Laura! If you have behaved well to your lady, I will take you into my protection. Had you a good voyage? Was the master of the vessel, were his officers, obliging?

They were, Sir; or neither my lady or I should have been now living. O Sir, we were in a dying way all the voyage; except the three last days of it. The master was the civilest of men.

I asked after her fellow-servant, naming him from Jeronymo's letters. Gone out, was the answer, to buy some necessaries! O Sir, we live a sad life! Strangers to the language, to the customs of the country, all our dependence is upon this young man.

I asked her after the behaviour and character of the people of the house (a widow and her three daughters) that if I heard but an indifferent account of them, I might enforce by it my intended plea to get her to Lady L's. Laura spoke well of them. The captain of the vessel who brought them over, is related to them, and recommended them, when he knew what part of the town her lady chose.

What risques did the poor lady run! such different people as she had to deal with, in the contrivance and prosecution of her wild scheme; yet all to prove honest; how happy! Poor lady! how ready was she to fly from what she apprehended to be the nearest

evil! But she could not be in a capacity to weigh the dangers to which she exposed herself.

Often and often, said Laura, have I, on my knees, besought my lady to write to you. But she was not always well enough to resolve *what* to do; and when she was sedate, she would plead, that she was afraid to see you: you would be very angry with her: you would condemn her as a rash creature: and she could not bear your displeasure: she was conscious that the act she had done, bore a rash, and even a romantic, appearance: had you been in town, Antony should have made enquiries at distance, and she might have yielded to see you: but for several days her thoughts were not enough composed to write to you. At last, being impatient to hear of the health of her father and mother, she *did* write.

Why stays she so long from me, Laura? Attend your lady, and tell her, that I beg the honour of her presence.

Laura went to her. Her lady presented herself with an air of bashful dignity. I met her at her entrance—My sister, my friend, my *dearest* Lady Clementina, kissing her hand, welcome, welcome, I repeat, to England. Behold your fourth brother, your protector: honour me with your confidence: acknowledge my protection. *Your* honour, *your* happiness, is dear to me as my life.

I led her trembling, sighing, but at the moment speechless, to a seat; and sat down by her, holding both her hands in mine: she struggled for speech: Compose yourself, madam: assure yourself of my tenderest regard, of my truest brotherly affection.

Generous Grandison! *Can* you forgive me? Can you from your *heart* bid me welcome? *I will endeavour* to compose myself. You told me I was conscious: conscious indeed I am: the step I have taken

has a disgraceful appearance: but yet will I not condemn, nor consent that *you* should, my motive.

I condemn not your *motive*, madam. All *will*, all *must*, be happy! Rely on my brotherly advice and protection. My sisters, and their lords, every one love, admire you. You are come to families of lovers, who will think themselves honoured by your confidence.

You pour balm into the wounds of my mind. What is woman when difficulties surround her! When it was too late, and the ship that I embarked in was under sail, then began my terror: *that* took away from me all power of countermanding the orders I had given; till the winds that favoured my voyage, opposed my return. Then was I afraid to trust myself with my own reflections, lest, if I gave way to them, my former malady should find me out. But let me not make *you* unhappy. Yet, permit me to observe, that when you mentioned the kind reception I might expect to meet with, among your friends, you forbore to mention the principal person —What will SHE think of the poor Clementina? But be assured, and assure *her*, that I would not have set my foot on the English shore, had you *not* been married. O chevalier! if I make you and her unhappy, no creature on earth can hate me so much as I shall hate myself.

Generous, noble Clementina!—Your happiness is indeed essential to that of us *both*. My Harriet is another Clementina! You are another Harriet! *Sister*-excellencies I have called you to her, to all her relations. In the letter you favoured me with, you wished to know her: you *must* know her; and I am sure you will love her. Your wishes that she would accept of my vows, were motives with her to make me happy. She knows our whole history. She is

prepared to receive you, as the dearest of her sisters.

Generous Lady Grandison! I have heard her character. I congratulate you, Sir. You have reason to think, that I should have been grieved, had you not met with a woman who deserved you. To know you are happy in a wife, and think yourself so, that no blame lies upon me for declining your addresses, will contribute more than I can express, to my peace of mind. When I have more courage, and my heart is eased of some part of its anguish, you shall present me to her. Tell her, mean time, that I will love her; and that I shall hold myself everlastingly bound to her in gratitude, for making happy the man, whom once, but for a superior motive, I had the vanity to think I could have made so.

She turned away her glowing face, tears on her cheek. My admiration of her greatness of mind, so similar to that of my own Harriet, would not allow me to pour out my heart in words. I arose; and, taking both her hands, bowed upon them. Tears more plentifully flowed from her averted eyes; and we were both for one moment speechless.

It would be injurious to a mind equally great and noble as that which informs the person of this your sister-excellence, to offer to apologize for faithfully relating to you those tender emotions of hearts, one of them not less pure than my Harriet's; the other all your own.

I broke silence, and urged her to accept of apartments at Lady L.'s. Let me acquaint the gentlewoman of the house, I beseech you, madam, that to-morrow morning the sister I have named, and I, will attend you to her house. We will thank her *for you*, as you have almost forgotten your English, for the civilities which she and her daughters have shewn

you: and I will make it my business to find out the honest captain, who, Laura tells me, has been very civil to you also, and thank him too in the names of all our common friends, for his care of you.

I will think myself honoured, now you have encouraged me to look up, by a visit from either or both your sisters. But let me advise with you, Sir, is the kind offer you make me, a proper offer for me to accept of? I shall be ready to take your advice—Little regard as I may seem, by the step I have taken to have had for my own honour; I would avoid, if possible, suffering a first error to draw me into a second. Do you, Sir, as my brother and friend, take care of that honour in every step you shall advise me to take.

Your honour, madam, shall be my first care. I sincerely think this is the rightest measure you can now pursue.

Now pursue!—sighing.

This argument admitted of a short debate. She was scrupulous from motives too narrow for a Clementina to mention. I made her blush for mentioning them; and, in a word, had the happiness to convince her, that the protection of the sister of her fourth brother was the most proper she could choose.

I went down, and talked to the gentlewomen.

I requested them to make my compliments to Captain Henderson, and desire him to give me an opportunity to thank him in person for his civility to a lady beloved by all who have the honour of knowing her.

I went up again to the lady; and sat with her most of the evening, Laura only attending us.

I talked to Clementina of Mrs. Beaumont, and the ladies of Florence; and intimated, that her mother had prevailed on that lady to come to England, in

hopes, as she is an English woman, that her com-
pany would be highly acceptable to her. She bles-
ed her mother! What an instance of forgiving goo-
ness was this! she said, with tears of gratitude; a
blessed Mrs. Beaumont for *her* goodness to her; a
the ladies at Florence for parting with one so de
to them.

I was happy throughout this latter conversation
her serenity; not one instance of wandering did
observe.

I chose not, however, so early, to acquaint h
with the intention of the dearest and nearest of h
friends, to come over with Mrs. Beaumont; thou
I expressed my earnest hope, that if we could ma
England agreeable to her, I should have the hon
of the promised visit from some of the principal
her family, before she left it.

This, my dearest life, is a minute account of
interview. One of the greatest pleasures
know is to obey the gentle, the generous co
of my Harriet.

This morning I attended Lady L. to t
with the excellent lady, as proposed. My s
her lord are charmed with their guest: their
she *is*: and Lady Clementina is as much pleased
them. She is every hour more and more sensib
the danger she has run; and censures herself
freely for the *rash* step, as she calls it herself.

She longs, yet is ashamed to see you, my dea
life; and listens with delight to the praises my L
and Lady L. so justly give to my Harriet.

Monday afternoo

I have introduced Lord and Lady G. to L
Clementina, at her own request; being assured
said, that the place of her *refuge* would be

secret by all my friends. Both sisters occasionally joining in praising my angel; How happy, said she, are those marriages which give as much joy to the relations on both sides as to the parties themselves!

Adieu, my dearest love. With the tenderest affection I am, and ever will be,

Your most faithful and obliged

• CH. GRANDISON.

LETTER XXVII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Thursday, February 22.

We are as happy here, as we can expect to be; Lady Clementina in her state of suspense and apprehension; I without my Harriet.

You hinted to me once, my love, something of our Beauchamp's regard for Emily. He just now, after more hesitations than I expected from my friend, opened his heart to me, and asked me to countenance his addresses to her. I chid him for his hesitation—and then said, Is my Beauchamp in this proposition so right as he generally is?—Emily, though tall and womanly, is very young. I am not a friend to *very* early marriages. You know as well as any man, my dear friend, the reasons that may be urged against such. Methinks I would give Emily an opportunity, as well for her husband's sake, whoever shall be the man, as for her own, to look round her, and make her own choice. The merit of Sir Edward Beauchamp, his personal accomplishments, and character, to say nothing of his now ample fortune, must make his addresses to *any* woman acceptable. You would not, I presume, think of marrying

her, if you might, till she is eighteen or twenty: and would my Beauchamp fetter himself, by engagements to a girl; and leave *her*, who at present can hardly give him the preference he deserves, no chance of choosing for herself, when at woman's estate?

He waved the discourse; and left me without resuming it. I am grieved, on recollection; for I am afraid he is not satisfied with me, for what I said.

My dearest life, you must advise me. I will not take any important step, whether relative to myself or friends, but by your advice, and, if you please, Dr. Bartlett's. Whenever heretofore I have had time to take that good man's, I have been sure of the ground I stood upon. His has been of infinite service to me, as you have heard me often acknowledge. Yours and his will establish my judgment in every case: but in this of Emily's, *yours*, my dear, for obvious reasons, I must prefer even to *his*. In the mean time I will seek Beauchamp. He shall not be angry with his Grandison!—But, good young man! Can it be, that he is really in love with such a girl as to years?

This I *dare* say; Beauchamp's principal regard cannot be to her fortune: his estate is unincumbered. I should think myself, as well as Emily, happy, and that I had performed all my duty by her, were I to marry her to such a man. But, methinks I want him to be *sooner* married, than I should wish my Emily to be a wife. I think you told me, that Emily at present has no thoughts of him—But you, my dear, must advise me.

Thursday afternoon.

Sir Edward has just left me. He hoped I would excuse him for having mentioned the above subject to me: It is at present in your power, Sir Charles,

said he, to silence me upon it for ever. It might not have been so some time hence. I thought, therefore, on examining the state of my heart, it was but honourable to open it to you. Forbid me this moment to think of her, and I will endeavour to obey her guardian.

My dear friend! You know Emily's age—Would you willingly—I stopt that he might speak.

Stay for her? I would, Sir Charles, till you and she—He paused—Then resuming: My love for her is not an interested love. I would, if I might have your permission to make my addresses to her (and that should be by honest assiduities, before declaration) be wholly determined by your advice for the good of both. I would make your conduct to Lady Clementina, when you last went over, my pattern. *I* would be bound, *she* should be free. I never would be so mean as to endeavour to engage her by promises to me. My pride will set her free, whenever I perceive she balances in favour of another man.

But what, my excellent friend, shall we do? Can you condescend to court *two* women, Emily so young, for her *distant* consent?

What means Sir Charles Grandison?

I will read to you without reserve, what I had just written to my Harriet, on this topic; reciting to her, what passed in the conversation between you and me, a little while ago.

I read to him accordingly, what I wrote to you. He heard me with great attention, not interrupting me once (nor did I interrupt myself; no not by apologies for the freedom of my thoughts, on the subject). And when I had done, he wrung my hand, and thanked me for my unreservedness, in terms worthy of our mutual friendship.

You see, my dear Sir Edward, said I, how I am circumstanced: what I have promised to my wife, is

a law to me, prudence and after-events not controuling. She loves Emily: she has a high regard for you. Women know women. Go hand in hand with her. I will save you the trouble of referring to me, in the progress of your application to my wife and Emily. My Harriet will acquaint me with what is necessary for me, as Emily's guardian, to know. I build on your hint of assiduities, in preference to an early declaration. *You*, my Beauchamp, need not be afraid of giving time to a young creature to look round her. Let me add, that Emily shall give signs of preferring you to all men, as I expect from you demonstrations of your preferring her to all women; or I shall make a difficulty, for both your sakes, of giving a guardian's consent: and remember also, that Emily has a mother; who, though she has not greatly merited consideration, *is* her mother. We must do *our* duty, you know, my Beauchamp, in the common relations of life, whether *others* do theirs or not. But the address of a man of your credit and consequence cannot give you any difficulty there, when that of Miss Jervois's tender years is got over.

He was pleased with what I said. I asked him, If he approved of her motion to go down with Mrs. Selby and Lucy? Highly, he said; and as it came from herself, he thought it an instance of prudence in her, that few young creatures would have been able to shew.

Instance of prudence! my love! How so! When, wise as our Northamptonshire relations are, Emily would have wanted no benefit that her choice can give her, were she to remain with us, in the instructions and example of my Harriet.—But, my dear life, does Emily hold her mind to attend Mrs. Selby and Lucy into Northamptonshire? Let it be with her whole heart.

My cousin Grandison believes himself to be very

happy. His wife, he says, thinks herself the happiest of women. I am glad of it. She has a greater opinion of his understanding, than she has of her own: this seems to be necessary to the happiness of common minds in wedlock. He is gay, fluttering, debonnaire; and she thinks those qualities appendages of *family*. He has presented her with a genealogical table of his ancestors, drawn up and blazoned by heraldry art. It is framed, glazed, and hung up in her drawing-room. She shews it to every one. Perhaps she thinks it necessary to apologize, by that means, to all her visiters, for bestowing her person and fortune on a ruined man. But what, in a nation, the glory and strength of which are trade and commerce, is gentility? What even nobility, where descendants depart from the virtue of the first ennobling ancestor?

Lord and Lady G. have invited Lady Clementina to dinner to-morrow. She has had the goodness to accept of the invitation. Lord and Lady L. and my aunt Grandison, will attend her.

What, my dear, makes Charlotte so impatient (so petulant I had almost said) under a circumstance, which, if attended with a happy issue, will give joy to all her friends? I once asked my Harriet, If Lord G. were as happy in a wife, as Charlotte is in a husband? You returned me not a direct answer. I was afraid of repeating my question, because I knew you would have cheerfully answered it, could you have done it to my wishes. I see in my lord's behaviour to her, respect and affection even to fondness; but not the polite familiarity that becomes a wedded love. Let her present circumstance be happily over, and she will find her brother's eye a more observant one, than hitherto she has found it. But be not, my dear, over-solicitous for the friend you so greatly value: true brotherly love shall ever hold the principal seat

in my heart, when I sit in judgment upon a sister's conduct.

My fond heart throbs in expectation of soon presenting a sister to each of the two noblest women on earth. Allow for the perplexity of Clementina's mind; and for the impolitic urgency of her friends; and you will not, when you see her, scruple to hold out to a sister-excellence, not happily situated, the hand that blessed

Your ever-faithful

CH. GRANDISON.

LETTER XXVIII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Saturday, February 24.

The arrival of the Leghorn frigate is every day expected. The merchants have intelligence, that it put in at Antibes. If the journey by land from thence to Paris, and so to Calais, could be made favourable to my dear friend Jeronymo, I have no doubt but our expected guests landed there, at this season of the year, so unpropitious to tender passengers.

The house in Grosvenor Square is now, thanks to good Lord G. quite ready for their reception. There will be room, I believe, as they propose to be here incognito, and with only necessary attendants, for the marquis and his lady, for Mrs. Beaumont (who will be both their comforter and interpreter) for the two brothers, and Father Marescotti. Saunders has already procured handsome lodgings for the Count of Belvedere. I wish with you, my love, that the count were not to accompany them. The poor lady must not know it, if it can be avoided. The two

young lords, whom I invited when I was in Italy, must be more immediately our own guests, if my dearest life has no objection.

Assure yourself, my generous Harriet, that the lady shall not be either compelled, or too urgently persuaded, if I have weight with the family when they arrive. They shall not know where she is, nor see her, but by her own consent, and as I see their disposition to receive her as I wish. Excellent creature! what a noble solicitude is yours for her tranquillity of mind!

I have not yet been able to break to her the daily expectation I have of seeing in England her parents and brothers: yet am uneasy, that she knows it not. I want courage, my Harriet, to acquaint her with it. I have more than once essayed to do it. Dear creature! she looks with so much innocence, and so much reliance upon me; and is, at times, so apprehensive!—I know not how to break it to her.

She depends upon my mediation. She urges me to begin a treaty of reconciliation with them. I defer writing, I tell her, till I have seen Mrs. Beaumont. Little does she think they are upon their journey, and that I know not where to direct to them. She longs for Mrs. Beaumont's arrival; and hopes, she says, she will bring with her the poor Camilla, that she may have an opportunity to obtain her excuse for the harsh treatment she gave her: and yet Camilla, said she, was a teazing woman.

Were you ever sensible, my Harriet, of the tender pain that an open heart (yours is an open and an enlarged one) feels; longing, yet, for its friend's sake, afraid, to reveal unwelcome tidings, which, however, it imports the concerned to know? How loth to disturb the tranquillity which is built upon ignorance of the event! Yet that very tranquillity (contemplated upon) adding to the pain of the com-

passionating friend; who reflects, that when the unhappy news shall be revealed, time, and christian philosophy, only, will ever restore it to the heart of the sufferer!

Lord and Lady L. are endeavouring to divert their too thoughtful guest by carrying her to see what they think will either entertain or amuse her. To-morrow (Lady L. contributing to the dear lady's proper appearance there) they purpose to attend her to the drawing-room. But hitherto she seems not to have a very high opinion of the country. If her heart could be easy, every-thing would have a different appearance to her.

* *

I have this moment the favour of yours of yesterday. If our kind friends *will* stay no longer with you at the hall, do you, my dearest love, as you propose, accompany them up. They are extremely obliging in proposing to give me here two or three days of their company, before they return to Northamptonshire.

My consent, my Harriet!—Why, if you have a choice of your own, do you ask it? I *must* approve of whatever you wish to do. Could I have been certain, I would have met my love. But you will have many dear friends with you.

Tell my Emily, that I have had a visit from her mother and Mr. O'Hara; and was so much pleased with them, that I propose on Monday to return their visit at their own lodgings.

Now I know I am to be soon blessed with the presence of my Harriet, I have given way to all my wishes: one of them is, never to be separated from the joy of my heart. Such, I trust, will she ever be, to

Her grateful, ever-faithful,

GRANDISON.

LETTER XXIX.

LADY GRANDISON TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

London, Friday, March 2.

Again, my ever-honoured grandmamma, does your Harriet resume the pen. Lucy and my aunt, between them, have given you an account of everything that passed since my last.

We arrived last night. With what tenderness did the best of men, and of husbands, receive his Harriet, and her friends!

This afternoon, at tea, I am to be presented to Lady Clementina at Lord L.'s. Don't you believe my heart throbs with expectation? Indeed it does. Sir Charles says, *her* emotions are as great on the occasion.

What honour does my dear Sir Charles do to his Harriet! He consults her, as if he doubted his own judgment, and wanted to have it confirmed by hers. What happiness is hers, who marries a *good* man! Such a one will do obliging things for principle's sake: he will pity involuntary failings: he will do justice to good intentions, and give importance to all his fellow-creatures, because he knows they and he are equally creatures of the Almighty. What woman, who *thinks*, but will prefer a good man to all others, however distinguished by rank, fortune, or person? But my Sir Charles is a good man, and distinguished by all those advantages. What a creature should I be, blessed with a husband of a heart so faithful, and so well-principled, if I were not able to let my love and compassion *flow* to a Clementina, though once (and indeed *for* that very reason) the only beloved of his heart!—Why are not *real* calls made upon me, to convince such a man, that I have a

mind emulative of his own, at least of Clementina's? The woman who, from motives of religion, having the heart of a Sir Charles Grandison in her hand, loving him above all earthly creatures, and all her friends consenting, could refuse him her vows, must be, in that act, the greatest, the most magnanimous, of women. But could the noble lady have thus acted, my dear grandmamma, had she not been stimulated by that enthusiam, of which her disturbed imagination had shewn some previous tokens; and which, rightly directed, has heretofore given the palm of martyrdom to saints?

* *

We have just now been welcomed to town by Sir Edward Beauchamp. Sir Charles, on presenting him to me, thus expressed himself: You remember, my dearest life, what I wrote to you of the last part of the conversation between Sir Edward and me, in relation to my Emily. Your prudence, my Harriet, and love of the good girl; your discretion and generosity, Sir Edward; will join you together as counsellors and advisers of your Grandison. My wife and my friend cannot err in this instance, because you will both consider what belongs to the characters of a guardian, and a ward so beloved by you both; and, if you doubt, have Dr. Bartlett at hand.

My uncle, aunt, and Lucy, are determined to set out next Wednesday for Northamptonshire. Sir Edward desired to know of Sir Charles, If he had any objection to his attending them down? None at all, surely, was Sir Charles's answer.

Mr. Deane accompanies them, in order to adjust some matters at Peterborough, preparative to the favour he does us of settling with us, or near us, for the remainder of his days. May that remainder be long and happy!

Sir Charles asked Emily just now, If she held her mind, as to going down? Indeed she did, she said: her heart was in it; and she would go that instant to acquaint her mother with her intention, and to buy some things preparatory to her journey: she should take it for a great favour, she told Lucy, if she would go with her on both occasions.

Lucy has made to herself a great interest in Emily's heart. They are both sure they shall be happy in each other. My aunt loves her: so does my uncle. Who does not? I am sure *you* will, my dear grandmamma, and pity her too. Dear pretty soul! She costs me now-and-then a tear. But had *I* not been in her way, it would have been worse. She could have no hope: I am sure she knows she could not. But what a sad gradation is there in that love, which, though begun in hopelessness of succeeding, rises by self-flattery, to a possibility, then to probability, to *hope;* and, sinking again to *hopelessness,* ends in despair!—But how coolly I write on, for one who is by-and-by to see a Clementina!

* *

I am waiting Sir Charles's leisure to carry me to Lady L.'s. He has Mr. Lowther with him just now; who, however, finding us engaged, will not stay.

Sir Charles approved my dress, as he passed by me to go to Mr. Lowther in the study. He snatched my hand, and pressed it with his lips: My ever-lovely, my ever-considerate Harriet, you want no ornaments: but I was sure you would not give yourself any but those that flowed from a compassionate and generous heart, when you were to visit a lady who at present is not in happy circumstances; yet is intitled by merit, as well as rank, to be in the happiest.

My aunt and Lucy long for my return, to have

an account of the lady, and what passes between us. How my heart—What is the matter with my heart?

LETTER XXX.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Saturday, March 3.

LADY Clementina, my dearest grandmamma, must not, shall not, be compelled. If I admired, if I loved her before, *now* that I have seen her, that I have conversed with her, I love, I admire her, if possible, ten times more. She is really, in her person, a lovely woman, of middle stature; extremely genteel: an air of dignity, even of grandeur, appears in her aspect, and in all she says and does: her complexion is fine without art: indeed she is a lovely woman! She has the finest black eye, hair, eyebrows of the same colour, I ever saw; yet has sometimes a wildish cast with her eye, sometimes a languor, that, when one knows her story, reminds one that her head has been disturbed. Why, taking advantage of her sex, is such a person to be controuled, and treated as if she were not to have a will; when she has an understanding, perhaps, superior to that of either of her *wilful* brothers?

When we alighted at Lady L.'s, I begged Sir Charles to conduct me into any apartment but that where she was. I sat down on the first seat. Lady L. hastened to me—My dearest sister, you seem disordered—Fie!—Lady Grandison, and want spirits!

Sir Charles (not observing my emotion) had left me; and went to attend Lady Clementina. She, it

seems, was in some disorder. My Harriet (said he to her, as he told me afterwards) attends the commands of her sister-excellence.

Call me not *excellence!* Call me not her *sister!* Am I not a fugitive in her eye, in every-body's eye?—I think, chevalier, I cannot see her. She will *look down* upon me. I think I am as much afraid to see her, as I was at first to see you. Is there severity in her virtue?

She is all goodness, all sweetness, madam. Did I not tell you, that she is the Clementina of England?

Well, Sir, you are very good. Don't let me be unpolite. I am but a guest in this hospitable house—Else I would have attended her at the first door. Is she not Lady Grandison? Happy, happy woman!

Tears were in her eyes. She turned away to hide them. Then stepping forward; I am now prepared to receive her: pray, Sir, introduce me.

She is not without *her* emotions, madam—She is preparing herself to see you. Love, compassion, for Lady Clementina, fills her bosom—I will present her to *you.*

Lady L. went to her. Sir Charles came to me.—My dearest love, why this concern? You will see a woman you *cannot* fear, but must *love.* She has been in the like agitations—Favour me with your hand.

No, Sir—That would be to insult her.

My dearest life! forget not your own dignity [I started]; nor give *me* too much consequence with a lady, who, like yourself, is all soul. I glory in my wife: I cannot desert myself.

I was a little awed at the time; but the moment I got home, and was alone with him, I acknowledged his goodness and greatness, both in one.

He led me in. Lady L. only (at Sir Charles's

request, for both our sakes) was present. The noble lady approached me. I hastened to meet her, with trembling feet. Sir Charles, kissing a hand of each, joined them together. Sister-excellences, I' have often called you! Dearest of women, love each other, as I admire you both.

She tenderly saluted me: Receive, O receive to your love, to your friendship, a poor desolate! Till within these few days, a desolate indeed! a fugitive! a rebellious! an ingrate to the best of parents!

I embraced her—*Mistaken parents*, I have called them, madam—I have pitied them; but most I have pitied you—Honour me with your sisterly love. This best of men had before given me two sisters. Let us be four.

Be it so, my dear Lady L. said Sir Charles, bringing her to us: and, clasping his arms about the three; You answer for the absent Charlotte and yourself; a fourfold cord that never shall be broken.

Sir Charles led us to one sofa, again putting a hand of each together, and sitting down over-against us; Lady L. on the other hand of him. We were both silent for a few moments, each struggling with her tears.

My Harriet, madam, said Sir Charles, as I have told you, knows your whole story. You two are of long acquaintance. Your minds are kindred minds. Your griefs are hers: your pleasures she will rejoice in as her own.—My Harriet, you now *see*, you now *know* by person, the admirable Clementina, whose magnanimity you so much admired, whose character, you have so often said, is the first among women.

We both wept: but her tears seemed tears of kindness and esteem. I put the hand which was

not in hers, on her arm. I wanted courage; my reverence for her would not allow me to be so free, or it had again embraced the too conscious lady. Believe me, madam (excuse my broken Italian) I have ever revered you. I have said often, very often, that your happiness, happy as I am, is necessary to complete mine, as well as Sir Charles Grandison's.

This goodness to me, a fugitive, an alien to your country; not a lover of your religion! O Lady Grandison, you must be as much all I have heard of you in your mind, as I see you are in your person. Receive my thanks for making happy the man I wished to be the happiest of men; for well does he deserve to be made so. We were brother and sister, madam, before he knew you. Let me be *his* sister still, and let me be *yours*.

Kindred minds, Sir Charles Grandison calls ours, madam. He does me honour. May I, on further knowledge, appear to as much advantage in your eye, as you, from what I know of you, do in mine; and I shall be a very happy creature!

Then you *will* be happy. I was *prepared* to love you. I love you already, methinks, with a passion that wants not further knowledge of your goodness to augment it. But can you, madam, look upon me with a *true* sisterly eye? Can you pity me for the step I have taken, so seemingly derogatory to my glory? Can you believe me, unhappy, but not wicked, for taking it? O madam! my reason has been disturbed, Do you know that?—You must attribute to that, some of my perversenesses.

Heaven, dearest Lady Clementina, only knows how many tears your calamity has cost me: in the most arduous cases, I have preferred your happiness to my own. You shall know all of me, and of my heart. Not a secret of it, though yet uncommuni-

cated to this dearest of men, will I conceal from you. I hope we shall be true sisters, and true friends, to the end of our lives.

My noble Harriet! said the generous man— Frankness of heart, my dear Clementina, is *her* characteristic. She means all she says; and will perform more than she promises. I need not tell *you*, my love, what our Clementina is: you know her to be the noblest of women: give her the promised proofs of your confidence in her; and, whatever they be, they must draw close the knot which never will be untied.

Already, thus encouraged, said the noble lady, let me apply to you, madam, to strengthen for me the interest I presume to have in the friendship of Sir Charles Grandison. Let me not, Sir, let me not, I entreat you all three, be compelled to give my vows to any man in marriage. All of you promise me; and I shall with more delight look before me, than for a long, long time past, I thought would fall to my lot.

You, madam, must concede a little, perhaps: your parents must a little relax. Their reason, if you will not be too unconceding, shall not, if I am referred to, be mine, unless it is reason in every other impartial judgment. Would to Heaven they were at hand to be consulted!

What a wish! Then you would give me up! You are a good man: will a good man resist the authority of parents, in favour of a run-away child? Dear, dear madam, clasping her arms about me, prevail upon your Chevalier Grandison to protect me; to plead for me: he can deny *you* nothing: he will then protect me, though my father, my mother, my brothers, should all join to demand me of him.

My dear Lady Clementina, said I, you may depend on *your own* interest with Sir Charles Grandi-

son. He has your happiness at heart, and *will* have, as much as I wish him to have mine.

Generous, noble, good Lady Grandison! how I admire you! May the Almighty shower upon you his choicest blessings! If you allow me an interest in his services, I *demand* it of you, chevalier.

Demand it, *expect* it, be *assured* of it, my dear Lady Clementina. I want to talk with you upon your expectations, your wishes. As much as is practicable, whatever they are, they shall be mine.

Well, Sir, when then shall we talk?—To-morrow will be too soon for my spirits.

Do my Harriet then the honour of passing the day on Monday with her. The dear friends we have for our guests will choose to pass it with Lord and Lady G.—Yourself, Lady L. my Harriet, and I, will be all the company: you shall declare your pleasure, and that shall be a law to me. At present, this affecting interview has discomposed us all; and we will retire.

Kindly considered! said she: you are in England what you were in Italy—I *am* discomposed. I have discomposed *you*, madam; to me. I was born to give trouble to my friends. Forgive me! I once was happy—I may hope, madam, to Lady L. your supporting presence at your brother's on Monday?

Lady L. bowed her assent. She understands Italian; but speaks it not.

The lady stood up, yet trembling. I will withdraw, ladies, Sir, if you please. My head seems as if bound round by a tight cord (putting her hand to her forehead). Then clasping her arms round me, thus in a high strain spoke she—Angel of a woman, gracious as the blessed Virgin Mother, benign, all that is good and great, I attend you on Monday. Adieu!

She kissed my cheek, I clasped my arms about her. Revered Lady Clementina!—I could say no more. Tears, and tenderness of accent, interrupted my speech. Lady L. conducted her to her own apartment, and left her to her Laura.

We sat down, admiring, praising her. Dear Sir, said I, taking Sir Charles's hand, Lady Clementina must not be persuaded. Persuasion is compulsion. Why comes over the Count of Belvedere? If she knows it, I will not answer for her right mind.

My uncle and aunt, Lucy, Emily, were very curious after particulars, when we came home, as we did to supper.

Sir Charles left it to Lady L. to manage with Lady G. who he knew expected a day of our beloved guests; and he himself apologized to them for the freedom he had taken of so disposing of them. They had the goodness to thank him for his freedom. They long, however, to see the admirable lady, who could renounce the man of her choice from religious motives; yet love him still; fly to him for protection; yet be able to congratulate him on his marriage, and love his wife. She is great indeed! said my aunt.—Lucy praised *my* generosity—But what is that which is called generosity in me, who am in full possession of all my wishes, to that of Clementina?

Join, my dear grandmamma, in prayers for her happiness; the rather, as in it, from true affection, is included that of your

HARRIET GRANDISON.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

LETTER XXXI.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Monday, March 5.

Lady L. and Lady Clementina came, just as we were preparing for breakfast.

Lady L. had given her such an account of my friends, that she was desirous to see them, and, as she was pleased to say, to bespeak their favour to the poor fugitive. After the first salutations, she addressed my aunt Selby in French, being told that she spoke not Italian: You are happy, madam, said she, in a niece, who may challenge the world to shew her equal; and still more happy in her being blessed with such a husband. Merit is not always so well rewarded.—My aunt was struck with the manner as well as with the words.

She made a very pretty compliment to my uncle; who, having forgot his French, could only bow, and seem pleased.

When Lucy was presented to her, as my uncle's niece, and my favourite correspondent, You must not, mademoiselle, said she, be angry with me, if I envy you.

To Emily, Happy young lady! said she. I have heard of you in Italy. Mrs. Beaumont spoke honourably of you to me, more than once. We both called you happy in such a guardian.

I hope, my dear grandmamma, you don't think I forget my cousin Reeves's, though I mentioned them not before. I have already called in upon them twice: and they have, with the kind freedom of relations, dropt in upon us several times. They are invited to *Lord* G.'s: I won't say *Lady* G.'s, though every-body else does.

This is what I stole time to write, while Sir Charles is engaged in discourse with the lady; and our guests are preparing to be gone to Lord G.'s, Lady G. requesting my aunt's company early. She is the veriest coward! These brave spirits, she has said, are but flash. Indeed the very delicate, as well as very serious, and even solemn, circumstances, which attend her case, must make the liveliest woman, when the time approaches, *think!*—The inclosed note of hers to my aunt, brought late last night, is, however, in her usual stile:

You and Lucy must be here early to-morrow morning.

What wretched simpletons are we women! Daughters of gewgaw, folly, ostentation, trifle!—First, we shew our sorry fellow, when not disapproved, to our friends and relations; and take all their judgments upon him. If he has their opinion in his favour, every-body, be he what he will, will praise him; and give him riches, sense, ancestry, and I cannot tell what of qualities that perhaps we shall never find out. Then we shew our presents, our jewels, our laces; and a smile spreads the mouth, and a sparkle gladdens the eye, of every maiden that hangs admiring over them. Ah silly maidens! if you could look three yards from your noses, you would pity, instead of envying, the milk-white heifer dressed in ribbands, and just ready to be led to sacrifice.

Well, then, what comes next? Why, the poor soul, in a few months, by the time perhaps her gratulatory visits are half paid her, begins to find apprehension take place of security. Then is she and all her virgins employed in the *wretchedest* trifles—If I thought you had forgot them, I would give you a list of them—And the poor fools, wrapping up their jewels in cotton, with sighs that perhaps they have

worn them for the last time, and doubtful whom they may next adorn, cover the decked-out milk-white bed with their baby-things. See here! and, See here! and, What is the use of this, and of that? asks the curious, and perhaps too fearless maiden. "Why, this is for—" and "That is for—" answer the matrons who have passed the Rubicon.

And to this is your Charlotte reduced!—Aunt Selby, Lucy, come early, that I may shew you my *baby*-things!—O dear! O dear! O dear!—and that you may be able to testify, that I had no design to overlay the little marmouset. Adieu till ten to-morrow morning.

C. G.

* *

The moment our company were gone, Sir Charles came to me; and, leading me into my drawing-room, where the lady was, Comfort, my love, said he, your sister.

I hastened to her (poor lady! she was in tears, and even sobbing); and clasping my arms about her, Be comforted, be consoled, my dearest Lady Clementina.

O madam! my father, my mother, my Jeronymo, are every day expected; who beside, I know not; How shall I look my father, my mother, in the face!

Sir Charles withdrew. He was grieved for her. He sent in Lady L.

Your dear friend, madam, said I, and *my* dear friend, will protect you. Your father and mother would not have had the thoughts of taking so long and troublesome a voyage, had they not resolved to do every-thing in their power to restore you to peace, and to them.

So the chevalier tells me.

At this time of the year, madam, such a voyage!

your mamma so tender in her health! Such a dislike to the sea! Her whole motive is tenderness and love. She prefers your health, your tranquillity, to her own.

And is not this consideration enough to distress a grateful spirit?—Unworthy Clementina! To every relation, in every action, of late unworthy: What trouble hast thou given thy parents! I cannot, cannot bear to see them!—O my Lady Grandison, I was ever a perverse creature! Whatever I set my heart upon, I was uneasy, till I had compassed it. My pride, and my perverseness, have cost me dear. But of late I have been more perverse than ever. My heart ran upon coming to England. I could think of nothing till I came. I have tried that experiment. I am sick of it. I do not like England, now I see I cannot be unmolested here. But my favourite for years, was another project. That filled my mind, and helped me to make the sacrifice I did. —And here I am come to almost the only country in Europe, which could render my darling wish impracticable. Why went I not to France? I had with me sufficient to have obtained my admission into any order of nuns: and had I been once professed!—I will get away still, I think. Befriend me, my sister! I cannot, I cannot, see my mother!

Sir Charles came in just then. I heard what you last said, madam, said he: Compose yourself, I beseech you. I dreaded to acquaint you with the expected arrival of your parents. But are they not the most indulgent of parents? You *have* nothing, you *shall* have nothing to fear, and you will have everything to hope, from their presence.

Will you engage for their allowing of a divine dedication, Sir? Will you plead that cause for me?

I cannot say what will, what can, be done, till I see them. But confide in my zeal to serve you,

madam. Lord L.'s house, I repeat, shall be your asylum, till you shall consent to see them. I cannot be guilty of a prevarication: I will own to them, that I know where you are; but, till you give leave, you shall be as much concealed from their knowledge, as if you were still at your first lodgings, and I myself ignorant of your abode.

A man of honour, said she, her hands lifted up, is more valuable to a woman in trouble, than all the riches of the East! But tell me now, tell me upon your never forfeited honour, whom, besides my *father*, *mother*, and your *Jeronymo*, do you expect?

My lord the *bishop*, madam—

Oh! Oh! said she, clapping her hands together, with an inimitable grace and eagerness—I am afraid—But whom else?

Father *Marescotti*—

The good man! will *he* think it worth his while—But for my father and mother's sake he will—Whom else?

Mrs. *Beaumont*, madam, never intended to set her foot on English ground again: but she has broken through her resolution, to oblige your mother.

Good Mrs. Beaumont!—But I am half afraid of her. Well, Sir.

Camilla, your poor Camilla, madam.

Poor Camilla! I used her hardly: but teazing never yet did good with me. Remember, Sir, they are not to know where I am. Your house, madam, to Lady L. is to be my asylum.—Then, seeing me affected, Gentlest of human hearts, said she, what right have I thus to pain you? Well, Sir, drying her eyes, with looks too earnest for her health of mind; tell me, is any-body else expected?

Your cousins Sebastiano and Juliano, madam; but not the general.

Thank Heaven for that!—I love my brother Gia-

como: but he is so determined a man!—His own lady only can soften his heart.

Sir Charles, by his admirable address, made her tolerably easy by dinner-time, on the subject of her friends expected arrival: and she once owned, that she should be transported with joy to see her father, mother, and Jeronymo, could she assure herself, that she could see them with forgivingness in their countenances.

Sir Charles would only be attended at table by Saunders, whom she had seen in Italy. She was much pleased to have it so; but desired Laura might be permitted to attend at the back of her own chair.

I addressed myself to Laura three or four times, as she stood. The lady was pleased: and Laura seemed proud of my notice.

Now-and-then an involuntary tear filled the lady's eye, as she sat. It was easy to enter into her thoughts, poor lady! on her situation. She was grieved, she said, at the trouble she gave me; and frequently sought to suppress a sigh. Once, after a reverie of a few minutes; And am I here? said she; in England? At the house of the Chevalier Grandison? Can it be?

After dinner, Lady L. and she, and I, retiring to my drawing-room; What a generous lady, said she, are you! I was afraid to see you, *before* I saw you: but the moment I beheld you, I embraced a sister. You will allow of my esteem of your Grandison?

Of your *love*, dear Lady Clementina, and thank you for it. A good man has an interest in every good person's affections.

Such generosity, snatching my hand with both hers, would confirm a doubtful goodness. But indeed my esteem for him always soared above person. You know I am a zealous Catholic. You know our doctrine of merits. I would have laid down my life

to save his soul. But surely God will be merciful to such a man; and no less so to such a woman, as (putting her arms about me) I have now the honour to embrace.

Mercy, madam, said I, is the darling attribute of the Almighty. He is the God of *all* men.

True—But—And was going to say something further; but stopt on Sir Charles's entrance.

Sir Charles, after sitting with us a little while, asked leave of absence for an hour, to look on his friends at Lord G.'s. We had a charming conversation in the mean time. Our subjects were various. The customs of Italian ladies, and their surprising illiterateness in general, were parts of it. A woman there, it seems, who knew more than her own tongue, was a miracle till within these few years; that the French customs seem prevailing there. The ladies of Italy, with geniuses as fine as that classic climate ever produced, are immersed in the pleasures of sense: singing, dancing, and conversation-gallantry, take up their whole time. One would imagine, that their husbands and fathers thought them only children of this world, and not heirs of a better hope, by the little care taken in improving their understanding: and were it not for the religion of the country, which we call superstition, half the Italian world of women would be looked upon merely as temporary idols for men to worship for temporary gratifications only. Yet, in their conversation-assemblies, men see what they are capable of. But their country, it seems, is in the same uncultivated state, as the minds of their women. The garden of the world, as Italy is called, is over-run with weeds: and, for want of cultivation, the very richness of its soil becomes its disease. But these reflections I draw rather by deduction from what Lady Clementina said, than

from any direct confession of hers. She is fond of her country in its present state: but sensible English travellers speak of it as I have written.

Sir Charles returned within his time. He is kind to be every-where! for he is the life of every company, and of every individual.

We passed a sweet evening together, and till near eleven o'clock. Were Lady Clementina happy, how happy should we all be!

Sir Charles waited on the ladies home. Lord L. was by that time returned from Lord G.'s; but was the first of the friendly company that withdrew. Lady G. it seems, was all alive in every part of the entertainment. My uncle Selby and she spared not each other. Her lord, I fancy, fared the better for the presence of the earl and Lady Gertrude, and for her having my uncle to shoot at.

God preserve my grandmamma, and all my dear friends in her neighbourhood, prays

Her ever dutiful

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXII.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Wednesday, March 7.

Our grief will be your joy, my dearest Grandmamma! My uncle, my aunt, Lucy, Emily, Mr. Deane!—They are just gone: just left me.

What a parting!—But Emily! Dear creature! what was her grief, her noble struggle with herself, to conceal her anguish from her guardian!

She will now be yours, and my aunt Selby's; and, when once settled, will, must, be happy; for she is good, and you all love her, and will love her the more for this great instance of her nobleness of mind.

About half an hour before we parted, she begged to speak a few words to me in my closet. I led her thither. When we entered it, she shut the door, and dropt down on her knees. I would have raised her; but she would not be raised. I clasped my arms about her neck. I have revealed all my folly to you, said she. Forgive the weakness of a poor girl. A thousand, thousand thanks to you, madam, for your indulgent goodness to me. I longed to live with you and my guardian. I placed my whole happiness in the grant. You gave me an opportunity to try the experiment. What I little expected happened: I was more unhappy than before. I revere your grandmamma: she is a blessed lady! How good was she on your wedding-day, to wish me, poor *me!* to supply to her the loss of her Harriet! Her goodness, her condescension, that of all your family, overcame me: it would *not*, perhaps, had I not tried the other experiment. All that I have now to beg of you, is, to pardon me for the trouble I must have given to your noble heart: it *is* a noble heart, or it could not have borne with me as it has done. But promise to write a letter to me once a fortnight—and permit me to write to you once a week; and I shall think myself a happy creature. Not a thought of my heart but I will reveal to you.

I *do* promise, my love, my Emily. The correspondence between us will delight me. Nobody shall see any of our letters, but at your choice.

Lady L. Lady G. may, madam: they love the poor Emily. Nobody else may, I believe; I shall write so poorly!—But I shall improve as I have more years, and more sense. But my present con-

cern is more for Lady Clementina than for myself. Poor lady! Pray write something of her friends behaviour to her, and hers to them, to *me* particularly, besides what you write to your grandmamma: I shall take it for *such* a favour! And it will make me look *so* important! You don't know how proud it will make me; and it will induce your Lucy, and every-body, to shew me every-thing you write to them; and I shall have it in my power to read out of your letters to me something in return; which will look like an acquittal of obligation.

All that she wished me to do, and still more, as occasions offered, I promised.

She arose from her knees; called me by many tender names; kissed one cheek, then the other; then one hand, then the other. I folded her to my fond heart: my sister, my friend, my Emily, I called her. We wetted each other's bosom with our tears; and both went down with red eyes.

Extremely tender, but delicate, was the leave she took of her guardian. The brother, the affectionate friend, and father, I may say, appeared in his unreserved tenderness to her. She hurried into my uncle's coach, which stood ready, when she parted with him, that her emotion might not be too visible. I hastened in after her, lest she should be too much affected; while my aunt, Lucy, and my uncle, were taking their leaves in the hall.

My dearest Emily, I admire you! said I.

Do you, do you!—Best of wives, of women, of friends, of sisters, do you say so?—I behaved not amiss, then?

Amiss! No, my dear: charmingly, my love! You are great as ever woman was.

How you comfort me!

Adieu, adieu! my best love! said I.—My best Lady Grandison! said she: both in a breath, as from

one heart, embracing; and quitting each other with regret; her arms folded about herself, when I left her; as if I were still within them.

I gave my hand to Sir Edward Beauchamp, on stepping out of the coach; for he was ready to attend them; and hurrying into the hall, threw myself into the arms of my aunt. My love, said she, take care of yourself: Emily shall not need to be *your* concern: she will be our Harriet.

Indeed she shall, said Lucy. Dear girl, she shall be mine: and, thank God, I now have two Harriets instead of one.

My uncle wept like a child at parting with me. He would have carried it off, smiling in his tears. What, what, sobbed he, shall I do for my girl! I shall miss, I shall miss, your sau-sau-sauciness sometimes—Was I ever angry with you in my life?

Mr. Deane comforted himself, that he should but settle his affairs at Peterborough, and then would make our residence his, wherever we should be.

All of them departed blessing us, and we them; hoping for a speedy meeting in Northamptonshire. Every one expressed their solicitude for the happiness of Lady Clementina, as well for her own sake, as for Sir Charles's and mine.

God give you, and my dearest, dearest friends, now on their journey to you, a happy meeting, with every felicity that on this earth can fall to the lot of persons so dear to the heart of

Your ever-dutiful

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXIII.

SIGNOR JERONYMO TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

Dover, Monday night, March 12. O. S.

HERE we are, my Grandison; my father and mother so indifferent in their healths, that we shall have time to wait for your direction. My mother was so incommoded, that we put in at Antibes; and by slow journeys, stopping a few days at Paris, proceeded to Calais, where we hired a vessel to bring us hither. My brother, and Father Marescotti, are indisposed. Camilla is not well. Mrs. Beaumont, to whom we owe infinite obligations, is the life of us all.

Have you heard of the dear fugitive, who has given us all so much disturbance, and, at this season of the year, so much fatigue? God grant that she may be safe in your protection, and in her right mind! Had she been so at the time, she had never meditated such a wild, such a disgraceful flight. The heart of the Count of Belvedere is torn in pieces by his impatience. He will soon follow the man and horse whom we dispatch with this. Signor Sebastiano will accompany him. Juliano will stay with us. The fatigue has been rather too much for your Jeronymo: but he rejoices, that he has his foot on English ground; the country that gave birth to his Grandison; and in his hopes of seeing his kind and skilful Lowther. God grant us a happy meeting; and that no interruption may have been given to your nuptial happiness, by the extravagance of a young creature, which can only be accounted for in her, by the unhappy disorder of her mind! Adieu, adieu, my Grandison!

JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA.

LETTER XXXIV.

LADY GRANDISON TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Tuesday morning, eleven, March 13.

ABOUT two hours ago, Sir Charles received a letter from Signor Jeronymo. The man had rode all night. They are all at Dover.

Sir Charles is already set out; gone, with four coaches and six, of our own and friends, for them, and their attendants; Mr. Lowther with him. Saunders is left to attend the Count of Belvedere to the lodgings taken for him.

The house in Grosvenor Square is ready for the reception of the rest.

As soon as I can get quieter spirits, I will attend Lady Clementina, in order to re-assure her, if I find she has presence of mind enough to hear the news. Sir Charles has already induced her to wish the crisis over. It *is* a crisis. I am almost as much affected for her, as she can be for herself. Yet she has not cruel friends to meet. May the dear lady keep in her right mind!

In what a hurry of spirits I write! You will not wonder. I have not my grandmamma's steadiness of mind. Never, never, shall I be like my grandmamma.

Tuesday, five o'clock.

In Lady L.'s closet.] I have, as gently as I could, broken the news of their safe arrival at Dover, to Lady Clementina. She began the subject; and said, she had been praying for the safety of her friends. What will become of me, said she, should the fatigue be too much for either my father or mother, their

healths so precarious; or for my Jeronymo, so lately ill?

After proper prefacings, I hoped, I said, her cares on that subject would soon be over. Sir Charles had some intimation of the likelihood of their arrival at a particular port; and was actually set out with coaches, in hopes of accommodating them, when they *did* arrive, and to bring them to the house which had been (as she knew before) got ready for their reception.

She looked by turns on me, and on Lady L. in speechless terror: at last, Then I am sure, said she, you know they are come. Tell me, tell me, are they indeed arrived? And are they all well?

I owned they were, and at Dover; and waited there to refresh themselves, and to be informed of her health and safety before they would proceed further.

She wept, even to sobbing; inveighed against herself: her tears were tears of duty and tenderness. She comforted herself, that Sir Charles would be able to soften their resentments against her; and she was sure he would make the best conditions for her, that could be obtained.

Lord L. is all goodness, all compassion, to her. He greatly admires her. But we observe, that there are some little traces of wildness now-and-then in her talk, which carries her into high language and exclamation. May her mind be quieted! May her intellects be preserved entire, in the affecting scenes before her!—I am sent for home in haste.

Tuesday night.

Methinks I am half afraid of telling even *you*, my grandmamma, at this distance, to whom I was sent for. It was to the Count of Belvedere. Signor

Sebastiano was with him. Lord G. happened to call in at St. James's Square, when they arrived; and sending for me, entertained them till I came.

I asked Lord G. half out of breath with fear, at my *first alighting*, if he had said any-thing of the lady? Not a syllable, said he: I avoided answering questions. The gentlemen were full of impatience to know something about her: and this made me send for you: for, though cautioned, I was afraid of blundering.—Honest, modest, worthy Lord G.!—I prevailed on them to stay supper with me. Lord G. was so obliging, as to send home to excuse himself to his lady, at my request.

They are both fine young gentlemen, extremely polite.

We have been told, that the count is a handsome man. Indeed he is. Any lady, with such a character as he has, if she were not prepossessed, might like him. He is certainly a gentle-dispositioned and good-natured man. He looks the man of quality. He seems not to be above five or six-and-twenty: has a foreign aspect, and a complexion a sallowish brown; yet has a healthy look. His eyes, however, as I knew his case, appeared to me to have a cast like those of a man whose mind is disturbed.

I behaved to them with the greatest frankness I could shew. I told them, that Sir Charles set out in the morning, on the receipt of a letter from Dover, for that port, and with what equipages. They gave but a poor account of the health of the marchioness: But if she could but hear good tidings, he said, and stopt—

Sir Charles, I answered, would do his utmost to set their hearts at ease.

May I not ask a question, madam? said the count. I find your ladyship knows every-thing of us, and our affairs. We heard in Italy, that you were all

goodness; and find you to be an angel. I make no compliment, said he, laying his spread hand on his heart.

I answered in French, the language in which he spoke to me—That I had the pleasure of informing him, that letters had passed between Lady Clementina and Sir Charles. The account she gives of herself, said I, makes us not quite unhappy.

Makes us! said the count to Signor Sebastiano, in Italian, his hands lifted up: Heavenly goodness!

I imagined that he thought I understood not that tongue; and that I might not mislead them into undue compliments, I said, in my broken-accented Italian, We all here, Signors, are as much interested in the health and happiness of Lady Clementina, as any of her friends in Italy can be.

They applauded all of us, who were, as they said, so generously interested in the happiness of one of the most excellent of women.

I told the count, that Sir Charles had, as desired, provided lodgings for him. I hoped he would find them convenient, though Sir Charles thought them not befitting his quality. He had, before he set out this morning (hearing that their lordships were then probably on their journey from Dover to London) ordered his gentleman to attend him to them: You, Signor, said I, are, if you please, with Signor Juliano, to be Sir Charles's own guests. We have another house which will be honoured with the residence of the marquis and marchioness, their sons, the good Father Marescotti, and their other friends.

Good Father Marescotti! repeated the count—Excellent Lady Grandison!—But you say well: Father Marescotti is indeed a good man.

I have by heart, my lord, said I, the characters of all my dear Sir Charles's Italian friends.

Again the two lords looked upon each other, as in admiration.

Pity, my dear grandmamma, that different nations of the world, though of different persuasions, did not, more than they do, consider themselves as the creatures of one God, the sovereign of a thousand worlds!

The count expressed great impatience to know some particulars of Lady Clementina. I took this opportunity to say, that as I had been informed of the transcendent piety of the lady, and of her great earnestness, from her earliest youth, to take the veil; I presumed it would forward the good understanding hoped for, if it were not at present known, that his lordship was arrived; and the rather, as several tender scenes might be expected to pass between her and her other friends, which perhaps her present (easily to be supposed) weak spirits, and turn of mind, might with difficulty enable her to support.

The count sighed: but, bowing, said, He came with a very small retinue, because he would be as private as possible. He had been for many months determined to visit England: the family della Porretta, Signor Jeronymo, in particular, had promised to visit Sir Charles in it likewise: they should indeed have chosen a better season for it, had not their care and concern for one of the most excellent of women induced them to anticipate their intentions. He was entirely of my opinion, he said, that his arrival in England should not at present be known by Lady Clementina.

He then, in a very gallant, but modest manner, owned to my Lord G. and me his passion for her; and said, that on the issue of this adventure of the dear lady hung his destiny.

I told him, I had been the more free in giving my humble advice, as to the keeping secret his arrival, as, but for that reason, I could assure him Sir Charles would not have permitted his lordship, or any of his

train, to go into lodgings: and I mentioned the high regard which I knew Sir Charles had for the Count of Belvedere.

I ordered supper to be got early, as I supposed the two lords would be glad to retire soon, after the fatigue of their journey; for they had set out early in the morning. I sent a note, begging the favour of my cousin Reeves's company to supper. They were so kind as to come. They admire the two young noblemen; for Signor Sebastiano, as well as the count, is a sensible modest young man. Mr. Reeves and they entered into free conversation in French, which we all understood, on their country, voyage, and journey by land. Both gentlemen spoke of Sir Charles, and his behaviour in Italy, in raptures.

My cousin Reeves was so good as to conduct the count to his lodgings, in his coach; Sir Charles having all our equipages with him.

You will soon have another letter, my dearest grandmamma, from

Your ever-dutiful

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXV.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Wednesday morning, March 14.

Mr. and Mrs. Reeves were so kind as to breakfast, and intend to dine, with me.

They brought with them, as agreed upon overnight, the Count of Belvedere, who has assumed the name of Signor Marsigli. After breakfast, Mr. Reeves, dropping my cousin at Lady G.'s, carried

the two noblemen through several of the great streets and squares of this vast town: to Westminster-hall; the houses of parliament, &c.

I went in my chair, mean time, to pay my sincerest compliments to Lady Clementina: I assured her, that she was, and should be, the subject of our choicest cares.

Poor lady! She is full of apprehensions. I owned to her the arrival of Signor Sebastiano, and his prayers for her safety and health; and told her what I had answered to his enquiries after her.

She was for removing to some distance from town, where she thought she could be more private. Lord and Lady L. both assured her, it was impossible she could be any-where so private as in this great town; nor so happily situated (should she think fit, on a reconciliation, to own where she had been) as in the protection, and at the house, of Sir Charles Grandison's brother and sister.

God be praised for the happy meeting you all have had. Lucy is very good to be so particular about my Emily*! Dear girl! She is an example to all young ladies! Let Clementina be made easy, and who will be so happy as your Harriet?

Thursday, March 15.

Sir Charles has been so good as to let me know, that he and Mr. Lowther arrived yesterday morning at Dover. He found the marchioness, Signor Jeronymo, and the good Camilla, as he calls her, very much indisposed from the fatigues they had undergone both in mind and body. The whole noble family received him with inexpressible joy. Jeronymo told him, that his arrival, and Mr. Lowther's with him, had given them all spirits; and health must follow to those who were indisposed.

* This letter of Miss Lucy Selby appears not.

Sir Charles supposes, that they will be obliged to continue at Dover all this day. To-morrow, if the marchioness is able to bear the journey, they propose to set out, and proceed as far on their way to London as her health will permit; and to get to town as early on Saturday as possible.

The dear man thought his Harriet would be uneasy, if he had not written to her, as he shall be two days longer out than he had hoped. To be sure she should. If he had not thought so justly of her, as she knows no other method of valuing herself than by his value of her, she must have been extremely sunk in her own opinion.

He bids me assure Lady Clementina, that she will find every one of her friends determined to do all in their power to make her happy. Resentment, he says, has no place in their bosoms: they breathe nothing but reconciliation and love.

I will not, my dear grandmamma, dispatch this letter to you, till I can inform you that this worthy family are settled with *us*, and *at* Grosvenor Square.

Saturday evening, March 17.

I have just received the following billet from Sir Charles.

Grosvenor Square, Saturday, four o'clock.

My dearest love will rejoice to know by this, that our friends are all arrived here in safety. The marchioness bore the journey better than we expected. My Jeronymo is in fine spirits. I thought it would give my Harriet as well as them less fatigue, if I put them into immediate possession of this house, than if I brought them to pay their compliments to her, as they were very desirous to do, at St. James's Square. Mrs. Beaumont has allotted to them their respective apartments. There is room enough, and

they are pleased to say, handsome room. Signor Juliano will attend you with me. What an admirable forecast in my dearest life! A repast so elegant, prepared (as your Murray informs me) by your personal direction, to attend their hour. She tells me you have borrowed a female servant of each of our sisters, and one of Mrs. Reeves, to join with two of your own, in the service of this house. In every-thing, on every occasion, you delight by your goodness and greatness of mind

Your ever-devoted

CH. GRANDISON.

I shall stay supper with them. But shall break away as soon as I can, to attend the joy of my heart.

Am I not a happy creature, my dear grandmamma? By what little offices, if done with tolerable grace, may one make a great and noble spirit think itself under obligation to one!—But had I known they would not have called first in St. James's Square, I would not have contented myself, as I did, with a visit to the other house in the middle of the day, to see every-thing was in order, against they came: they should have found me there to receive and welcome them.

Signor Sebastiano is flown to them. I should have told you, that the count, at my request, dined and supped with me and Signor Sebastiano (they choosing to comply with our English customs) every day of this week from that of his arrival. They are really good young men. They improve upon me every hour. How do they admire Lady Clementina! The count yesterday complimented me, that for piety, reading, understanding, sweetness of manners, frankness of heart, she could only be equalled

in England. Italy knew not, he said, nor had known of modern times, her mother excepted, such another woman. *If I knew* Lady Clementina, he added, I would not wonder at his perseverance, he, having besides the honour of all her family's good opinion.

How I long to see every individual of this noble family!—I know how sincerely I am interested for them all, by this one instance—I have not now, for near a week that my dearest friend has been absent from me, in their service, wished once for his company; though had he not written to me on Thursday, I should have been anxious for his health and theirs.

May they be indulgently, and not ungraciously, forgiving!—Then will I dearly love them.—Poor Lady Clementina! How full of apprehensions has she been all this week! She has not stirred out of her chamber since Wednesday morning, nor designs it for a week or two to come.

Sunday.

Sir Charles left his noble company for their sakes early last night; and he was pleased to tell me, for his own sake, longing to see, to thank, to applaud his Harriet. He brought with him the two young noblemen, who are our own immediate guests.

He gave me, last night and this morning, an account of what passed between the family and himself, from his arrival at Dover, to their coming to town last night.

They confessed the highest obligations to him for attending them in person; and for bringing Mr. Lowther with him. But when, on their eager questions to him after their Clementina, he told them, that he had heard from her, and that she had owned herself to be in honourable and tender hands, the marquis

lifted up his eyes in thankful rapture: the marchioness, with clasped hands, seemed to praise God; but her lips only moved: all the rest expressed their joy in words dictated by truly affectionate hearts.

Sir Charles found them all most cordially disposed to forgive the dear fugitive, as the bishop called her: But depend upon it, added the prelate, nothing will secure her head, but our yielding to her in her long wished-for hope of the convent, or our prevailing on her to marry: and if you, Grandison, join with us, I question not, but the latter may be effected.

Sir Charles blamed them for having precipitated her as they had done.

That, said the bishop, was partly the fault of our well-meaning Giacomo; and partly her own; for more than once she gave us hope that she would comply with our wishes.

I besought Sir Charles, that he would not be prevailed upon to take part with them, if she continued averse to a change of condition.

I waved the subject, my dearest life, replied he, at the time. I have continued to do so ever since. I want only to see them settled, and Lady Clementina composed, and then I shall know what can be done. Till then, arguments on either side will rather strengthen than remove difficulties.

The bishop, with great concern, told Sir Charles, that when the first news of Clementina's flight was brought to Bologna, her poor mother was for two days as unhappy in her mind, as ever her daughter had been; and when it was found likely that Clementina was gone to England, she insisted so vehemently on following her, that they had no other way to pacify her, but by promising that they would without delay pay to Sir Charles the visit they intended, and some of them had engaged, to make him. Nor would she, when she grew better on their

promise, acquit them of it. This determined them to this winter excursion, sorely against the will of some of them: and it was in compassion to this unhappy state of the poor mother's mind, that Mrs. Beaumont consented to accompany her.

Sir Charles is gone to attend Lady Clementina. He then proposes to welcome the Count of Belvedere into England; and afterwards to wait on the noble family, and know when I shall be permitted to pay my devoirs to them.

Sunday, two o'clock.

Sir Charles has found it very difficult to quiet the apprehensions of Lady Clementina. He is grieved for her. God grant, he prays, that she keep in her right mind. Lady L. thinks the poor lady is already disturbed.

Sir Charles was joyfully received by *Signor Marsigli*. He owned to that lord, that he knew where to send letters to Lady Clementina. He is to introduce me by-and-by to his guests in Grosvenor Square.

Sunday night.

Sir Charles presented me to this expecting family. I admire them all.

The marquis and marchioness are a fine couple. There is dignity in their aspects and behaviour. A fixed kind of melancholy sits upon the features of each. The bishop has the man of quality in his appearance; but he has something more solemn in his countenance than even Father Marescotti; who, at a glance, is not unlike our Dr. Bartlett: the more like, as goodness and humility both shine in his countenance.

But Signor Jeronymo is an amiable young man: I could almost at first sight (and his winning grace

confirmed me) have called him brother. With signal kindness did my Sir Charles present me to this his dear friend; and with equal kindness did Signor Jeronymo receive me, and congratulate Sir Charles. They all joined in the congratulation.

The amiable Mrs. Beaumont!—She embraced me! She felicitated me with such a grace, as made her manner surpass even her words.

The good Camilla was presented to me. She has the look of a gentlewoman. How many scenes did the sight of this good woman revive in my memory! Some of them painful ones!

Signor Marsigli, as he is called, and the two young lords, dined with them. This being a first visit on my part, we made it a short one. We went from them to Lady G.'s, and drank tea with her and her lord. Sir Charles could not bear, he said, to go immediately from the sighing parents to the sorrowing daughter; they not knowing, nor being at present to know, she was so near them.

Lady G. was *so* petulant, *so* whimsical, when her brother's back was turned, that I could not forbear blaming her: but I let her go her own way: she stopt my mouth—"So you think *you* shall behave more patiently, more *thankfully*, in the same circumstance! —Look to it, Harriet!"

Here, my dearest grandmamma, I will conclude this letter. Pray for the poor Clementina; for a happy reconciliation; and that the result may be tranquillity of mind restored to this whole noble family; so necessary to that of your dear Sir Charles, and

His and your

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXVI.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Thursday, March 22.

NOTHING decisive yet, my dear grandmamma.

There have been some generous contentions between the family and Sir Charles. He has besought them to make their hearts easy, and he will comply with all their reasonable desires.

They think not of dining with, or visiting us, till they can hear some tidings of their beloved daughter.

Lord G. Lord L. and Lady L. as also Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, have been presented to them.

Sir Charles has begun to enter into treaty, as I may call it, with the lady on one part, her family on the second, and the Count of Belvedere on the third. Lady Clementina, it seems, insists upon being allowed to take the veil; and that in a manner that sometimes carries wildness with it. The bishop, Sir Charles thinks, seems less fervent in his opposition to it, than formerly. Father Marescotti, in his heart, he believes, favours her wishes. But the marquis and marchioness, and Signor Jeronymo, plead their own inclinations, their son the general's unabated fervor, in behalf of the marriage, were it but to secure the performance of the grandfather's will, and to be an effectual disappointment of the interested hopes of Lady Sforza and her daughter Laurana. The Count of Belvedere's passion for the lady (notwithstanding her unhappy malady past, and apprehended) makes a great merit for him with the family; and the two young lords think so highly of him for his perseverance, that they are attached to his interest; and declare, that the Conte della Porretta

their father is as strongly on the same side as the general himself.

In the mean time, the fond mother is so impatient to see her daughter, that they are afraid of the consequences, as to health both of mind and body, if a speedy determination be not come to: on the other hand, the young lady grieves to find herself, as she says, in such a situation, as to be obliged to insist on conditions with her parents, before she can throw herself at their feet; which she longs to do, though she dreads to see them. Sometimes (and they are when she is calmest) she blames herself for the step she has taken; at others, she endeavours to find excuses for it.

Sunday morning, March 25.

Sir Charles has drawn up a paper at the request of all parties. He last night gave a copy of it to the lady; another to the count; a third to the bishop; for them all to consider of the contents; and he will attend them to-morrow for their answer. He has been pleased to give me also a copy of it; which is as follows:

I. That Lady Clementina, in obedience to the will of her two deceased grandfathers, in duty to her parents and uncle, and in compliance with the earnest supplications of the most affectionate of brothers, shall engage her honour to give up all thoughts of withdrawing from the world, not only for the present, but for all future time, so long as she shall remain in her maiden state.

II. She shall be at liberty to choose her way of life; and shall be allowed, at her own pleasure, to visit her brother and his lady at Naples; her uncle at Urbino; Mrs. Beaumont at Florence;

and be put into the immediate possession of the profits of the estate bequeathed to her, if she chooses it; that she may be enabled to do that extensive good with the produce, that she could not do, were she to renounce the world; in which case, that estate would devolve to one, who, it is but too probable, would make a very different use of it.

III. She shall have the liberty of nominating her own attendants; and in case of death, or removal by promotion, of Father Marescotti (whose merits must at last render him conspicuous) to choose her own confessor: but that her father and mother shall have their negative preserved to them, in either case, while she continues in their palace: nor will the dear lady think this a hardship; for she wishes not to be independent on parents, of whose indulgent goodness to her she is most dutifully sensible; and it is reasonable, that they should be judges of the conduct of every one who is to be a domestic in their family.

IV. As Lady Clementina, from some late unhappy circumstances, thinks she cannot marry *any* man; and as a late extraordinary step taken by her, has shewn, that there is at present too much reason to attend to the weight of her plea; it is hoped, that the Count of Belvedere, for his own sake; for the sake of the composure of mind of the lady so dear to all who have the honour of knowing her; will resolve to discontinue his addresses to her, and engage never to think of resuming them, unless some hopes should arise, in course of time, of his succeeding in her favour by her own consent.

V. Her ever-honoured parents, for themselves, and for their absent brother the Count of Por-

retta; her right reverend brother for himself, and, as far as he may, for his elder brother, Signor Jeronymo for himself; will be so good as to promise, that they will never with earnestness endeavour to persuade, much less to compel, Lady Clementina to marry any man whatever; nor encourage her Camilla, or any other friend or confident, to endeavour to prevail upon her to change her condition: her parents, however, reserving to themselves the right of proposing, as they shall think fit, but not of urging; because the young lady, who is by nature sweet-tempered, gentle, obliging, dutiful, thinks herself (however determined by inclination) less able to withstand the persuasions of indulgent friends, than she should be to resist the most despotic commands.

VI. These terms conceded to, on all sides, it is humbly proposed, that the young lady shall throw herself (as she is impatient to do) at the feet of her indulgent parents; and that all acts of disobligation shall be buried in everlasting oblivion.

The proposer of the above six articles takes the liberty to add, on the presumption that they may be carried into effect, a request that his noble guests will allow him to rejoice with them on their mutual happiness restored, for months to come, in his native country.

He hopes that they will accept of his endeavours to make England as agreeable to them, as they heretofore made Italy to him.

He begs that they will consider their family and his, as one family, ever to be united by the indissoluble ties of true friendly love.

He hopes for their company at his country seat.

He will seek for opportunities to oblige and accommodate them in every article, whether devotional or domestic.

And when they will be no longer prevailed upon to stay in England, he will (no accidents, no events, preventing, of which themselves shall be judges) attend them to Italy; and if his beloved wife and sisters, and their lords, shall have made to themselves, as he hopes they will, an interest in their affections, he questions not to prevail on them to be of the party.

CH. GRANDISON.

Monday morning, ten o'clock.

Sir Charles is gone to attend the count at his lodgings, in pursuance of his request signified by a note last night.

Two o'clock.

The following billet is just now brought me.

My dearest Harriet will have the goodness to excuse my dining with her this day. *Signor Marsigli*, and I, are hastening to Grosvenor Square; where we shall dine. This worthy nobleman deserves pity. Adieu, my dearest life!

CH. GRANDISON.

I am all impatience for the issue of these conferences: but I will not dine by myself, when I can sit down at table with Lady L. and Lady Clementina; and with my Lord L. himself, so much my brother and friend. Here therefore will I close this letter. Forgive, my ever-honoured grandmamma, the abruptness of

Your ever-dutiful

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXVII.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Monday, March 26.

Lady L. when I was set down at her house, told me, that Lady Clementina had been in great agitations on the contents of the proposals left with her. She kept her chamber all day yesterday, and this morning. Lady L. had then but just left her. I sent up my compliments to her. She desired me to walk up. She met me on the stair-head in tears; and led me into her dressing-room—Have you seen the chevalier's proposals, madam?—I owned I had.

—Give up for ever, said she, my scheme, my darling scheme, for the sake of which, I—There she stopt.

It was easy to guess what the poor lady was going to say. The subject was too delicate for me to help her out.

Dearest Lady Clementina, said I, be pleased to consider the good it will be in your power to do to hundreds, according to the second article, if you *can* comply. How much has our dear friend consulted your beneficent spirit! All my fear is, that your parents will not subscribe to their part of it. If they *will*, what a favourite scheme of their own will they give up!

She paused—Then breaking silence—And is it your opinion, Lady Grandison? Your opinion, joined to the chevalier's—Let me consider—

She took two or three turns about the room: then, thinking of Sir Charles's intimation of a tour to Italy—With what soothing, what consoling hope, said she, does the next-to-divine man almost conciliate my mind to his measures!—And could you,

would you, madam, think of going with us to Italy? O how flattering are these hints!

I should rejoice in such a tour, replied I: love me but in your Italy, if I should be allowed to go, as I do you in our England, and I shall be happy in so fine a country, as I am told it is. But, dearest lady, what shall we do to obtain your friends compliance with these articles? Shall I cast myself on my knees before your father and mother to beg theirs? You in *my* hand, I in *yours?*

Ever good, ever noble Lady Grandison!—But how first shall I pacify my own heart on yielding to my part of them?

Let it not stick there, madam. Will not Lady Clementina meet them one *fourth* of the way? It is not more.

Well, I will consider of it. I shall hear what *they* will do. Your advice, my dear Lady Grandison, shall have all the weight with me, that a sister's ought.

I attended the summons to dinner. She excused herself. I took leave of her for the day, declaring my intention of going home as soon as I had dined.

Monday night.

Sir Charles returned with a benevolent joy brightening his countenance. He hopes to bring this affair to an issue not unhappy.

He was first with the Count of Belvedere, who received him with great emotion. I apprehended, said he, that I was to be the sacrifice. O Grandison, did you but know the hopes, the assurances, given me by the general, by every-body!

Sir Charles expatiated on every argument that could compose his mind.

Will she promise, will she engage, that if ever she marry, it will be the man before you, chevalier?

Why did you not make that a stipulation in my favour?

I think such a stipulation would be of disadvantage to your lordship: you would be kept by it in suspense, whatever had offered, whether in Italy or Spain; in both which countries you have considerable connexions. If Lady Clementina can be brought to give up the veil, it may not be impracticable to induce her in time (but time *must* be given her) to favour with her hand a man of your lordship's merit and consequence. If otherwise, your lordship (unfettered either by hope or obligation) will be free to make another choice.

Another choice, Sir!—This to a man, who has so long adored her; and, through the various turns of her unhappy malady, still preserved for her a love that never any other woman shared in!—But, if you please, we will hear what her father, her mother, and other friends, say to the articles you have drawn up.

They went to them. After dinner the important subject had a full and solemn consideration.

Signor Jeronymo and Mrs. Beaumont only at first espoused the proposed plan in *all* its articles; but every-body came into it at last. God be praised! Now surely the dear lady must be happy. But the poor Count of Belvedere! He has not, in giving up his inclination, such a noble triumph of self-conquering duty as she had to support her in the same arduous trial. But then he cherishes a hope, that there remains a possibility; the lady still unmarried.

Noblest of women! Is Harriet a bar?—No! She is what you generously wished her to be.

Tuesday, March 27.

Sir Charles excused himself to Lady Clementina by a few lines last night, for not waiting on her

yesterday; and just as he was setting out to attend her this morning, the following note was brought him from Signor Jeronymo; the contents designed to strengthen his endeavours to prevail on the lady to accept his plan.

MY DEAREST GRANDISON, Tuesday morning.

You will make us all happy, if you can prevail upon our beloved Clementina to accept, and subscribe to, your generous plan, as we all most cheerfully are ready to do. "Restore yourself, my dearest sister, this day, or to-morrow at furthest, to the arms of the most indulgent of parents, and to those of the most affectionate of brothers, two of us, who will answer for our third. How impatiently shall we number the hours, till the happy one arrives, that we all shall receive from the hand of the dearest of friends, and best of men, a sister so much beloved!"—Ever, ever, my dear Grandison,

Your grateful

JERONYMO.

O my dearest Lady Clementina! let your sister Harriet prevail upon you not to refuse the offered olive-branch!

Tuesday, two o'clock.

Sir Charles has just now acquainted me, that he has prevailed with Lady Clementina. To-morrow afternoon she will throw herself at the feet of her father and mother. Rejoice with me, my dear grandmamma! All my friends, rejoice with me! congratulate me!—Is it not I myself that am going to be restored to the most indulgent parents, brothers, friends!

Let me gratefully add, from the information of his aunt Grandison, whom he brought home with

him, that he was so good as to resist entreaty to dine at Lord L.'s. Because, as he was pleased to give the reason, (and was generously commended for it, by Lady Clementina) that I was alone. Lord L. proposed to send to request my company: he was sure his sister Grandison would oblige them. And I, my lord, said Sir Charles, am sure she would too: but the time is so short, that it is not giving one of the most obliging women in the world an option—Tenderest of husbands! Kindest and most considerate of men!—He will not subject a woman to the danger of being a refusing Vashti; nor yet will give her reason to tremble with a too-meanly apprehensive Esther.

Tuesday evening.

As Sir Charles and I were sitting at supper, sweetly alone; the whole world, as it seemed, to each other (for Mrs. Grandison chooses to be at present at Lord L.'s, and was gone thither); the following billet was brought me, written in Italian; which thus I English:

"To-morrow, my dearest Lady Grandison, as the chevalier has no doubt told you, the poor fugitive is to be introduced to her parents. Pray for her. But if am to have the honour of being looked upon as *indeed* your sister, you must do more than pray for me. Was you in earnest yesterday, when you offered your comforting hand to sustain me, if I consented to cast myself at the feet of my father and mother? Lady L. is so good as to consent in person to acknowledge the protection she has given me. Will you, my sister, *be* my sister on this awful occasion?—Will you lend me your supporting hand?—If you, as well as Lady L. credit the run-away peni-

tent with your appearance in her favour, then will she, with more courage than can otherwise fall to her share, look up to those parents, and to those brothers, whose indulgent bosoms she has filled with so much anguish. Till to-morrow is over, she dare not sign the respectable addition to the name of

Tuesday evening. "CLEMENTINA."

Will I! repeated I, as soon as I had read it: *Was I in earnest yesterday!*—Indeed I was: indeed I *will.* Read it, my dearest Sir, and give me leave to answer its contents, as my amiable sister wishes.

He had looked benignly at his servants, and at the door; and they withdrew, as soon as the billet was brought, on my saying, *From the lady!*

Scenes that may be expected to be tender, said he, will not, I hope, affect too much the spirits of my angel—But it is a request as kindly made by Clementina, as generously complied with by you. I will tell you, my dear, how, if the lady please, we will order it. After dinner you shall call upon your worthily adopted sister, and take her and Lady L. to Grosvenor Square. I will be there to receive her, and present her to her friends, though I doubt not but she will meet with a joyful welcome. I will acquaint her with this to-morrow morning.

Wednesday morning, March 28.

Lady Clementina approves of my calling upon her and Lady L. and of Sir Charles's being at Grosvenor Square, ready to receive her. I am to attend her about five in the afternoon. She is, it seems, full of apprehensions.

Wednesday night, ten o'clock.

We are just returned from Grosvenor Square—

Dear Sir, I obey you. Sir Charles, in tenderness to me, insists upon my deferring writing till to-morrow. The first command he has laid upon me.

LETTER XXXVIII.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Thursday morning, March 29.

Now for particulars of what passed yesterday. Sir Charles is gone to Grosvenor Square, to enquire after the health and composure of the family there.

When I called upon Lady Clementina yesterday, five o'clock, I found her greatly distressed with her own apprehensions. I must, said she to me, be a guiltier creature than I had allowed myself to think I was: why else am I so ashamed, so afraid, to see parents whom I ever honoured, brothers and friends whom I ever loved?—O Lady Grandison! What a dispiriting thing is the consciousness of having done amiss! And to a proud heart too!

Then looking upon the written plan, Let me see, said she, what I am to sign. These were the remarks she made upon them, as she read:

(1.) Hard, hard article, *the first!* But your Grandison, madam, my fourth brother, my friend, my protector, tells me, that I shall discharge all the obligations he ever laid upon me, if I will sign it.—I submit.

(2.) How flattering to my pride; to my hopes of doing good to the indigent and unhappy!

(3.) Nominating my attendants—my confessor—Kind, considerate Grandison! If I give up the first wish of my heart, I shall not insist upon these stipulations in my favour. My parents shall have, in

these cases, affirmative and negative too. Indeed I desire not in any article to be independent of them.

(4.) A grateful article! I acknowledge, chevalier, your protection with gratitude, in this stipulation.

(5.) If my friends promise, they will perform. Ours is a family of untainted honour. I hope my brother Giacomo will be answered for by *his* brothers in these articles: but he will hate me, I fear.

Generous Grandison! what tempting proposals do you conclude with! And you, Lady Grandison, are so good as to say, that my happiness is wanting to complete yours—That is a motive, I assure you. Lead me, madam, and do you, my dear Lady L. (my hospitable other protectress) oblige me with your countenance too. A woman of your honour and goodness, sister of the Chevalier Grandison, acknowledging me your guest, and answering for my behaviour, will credit the abject Clementina in the eyes of her forgiving relations.—Sir Charles Grandison there before me, to prepare them to receive graciously the fugitive! Lead me on, while I can be led: I will attend you.

She looked wild and disordered; and, giving each of us a hand, we led her to the coach. But, at stepping in, she trembled, faltered, and seemed greatly disturbed. We consoled her all we could; and the coach drove to Grosvenor Square. When it stopt, she threw her arms about Lady L. and, hiding her face in her bosom, called upon the blessed Virgin to support her—How, how, said she, can I look my father, my mother, in the face!

Sir Charles, on the coach stopping, appeared. He saw her emotion. It is kind, my Harriet! It is kind, Lady L.! to accompany Lady Clementina.—Your goodness will be rewarded in being eye-witnesses of the most gracious reception that ever indulgent parents gave to a long absent daughter.

Ah, chevalier! was all she could say.

Let me conduct you, dearest Lady Clementina, into a drawing-room, where you will see no other person but whom you now see, till your recovered spirits shall rejoice the dearest of friends.

I was afraid she was too much discomposed to attend to this considerate expedient. I repeated, therefore, what Sir Charles last said. She was visibly encouraged by it. She gave him her trembling hand; and he led her into the prepared drawing-room. Lady L. and I followed. Our offered salts, and soothing, with difficulty kept her from fainting.

When she was a little revived—Hush! said she, with her finger held up, and wildness in her looks, casting her eyes to the doors and windows in turn: they will hear us!—Further recovering herself—O chevalier! said she, what shall I say? How shall I look? What shall I do?—And am I, am I, indeed, in the same house with my father, mother, Jeronymo? Who else? Who else? with quickness.

It is so ordered, my dearest Clementina, said Sir Charles, in love and tenderness to you, that you shall only see your mother first; then your father—At your own pleasure, your brothers, Mrs. Beaumont, Father Marescotti.

Sir Charles was sent for out—Don't, don't leave me, Sir. Then looking to Lady L. and then to me—You are all goodness, ladies—Don't leave me.

Sir Charles instantly returned: Your mamma, madam, all indulgence, is impatient to fold you to her heart. What joy will you give her!

He offered his hand. She gave him hers; motioning for our attendance. Sir Charles led her, we following, into the room where was her expecting mother. The moment each saw the other, they ran with open arms to each other. O my mamma!—My Clementina!—was all that either could say.

They sunk down on the floor, the mother's arms about the daughter's neck; the daughter's about the mother's waist.

Sir Charles raised them, and seated them close to each other—Pardon! pardon! pardon! said the dear lady, hands and eyes lifted up, sliding out of her mother's arms on her knees—But at that moment could say no more.

The marquis, not being able longer to contain himself, rushed in—My daughter! my child! my Clementina! Once more do I see my child!

Sir Charles had half-raised her, when her father entered. She sunk down again, prostrate on the floor, her arms extended: O my father! Forgive!—Forgive me, O my father!

He raised her, by Sir Charles's assistance; and, seating her between himself and his lady, both again wrapt their arms about her. She repeated prayers for forgiveness, in broken accents: blessings, in accents as broken, flowed from their hearts to their lips.

After the first emotions, when they could speak, and she now-and-then could look up, which she did by snatches, as it were, her eyes presently falling under theirs, Behold, madam, behold, my lord, said she, the hospitable lady to whom—Looking at Lady L. Behold, looking at me, a more than woman; an angel—More she would have said; but seemed at a loss for words.

We have before seen and admired, said the marquis, in Lady Grandison, the noblest of all women.

He arose to approach us: Sir Charles led us both to them.

Lady Clementina snatched first my hand, and eagerly pressed it with her lips; then Lady L.'s: her heart was full: she seemed to want to speak; but could not: and Lady L. and I, with overflowing

eyes, congratulated the father, mother, daughter; and were blessed in speech by the two former; by hands and eyes lifted up, by Lady Clementina.

Sir Charles then withdrawing, returned with the bishop, and Signor Jeronymo. It is hard to say, whether these two lords shewed more joy, than Clementina did shame and confusion. She offered at begging pardon: but the bishop said, Not one word of past afflictions! Nobody is in fault. We are all happy once more; and happy on the conditions prescribed to both by this friend of mankind in general, and of our family in particular.

My ever noble, my venerable brother, said Jeronymo (who had clasped his sister to his fond heart, his eyes running over) how I love you for this uncalled-for assurance to the dear Clementina! Every article of my Grandison's plan shall be carried into execution. We will rejoice with the chevalier in his England—And he, and all who are dear to him, shall accompany us to Italy. We will be all one family.

Sir Charles then introduced to the lady his greatly and justly esteemed Mrs. Beaumont. Clementina threw herself into her arms. Forgive me, my dear Mrs. Beaumont! If *you* forgive me, *virtue* will. Pardon the poor creature, who never, never, would have so much disgraced your lessons, and her mamma's example, as she has done, had not a heavy cloud darkened her unhappy mind. Say you forgive me, as the best and most indulgent of parents, and the kindest of brothers, have done.

It was not your fault, my dear Lady Clementina, but your misfortune. You never was so much to be blamed as pitied. All here are of one sentiment. We came over to heal your wounded mind: be it healed, and every one will be happy; yes, more happy perhaps (for now we all understand one an-

other) than if you had not left us to mourn your absence.

Blessed be my comforter, my friend, my beloved Mrs. Beaumont! You always knew how to blunt the keen edge of calamity: what a superior woman are you!

Father Marescotti was introduced by the marquis himself, with a respect worthy of his piety and goodness. I submit, father, said Lady Clementina, before he could speak, to any penance you shall inflict.

His voice would not befriend him: his action, however, shewed him to be all joy and congratulation.

I have been wicked, very wicked, continued she—But Mrs. Beaumont says, and she says justly, that I merited pity, rather than blame. Yet if you think not so, you, who are the keeper of my conscience, spare me not.

Who, who, said the good man, shall condemn, when father, mother, and brothers, so zealous for the honour of their family, acquit? God forgive you, my dearest lady! And God forgive us all!

My dearest Chevalier Grandison, said Jeronymo, what gratitude, what obligations, do we owe to you, and your admirable lady and sisters! Again I acknowledge the obligation for a whole family, from this hour a happy one, I hope.

It had been agreed between the family and Sir Charles, that not a word should be mentioned to Lady Clementina of the Count of Belvedere. They requested Sir Charles to take upon himself the breaking to her, that he was in England, in his own manner, as opportunity should offer.

Every one having been greatly affected, Sir Charles proposed to take leave; and that Lady Clementina should return to Lady L.'s for that night, as preparation might not have been made for her stay in

Grosvernor Square; but all the family, with one voice, declared they could not part with the restored daughter and sister of their hopes: and she herself cheerfully consented to stay; gratefully, however, thanking Lady L. for her sisterly treatment.

Who, in the general joy, said Sir Charles, has remembered the good Camilla? Let Camilla congratulate her lady, and all of us, on this happy occasion.

Every-one called out for Camilla. In ran the worthy creature. On her knees she embraced her young lady's, and wept for joy. Ah! my Camilla, my friend Camilla! said Clementina, clasping her arms about her neck, I have been cruel to you: but it was not I—Alas! alas! I was not always myself—I will endeavour to repair your wrongs.

Thank God that I once more clasp my dear young lady to my heart!—I have no wrongs to complain of.

Yes, yes, you have, kind Camilla: I wanted to elude your watchful duty; and was too cunning to be *just* to my Camilla.

Sir Charles forgot not to commend Laura to forgiveness and favour. Laura, said Lady Clementina, is blameless. She obeyed me with reluctance. If I am *myself* forgiven, forgive Laura.

My dearest love, said the marchioness, we have agreed that you shall choose your own servants. The chevalier, we have no doubt, had Laura in his thoughts, when he made that stipulation: the English youth too. You, my Clementina, must have it in your power to do with these as you please.

May I be permitted, my lords, said Sir Charles, to make one request for myself to Lady Clementina; a request which shall be consistent with the articles you will all sign?

I will agree to a request of yours, chevalier, said the lady, be it almost what it will.

I will not, madam, make it to-day, nor to-morrow. After the hurry of spirits we have all sustained, let to-morrow be a day of composure. Permit me to expect you all at dinner with me on Friday. The articles then may be signed: and then, but not before, I will mention my request, and hope it will be granted.

Sir Charles's invitation was politely accepted; and to-morrow—

Lady Clementina and Mrs. Beaumont below!—Agreeable surprise!

* * *

Sir Charles had been out, and was just come in when the two ladies alighted. I was overjoyed to see them, and to see Lady Clementina serene, and seemingly not unhappy. We are come, said Mrs. Beaumont, to make our earliest acknowledgments for the happiness restored to a whole family. Lady Clementina could not be easy till she had paid her personal thanks to Lady Grandison, for the support her presence gave her yesterday.

Gratitude, said the lady, fills my heart: but how, chevalier, shall I express it? I beseech you, let me know your request. Tell me, dear Lady Grandison, wherein I can oblige my fourth brother?

My dearest Lady Clementina, said Sir Charles, fortify your heart against a gentle (I hope it will then be *but* a gentle) surprise. *You* have not yet signed, your *relations* have not, I presume, the articles to which you have mutually agreed.

Sir! Chevalier! Sir!

Let me not alarm you, madam.

He put one of her hands in mine; and took the other, in a very tender manner, in his.

You intend to sign them?—*They* do, I am sure. To-morrow, when we are all together, they will be signed on both sides.

I hope so—They will not, chevalier, be receded from?

They will not, madam: and hence you will be assured, that the Count of Belvedere will never be proposed to you with any degree of urgency.

I hope not, I hope not, said she with quickness.

Should you, madam, on your return to Italy, be unwilling to see the count as a friend of your family, as a respecter of your great qualities, as a countryman?

I shall always regard the Count of Belvedere as a man of honour, as a friend of my brother Giacomo, of all our family—But I cannot place him in any other light. What *means* the Chevalier Grandison? Keep not my mind in suspense.

I will *not*. Your father, your mother, your brothers, came over in hopes, that you might be prevailed upon in the count's favour. They have given up that hope——

They have, Sir!

And will absolutely leave you to your own will, to your own wishes, on the condition to which you have agreed to sign—But *shall* I ask you—Were the count to be in France, would you allow him to come over, and take leave of your family and you, before he sets out for the court of Madrid?

What, Sir! as a man who had hopes from me of *more* than my good wishes?

No, madam; only as a friend to the whole family—not requesting any other favour, now he sees you so determined, than your good wishes, your prayers, for him, as you will ever have his for you.

I can consent in that view: but were any other favour to be hoped from me; were my generosity to be expected to be prevailed upon—O chevalier! Lady Grandison! Mrs. Beaumont! Let me not be

attempted in this way: the articles would be broken: this would be *persuasion,* and *that* compulsion.

Nothing, madam, of this kind is intended. The articles will be inviolably observed on the part of your relations. But here Mrs. Beaumont, who never intended to set her foot on the English shore, to oblige and comfort your mother, is come to England: and in the general grief that was occasioned by your absenting yourself, if the man, who was always deservedly esteemed by your family, *had* accompanied, had attended, your father, your brothers—

Sir Charles stopt, and looked at the apprehensive lady with *such* a sweet benignity, and, on her eye meeting his, with *such* tender and downcast modesty (all the graces of gentle persuasion are his!).

O chevalier! your request! your request! Tell me in what I can oblige the most obliging of friends, of men!

I will tell you, madam—bowing on the hand he held—Consent, if it be not with too much pain to yourself, to see the Count of Belvedere.

See him, Sir! How? When? Where? As what?

As a friend to your family—a well-wisher to your glory, and happiness; and as a man ready and desirous to promote the latter at the expence of his own. He wishes but, while he stays here—

"Stays here," Sir!

To be allowed to visit your family, and to see you once, twice, thrice, as you please—but entirely under the conditions of the articles to be signed to-morrow.

And is then the count in England?

He is, madam. He attended his and your friends over. He has not once desired to appear in your presence: he keeps himself close in private lodgings. Hence judge of his resolution not to disturb or offend

you. He will depart the kingdom without an interview, if you will have it so: but I could not bear that so good a man should be obliged to depart *disgracefully*, as I may say, and as if he were undeserving of pity, though he could not obtain favour.

O chevalier!

Secured, madam, by the articles, though *his* emotion may be apprehended to be great, *yours* cannot—There is not the same reason for the one as for the other: I make it *my* request, that the Count of Belvedere may be allowed, as one of the chosen friends of your house, but as no more (*more* the articles forbid) a place at my table to-morrow.

To-morrow, Sir!—and I present!

He bowed affirmatively.

O how the penetrating man looked into the heart of the lady at her eyes!—As sure as you are alive, madam, he thought of guessing by her then emotion, whether any hopes could distantly lie for the count, by the consequence his presence or absence would give him with her.

She paused—At last—And is *this*, chevalier, the request you had to make me?

It is, madam; and if my Harriet had not had the honour of this visit, I should have made the same request for his admission in the evening to-morrow—as now I do to dinner.

Well, Sir; I can suspect no double-dealing from Sir Charles Grandison.

I ask for no favour for the count more than I have mentioned, madam: I am bound by the articles I have drawn, as if I were a party to them.

Well, Sir, I consent to see the count. He will be prudent. I hope I shall be so. In Italy, more than

once, after you had left it, I saw him: and I always wished him happy.

Now, my dearest sister, said Sir Charles, my ever-to-be-respected friend, I am easy in my mind. I could not bear in my thoughts, that any-thing I knew, which it concerned *you* to know, should be concealed from you.

Tears stood in her eyes. O madam, said she to me, God and you only can reward this excellent man for his goodness to me, and all the world that know him.—You see your influence, chevalier. In every way do I wish to shew my gratitude. But never, never, ask me to give my hand in marriage.

Ah! my dear lady! thought I; a tear stealing involuntarily down my cheek; the *less*, the *less*, I doubt, must you be asked, for having before you a man, who having no equal, you cannot think of any other.

LETTER XXXIX.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Thursday evening, March 29.

Lady G. has sent for me in all haste. She is taken ill. God give her a happy hour!

O my grandmamma! there are solemn, there are awful, circumstances in the happiest marriages.

She begs to see her brother as well as me.

I wait for him. The Count of Belvedere is with him.—

They have parted—I am gone.

Thursday night.

Just returned. All happily over! A fine girl!—

Yet though a fine one, how are the earl and Lady Gertrude disappointed!—Poor mortals! how hard to be pleased!

The brave are always humane. Sir Charles's tender and polite behaviour on this occasion—How does every occurrence endear him to every-body!

How dearly does Lord G. love his Charlotte! Till all was over, he was in agonies for her safety. His prayers then, his thankfulness now, how ought they to endear him to his Charlotte! And so they must, when she is told of his anxiety, and of his honest joy, or I will not own her for my sister. But in her *heart*, I am sure, she loves him. Her past idle behaviour to him was but play. She will be matronized now. The *mother* must make her a *wife*. She will doubly disgrace herself, if she loves her *child*, and can make a jest of her *husband*.

I have just now asked Sir Charles, whether, if he *could* prevail on Lady Clementina, while they were all with us, to give her hand to the Count of Belvedere, he would? By no means, said he, and that for both their sakes. Lady Clementina has, on many occasions, shewn that she *may* be prevailed upon by generous and patient treatment: let the count have patience. If she recover her mind, a train of cheerful ideas may take place of those melancholy ones, which make her desirous of quitting society. She will find herself, by the articles agreed to, in a situation to do more good, than it is possible she could do, were her inclination to take the veil to be gratified. The good she will do will open and enlarge a mind which is naturally noble; and she will be grateful for the indulgence given her which will be the means of so happy a change: but if the poor lady's mind be not curable (which God forbid) who will pity the count for not being able to obtain her hand?—I think, my dear, I have made him, though not happy, easy; and

I hope he will be able to see her without violent emotions.

Friday morning.

Signors Sebastiano and Juliano are come back, rejoicing that they have been introduced to, and kindly received by, Lady Clementina.

Sir Edward Beauckamp has just left me. How happy does the account he gives of my Emily's cheerfulness make me! I *knew* you would all love her.

Sincerely do I rejoice in the news which my Nancy confirms, that Lucy has absolutely rejected the addresses of Mr. Greville. She startled me once, I can tell her! A naughty girl! what could she mean by it?

Won't she give me the particulars under her own hand? I shall be afraid of her till she does; so much was I impressed by her warmth in the argument she once held with me, in *his* favour, as I thought. Yet I cordially wish Mr. Greville well; but my Lucy better. Pray, madam, let me privately know, if the proposals from the young Irish peer*, whom Nancy praises so much for his sobriety, modesty, learning, and other good qualities, were made *before* or *after* the rejecting of Mr. Greville? I half-mistrust the girls who have been disappointed of a first love. Yet Lucy's victory over herself was a noble one. She is in the way, I hope, to be rewarded for it. God grant it!—Think you, my dear grandmamma, I can be solicitous (as I am from the bottom of my heart) for the happiness of a new-adopted sister, and not be inexpressibly anxious for that of my Lucy, the faithful, the affectionate friend of my earlier years?

Our guests are entering.—May the same gracious

* Lord Reresby, mentioned Vol. VI. p. 329.

Providence, which has more than answered every wish of your Harriet's heart in her own situation, shower down its blessings on Lucy, on you, and all the revered, the beloved circle! prays, my dear grandmamma,

Your and their ever dutiful and affectionate

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XL.

LADY GRANDISON TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Saturday, March 31.

Now, my dear grandmamma, let me give you some account of what passed yesterday.

The articles signed and witnessed, were put into Lady Clementina's hand, and a pen given her, that she might write her name, in the presence of all her surrounding friends here.

Never woman appeared with more dignity in her air and manner. She was charmingly dressed, and became her dress. A truly lovely woman! But every one by looks seemed concerned at her solemnity. She signed her name; but tore off, deliberately, their names; and, kissing the torn bit, put it in her bosom: then, throwing herself on her knees to her father and mother, who stood together, and presenting the paper to the former; Never let it be said, that your child, your Clementina, has presumed to article in form with the dearest of parents. *My* name stands. It will be a witness against me, if I break the articles which I have signed. But in your forgiveness, my lord, in yours, madam, and in a thousand acts of indulgence, I have too much experienced your past, to doubt your future, goodness to me. Your intention,

my ever-honoured parents, is your act. I pray to God to enable your Clementina to be all you wish her to be. In the single life only indulge me. Your word is all the assurance I wish for. I will have no other.

They embraced her. They tenderly raised her between them; and again embraced her.

I would not, methinks, Sir, said she, turning to Sir Charles, for the first time see the Count of Belvedere before all this company, though I revere every one in it. Is the count in the house?

He is in my study, madam.

Will my mamma, said she, turning to her, honour me with her presence?

She gave her hand to Sir Charles, and took mine. —Jeronymo followed her; and Sir Charles led her into the next room. Too great solemnity in all this! whispered the marquis to Father Marescotti. She courtesied, invitingly, to Mrs. Beaumont. She also followed her.

Sir Charles, seating her and the marchioness, by the young lady's silent permission, went into his study; and, having prepared the count to expect a solemn and uncommon reception, introduced him. He approached her, profoundly bowing: a sweet blush overspread her cheeks: You, my Lord of Belvedere, said she, are one of those my friends, to whom I am, in some measure, accountable for the rash step which brought me into this kingdom; because it has induced you to accompany my brothers, whom you have always honoured with your friendship.—Forgive me for any inconveniencies you have suffered on this occasion.

What honour does Lady Clementina do me to rank me in the number of the friends to whom she thinks herself accountable!—Believe me, madam—

My lord, interrupted she, I shall always regard

you as the friend of my family, and as *my* friend. I shall wish your happiness, I *do* wish your happiness, as my own; and I cannot give you a stronger proof that I do, than by withholding from you the hand which you have sought to obtain with an unshaken, and, my friends think, an obliging perseverance, quite through an unhappy malady, which ought to have deterred you, for many sakes, and most for your own.

My dear mamma, throwing herself at her feet, forgive me for *my* perseverance. It is not altogether owing (I hope it is not at *all* owing) to perverseness, and to a wilful resistance of the wills and wishes of all my friends, that I have withstood you. Two reasons influenced me, when I declined *another* hand: religion and country, a double reason, was one; the unhappy malady which had seized me, was another. *Two reasons*, rising with dignity, and turning from her weeping mother, also influence me with regard to the Count of Belvedere; though neither of them are the important articles of religion and country. I own to you, before these my dearest friends, and let it be told to every one whom it concerns to know it, that justice to the Count of Belvedere is one—What a wretch should I be, if I gave my hand to a man who had not the preference in my heart, which is a husband's due!—And should I, who had an unhappy reason to refuse one worthy man for his *own* sake, perhaps for the sakes of the unborn (I will speak out on this important occasion) not be determined to do as much justice to another?—In one word, I refused to punish the Chevalier Grandison [Madam, to me, you know my story]: What has the Count of Belvedere done, that I should make no scruple to punish him? My good lord, be satisfied with my wishes for your happiness. I find myself, at times, very, very wrong. I have given proofs but too convincing to all my

friends, that I am not right.—While I so think, conscience, honour, justice (as I told *you* once before, my good chevalier) compel me to embrace the single life.—I have, in duty to my nearest friends, given up the way I should have chosen to lead it in.—Let me try to recover myself in their way. My dearest, dearest, mamma (again dropping on her knees to her) I will endeavour to make all my friends happy in the way they have agreed to make me so. Pray for me, all my friends!—looking round her, tears in big drops trickling down her cheeks. Then rising, Pray for me, my Lord of Belvedere: I will for you; and that you may do justice to the merit of some worthier woman, who *can* do justice to yours.

She hurried from us, in a way which shewed she was too much elevated for her bodily powers. Sir Charles besought Mrs. Beaumont to follow her. Mrs. Beaumont took my hand.

We found the lady in the study: she was on her knees, and in tears. She arose at our entrance. Each of us hastening to give her a hand, O my dear Lady Grandison, said she, forgive me.—Am I, am I wrong, my dear Mrs. Beaumont? tell me, Have I behaved amiss?

We both applauded her. Well we might. If her greatness be owing to a raised imagination, who shall call it a malady? Who, but for the dear lady's own sake, would regret the next-to-divine impulse, by which, on several occasions, she has shewn herself actuated?

She suffered herself to be led to her mother, who embracing her (Clementina again kneeling to her) My dearest child, my blessed daughter, we all of us, while such are your apprehensions, must acquiesce with your reasons. Be happy, my love, in your own magnanimity. I glory in my child.

And I in my sister, said the noble Jeronymo—

Saint! angel! kneeling to her on one knee, notwithstanding his lameness, I next to adore my sister.

She called him her brother, her true brother. Then, taking my hand; And will *you*, Lady Grandison, said she, be my sister? Shall Sir Charles Grandison be my brother? Will you return with us into Italy? Shall we cultivate on both sides a family-friendship to the end of our lives?

I threw my arms about her neck, tears mingling on the cheeks of both: It will be my ambition, my *great* ambition, to deserve the distinction you give me—My sister, my friend, the sister of my *best* friend, love *him* as he honours *you;* and me for his sake, as I will you for your own, as well as for his, to the end of my life.

Sir Charles clasped his arms about us both. His eyes spoke his admiration of her, and his delight in each. Angels he called us. Then seating us, he took the count's hand; and, leading him to her, Let me, madam, present to you the Count of Belvedere, as a man equally to be pitied and esteemed. He yields to your magnanimity with a greatness of mind like your own. Receive then, acknowledge, the *friend* in him. He will endeavour to forego a dearer hope.

Then will I receive him as my friend. I thank you, my lord, for the honour you have so long done me. May you be happy with a woman, who *can* deserve you!—See that happy pair before you! May you be *as* happy as Sir Charles Grandison!—What greater felicity can I wish you?

He took her hand: on one knee he raised it to his lips: I will tear from you, madam, a tormentor. I must ask nothing of *you;* but, for myself, I can only promise, in the words of the Chevalier Grandison, to *endeavour* to forego a dearer, the *dearest*, hope.

The count arose, bowing to her with profound re-

spect; his eyes full; as his heart seemed to be. Signor Jeronymo motioned to return to the company. Lady Clementina wished to retire with me, till what had passed was related to the rest. I led her to my closet. There did we renew our vows of everlasting friendship.

Sir Charles, thinking the relation would be painful to the count, withdrew with him into his study. Mrs. Beaumont, and Signor Jeronymo, told those who were not present at the affecting scenes, what had passed.

When we were summoned to dinner, every one received Lady Clementina as an angel. They applauded her for her noble behaviour to the count, and blessed themselves for having taken the resolution of coming to England; and most of all, they blessed my dear Sir Charles; to whom they ascribed all their opening happy prospects; and promised themselves that his family and theirs would be as much one, as if the alliance, once so near taking place, had actually done so.

Sir Charles, at and after dinner, urged the carrying into execution the latter part of his beneficent plan. He offered to attend them to the drawing-room, to the play, to the oratorios (and took that opportunity to give the praises which every-body allows to be due to Mr. Handel); and to every place of public entertainment which was worthy the notice of foreigners; and left it to their choice, whether they would go first to Grandison-hall, or satisfy their curiosity in or about town.

The marquis said, that as Sir Charles and I were brought out of the country by the arrival of their Clementina, and our expectation of them, he doubted not but it would be most agreeable to us, to return to our own seat; adding, politely, that the highest entertainment they could have, would be the com-

pany and conversation of us, and our friends; and that rather at our own seats, than any-where else. The public diversions, he was pleased to say, might take their attention afterwards. Now they were here, they would not be in haste to return, provided Sir Charles and his friends would answer the hope he had given of accompanying them back to Italy.

There is no repeating the polite and agreeable things, that were said on all sides.

Thus then, my dear grandmamma, to cut short, it was at last agreed:

The Count of Belvedere, who, all the afternoon and evening, received the highest marks of civility and politeness from the admirable Clementina (which, by the way, I am afraid will not promote his cure) proposes, with Signors Sebastiano and Juliano, to pass a month or six weeks in seeing every-thing which they shall think worthy of their notice in and about this great city; and then, after one farewell-visit to us, they intend to set out together for the court of Madrid; where the count intends to stay some months.

We shall all set out, on Monday next, for Grandison-hall.

Lord and Lady L. will follow us in a week or fortnight.

How will the poor dear Charlotte mutter! whispered Lady L. to me: but she and her lord will join us as soon as possible.

Mrs. Eleanor Grandison loves not the hall, because of the hardships she received from the late owner of it, Sir Thomas; and thinks herself bound by a rash vow which she made the last time she was there, never again to enter its gates.

Lady Clementina whispered me more than once, how happy she should think herself in these excursions; and hoped all their healths would be establish-

ed by them. She said the sweetest, the most affectionate things to me. Once she said, bidding me call her nothing but *my* Clementina, that she should be happy, if she were sure I loved her as much as she loved me. I assured her, and that from my very heart, that I dearly loved her.

Surely it was a happy incident, my dear grandmamma, that Lady Clementina took a step, which, though at first it had a rash appearance, has been productive of so much joy to all round (to the poor Count of Belvedere excepted) and, in particular, to

Your ever-dutiful, ever-grateful,

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XLI.

LADY GRANDISON TO LADY G.

Grandison-hall, Monday, April 9.

How happy, my dear Lady G. are we all of us here, in one another! How happy is your Harriet!—And yet when *you* can come, and partake of my felicity, it will be still enlarged

I have just now received a letter from Lucy. The contents, as you will see (for I shall inclose it) are a conversation that passed a few days ago at Shirley-manor, upon a subject of which you are a better judge than your Harriet. In short, it is a call upon you, as I interpret it, to support your own doctrines; by which, in former letters, you have made some of the honestest girls in England half-ashamed to own a first passion. You know how much I am at present engaged. I would not have the dear girls neglected. Answer the letter therefore for me, and for yourself; yet, remember, that I do not engage to

abide implicitly by your determination. Ever, ever, my Charlotte,

Your most affectionate
HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XLII.

MISS LUCY SELBY TO LADY GRANDISON.

[*Inclosed in the preceding.*]

Thursday, April 5.

EVERY hour in the day some circumstance or other makes me wish my dear Lady Grandison in Northamptonshire. Emily charms us all—But still every object reminds us of our Harriet. Not that Harriet *alone* would content us now. Nor could Sir Charles and Lady Grandison be at this time spared by their noble guests. After all, therefore, every-thing is best as it is. But indeed we all wished for you yesterday evening, most particularly, at Shirley-manor. The conversation was an interesting one to all us girls; and Emily, Nancy, and our cousin Holles's, have brought me to give you an account of it, and to appeal to you upon it; and through you to Lady G. And yet we are all of us more than half afraid of a lady, who has already treated but lightly a subject that young women think of high importance.

The conversation began with my cousin Kitty's greatly pitying Lady Clementina; describing, in her pathetic way, the struggles she had had between her first duties and her inclination; the noble preference she had given to the former; and the persecution, as she called it, of all her friends to induce her to marry when she chose to live single all her life.

Every one of us young folks joined with my cousin Kitty.

But your grandmamma Shirley could not, she said, perfectly agree with us in the hardship of Lady Clementina's situation; who having from noble motives spontaneously rejected the man of her choice, was, from reasons of family convenience, and even of personal happiness, urged to marry a nobleman, who, by all accounts, is highly deserving and agreeable, and every-way suitable to her: a man, in short, to whom she pretended not an aversion; nor hoped nor wished to be the wife of any other man; proposing to herself only the single life, and having given up all thoughts of taking the veil.

Personal happiness! cried out Miss Kitty Holles: Can the woman be happy in a second choice, whose first was Sir Charles Grandison?

And whom, for noble motives, she refused, said my aunt Selby, remember *that*, Kitty; and whom she wished to be, and who actually is, the husband of another woman.

The girls looked at one another: but Mrs. Shirley speaking, they were all silent.

The happiness of human life, my dears, replied your grandmamma, is at best but comparative. The utmost we should hope for here, is such a situation, as, with a self-approving mind, will carry us best through this present scene of trial: such a situation, as, all circumstances considered, is, upon the whole, most eligible for us, though some of its circumstances may be disagreeable.

Young people set out with false notions of happiness; gay, fairy-land imaginations; and when these schemes prove unattainable, sit down in disappointment and dejection. Tell me now, Kitty Holles, and speak freely, my love [she would not address herself to some of us for a reason I, your Lucy, for

one, need not give] we are all friends; the gravest of us *have been* young; tell us, Kitty, your ideas of happiness for a young woman just setting out in life.

Poor Emily answered only with a sudden blush, and a half-stifled sigh: but all the rest, as with one voice, cried out, Harriet, our Harriet, is *the* happy woman—To be married to the man of her choice; the man chosen by her friends, and applauded by all the world.

And so, said Mrs. Selby, as there is but *one* Sir Charles Grandison in the world, were his scheme of protestant nunneries put in execution, all the rest of womankind, who had seen him with distinction, might retire into cloisters.

Were men to form themselves by *his* example, said Emily [no unfavourable hint for Sir Edward]—There she stopt.

Besides, said I (my own case in view) when our eye has led our choice, imagination can easily add all good qualities to the plausible appearance. But to give our hand where we cannot give a preference, is surely, madam, acting against conscience in the most important article of life.

A *preference* we ought to give, my Lucy: but need this be the preference of giddy inclination? No aversion pre-supposed, will not reason and duty give this preference in a securer and nobler way to the man who, upon the whole, is most suitable to us? It is well known, that I was always for discouraging our Harriet's declarations, that she never would be the wife of any other man than him she is now so happy as to call hers. If (as we all at one time apprehended) our hopes had been absolutely impracticable, the noble Countess of D. who gave such convincing reasons on her side of the question*, would have had

* See Vol. V. Letter xviii.

my good wishes for the Earl of D. So, before him, had not ill health been an objection, would Mr. Orme. You all know, that I wished but to live to see my Harriet the wife of some worthy man. A single woman is too generally an undefended, unsupported creature. Her early connexions, year by year, drop off; no new ones arise; and she remains solitary and unheeded, in a busy bustling world; perhaps soured to it by her unconnected state. Is not some gratitude due to a worthy man, who early offers himself for her guide and protector through life? Gratitude was the motive even of Harriet's inclination at first.

Nancy smiled. Why smiles my Nancy? asked your smiling grandmamma. I am sure you think, child, there is weight in what I said.

Indeed, madam, there is—Great weight—But just as you gave us an idea of the dreary unconnected life of a single woman in years, I thought of poor Mrs. Penelope Arby. You all know her. I saw her in imagination, surrounded with parrots and lapdogs!—So spring-like at past fifty, with her pale pink lustring, and back head—Yet so peevish at girls!—

And she, resumed Mrs. Shirley, refused some good offers in her youth, out of dread of the tyranny of a husband, and the troublesomeness of a parcel of brats!—Yet now she is absolutely governed by a favourite maid, and as full of the bon-mots of her parrots, as I used to be of yours, my loves, when you were prattlers.

Yet let us not, said Mrs. Selby, with the insolence of matrons or brides-expectant, be too severe upon old maids. Lady G. surely is faulty in this particular. Many worthy and many happy persons in that class, have I known: many amiable and useful in society, even to their latest age—You, madam, to Mrs. Shirley, *had* a friend—Mrs. Eggleton.

I had, my dear Mrs. Selby—Never has any length of time, any variety of scene, at all effaced the dear idea, though she died many years ago. She never married; but that was not her own fault. She was addressed when near twenty, by a young gentleman of unexceptionable character. She received his addresses, on condition that both their friends approved of them. She was a visiter in town. The relations of both lived in the country. The young couple loved each other: but neither of their families, when consulted, approving the match, to the great regret of both, it was broken off. The gentleman married, and was not unhappy. In three or four years, another worthy man made his addresses to Mrs. Eggleton. All her friends approved. She found him deserving of her affection, and agreed to reward his merit. He was to make one voyage to the Indies, on prospects too great to be neglected, and on his return they were to be married. His voyage was prosperous to the extent of all his wishes. He landed in his native country; flew to his beloved mistress. She received his visit with grateful joy. It was his *last* visit. He was taken ill of a violent fever; died in a few days, delirious, but blessing her.

She and I have talked over the subject we are upon a hundred times. In those days I was young, and had my romantic notions.

Indeed, madam! said Patty Holles. *Indeed*, madam! said Emily—Dear, dear madam, said Kitty Holles, if it be not too bold a request, let us hear what they were.

The reading in fashion when I was young, was romances. You, my children, have, in that respect, fallen into happier days. The present age is greatly obliged to the authors of the Spectators. But till I became acquainted with my dear Mrs. Eggleton, which was about my sixteenth year, I was over-

run with the absurdities of that unnatural kind of writing.

And how long, madam, did they hold?

Not till I was quite twenty. That good lady cured me of so false a taste: but till she did, I had very high ideas of first impressions; of eternal constancy; of love raised to a pitch of idolatry. In these dispositions, not more than nineteen, was my dear Mr. Shirley proposed to me, as a person whose character was faultless; his offers advantageous. I had seen him in company two or three times, and looked upon him merely as a good sort of man; a sensible man—But what was a good sort of man to an Oroondates? He had paid no addresses to *me*: he applied to my friends on a foot of propriety and prudence. They laid no constraint upon me. I consulted my own heart—But, my dear girls, what a temptation have you thrown in the way of narrative old age!

All of us most eagerly besought her to go on.

The excellent Mrs. Eggleton knew my heart better than I did myself. Even *now*, said she, you *dislike* not this worthy man. You can make no reasonable objection to his offer. You are one of many sisters [We were then a numerous family—Alas! how many dear friends have I out-lived!] A match so advantageous for you, will be of real benefit to your whole family. Esteem, heightened by gratitude, and enforced by duty, continued she, will soon ripen into love: the only sort of love that suits this imperfect state; a *tender*, a *faithful* affection. There *is* a superior ardor due only to Supreme perfection, and only to be exercised by us mortal creatures in humble devotion. My dear Henrietta, concluded she, *condescend* to be happy in such a way as suits this mortal state.

I replied to her, with distress of mind, proceeded

Mrs. Shirley, that I could not depend on my own sentiments. I had seen little of the world. Suppose, after I haye vowed love to a man quite indifferent to me, I should meet with the very one, the kindred soul, who must irresistibly claim my whole heart? I will not suspect myself of any possibility of misconduct, where the duty and the crime would be so glaring; but must I not, in such a case, be for ever miserable?

The mild Mrs. Eggleton did not chide: she only argued with me. Often afterwards did I with delight repeat this conversation to the best of men, my dear Mr. Shirley, when a length of happy years had verified all she said.

Dear madam, cried Kitty, tell us how she argued, or we shall all remain on your side of the question.

O my children! said the venerable parent, in what talkativeness do you engage me!

I fear, Henrietta, said Mrs. Eggleton, that though you are a good Christian, your opinions in this point are a little heathenish. You look upon love as a blind irresistible deity, whose darts fly at random, and admit neither defence nor cure. Consider the matter, my dear, in a more reasonable light. The passions are intended for our servants, not our masters, and we have, within us, a power of controuling them, which it is the duty and the business of our lives to exert. You will allow this readily in the case of any passion that poets and romance-writers have not set off with their false colourings. To instance in *anger;* Will my Henrietta own, that she thinks it probable, anger should ever transport her beyond the bounds of duty?

I pleaded, that I was not naturally of an angry temper; and was asked with a smile, whether I meant by that distinction, to own myself of a *loving* one.

I could not be angry with my good Mrs. Eggleton; yet I remember I was vexed to the heart.

But why then, rejoined she, should you think yourself more likely to fall in love *after* you are married, than *before?*

At least, said I, a little peevishly, let me stay till I *am* in love, as you are pleased to call it, before I marry.

I would not by any means, replied she, have you marry a man for whom you have not a preferable inclination; but why may you not find, on admitting Mr. Shirley's addresses, young, agreeable, worthy, and every way suitable to you, as *he* is, that he is that man whom your inclination can approve?

I never saw him yet, said I, with the least emotion. I have no aversion to him: I might esteem him: but what is that to the love one is so solemnly to vow to a husband? And should I, after that vow, behold an object whom I could indeed have loved—

A Duke de Nemours! said she, taking up the *Princess of Cleves*, that unluckily lay on my table—Ah my Henrietta, have I found you out!—That princess, my dear, was a silly woman. Her story is written with dangerous elegance; but the whole foundation of her distresses was an idle one. To fancy herself in love with a mere stranger, because he appeared agreeable at a ball, when she lived happily with a worthy husband, was mistaking mere *liking* for love, and combating all her life after with a chimera of her own creating. I do not tell you it is impossible for you to meet hereafter with persons in some external accomplishments superior to the deserving man whose wish is to make you happy: but will you suffer your eye to lead you into misery *then*, when an additional tie of duty forbids its wan-

dering? If so, I must suppose it would equally mislead you *now*. Tell me, Henrietta, What think you of those girls, who blast all the hopes of their fond parents, by eloping with a well-drest captain, a spruce dancing-master, or a handsome player?

She struck me dumb with shame.

You see then, my dear, the filial duty, the duty of a reasonable and modest woman, were she even without parents or friends, forbids fancy to be her guide, as much as the sacred engagement of marriage forbids it to be her tormentor.

But have there not been instances, said I; do not you and I know one [we did] in this neighbourhood, where a truly good woman was made miserable for years, by having her heart and hand differently engaged?

Mrs. Eggleton reminded me, that there were, in that case, such extremely particular circumstances, as made it absurd to form from thence a general judgment. In almost every thing, said she, we act but upon probabilities; and one exception out of a thousand ought never to determine us. Even this exception in the case you hint at, is owing, in some measure, to a pitiably misguided imagination. Let us take our rules, my dear, from plain common sense, and not from poetical refinements.

Say, my children, said the condescending parent, did my friend argue well?

I think, madam, answered Kitty, she argued poor love out of doors. She did not seem to allow the possibility of any persons being in love at all.

I told her so, replied my grandmamma.

So far from it, said she, with a sigh, and a look expressive of the softest tenderness, that my own affections, as you know, were deeply engaged. The amiable youth, to whom I was to be united by marriage, died. His memory will ever be dear to my

heart. Love authorized by reasonable prospects; love guided and heightened by duty, is every-thing excellent that poets have said of it: yet even *this* love must submit to the awful dispensations of Providence, whether of death or other disappointment; and such trials ought to be met with cheerful resignation, and not to be the means of embittering our lives, or of rendering them useless: and every thing we ought to do, be assured, my dear, we shall be enabled to do, if we set about it rightly, and with equal humility and trust. As for that kind of love, which in its very beginning is contrary to duty, to suppose *that* unconquerable, is making ourselves wretched indeed: and for first-sight impressions, and *beginning* inclinations, though always dangerous, and often guilty to indulge, they are absolutely trifles to overcome and suppress, to a person of prudence and virtue.

How we dwelt upon every sweet document that fell from the lips of the dear Mrs. Shirley!

But now, Harriet, for the appeals. After all, were you, or were you *not*, a romantic girl, when you declared, that you never would be the wife of any man living, if you were not Sir Charles Grandison's; even at the time when neither you nor we thought there could be any hopes of such a happy event?—

But had we not, however, better appeal to Lady G. than to you? You were always *so* wise!—Yet you could not be contented with the worthy Orme. You knew, instinctively, as I may say, that your kindred mind dwelt in St. James's Square. And Lady G. forty years hence, will be looking back, I suppose, with wonder, on the time when she gave her then fair hand of swan-skin, changed to buff [her own flighty idea!] with reluctance, to her deserving lord. So, perhaps, we had best make no appeals at

all. If we did, neither you nor she are at leisure now to answer them. Yet we have one appeal more to make; but it must be to our Harriet; not to Lady G.—Was not even our venerable parent a little too severe upon old maids? That wicked Nancy fell a laughing—Does she know what may be her own case? Here is a great parcel of girls of us—Have not I, her elder, been crossed in love already? But if no *proper* match ever offers, must we take an *improper* one, to avoid the ridicule of a mere name? An *unsupported state* is better than an *oppressed*, a *miserable* one, however: and how many rashly-chosen husbands, and repentant wives, could I set against Nancy's Mrs. Arby?—But the post is just going out; so that, far from entering on so copious a subject, I have barely time to add, that I am, with the truest affection, my dearest creature,

Your faithful

LUCY.

LETTER XLIII.

LADY G. TO LADY GRANDISON.

Thursday, April 12.

I AM very well!—What's the matter with the women!—I *will* write!—Fifteen days controul and caudle—Why surely!—

They are impertinent, my dear; and would take my pen and ink from me!—They want me to appear to be more weak and tender than I am.—"Custom." Hang custom! I am above it.

You do well, Harriet, to throw upon *me* your self-condemning task.

How conscious you are, when you tell me, before

you know my opinion of the contents of Lucy's letter, that you will not subscribe implicitly to my determination!—But I will not spare you. In my condemnation of *them*, read *your own*, thus directed:

TO MISS LUCY SELBY,

AND THE REST OF THE GIRLS AT SELBY-HOUSE,

Greeting.

You appeal to Harriet, and revoke your appeal: you appeal to me, and withdraw it in the same letter—A parcel of chits! You know not what you would have; what you would be; and hardly what you are: you can have the sauciness in more places than one, to reflect upon me your judge. But are you not convinced by the solid arguments of Mrs. Shirley? and her Mrs. Eggleton? If you are not, what strange creatures are girls from sixteen to twenty-two! Don't boys read romances as well as girls? Yet, in these latter days, do the glaring absurdities influence them so much in love-matters, or last so long? Foolish things! would you give the preference against yourselves to the other sex?

Harriet, *I* think, was a *romantic* girl, when she made her declarations of *one* man only, or no one, for a husband. I did let her know my mind at the time by hints: but had my brother actually married Clementina; not only I, but her grandmother Shirley, and aunt Selby, and uncle too (odd soul as he is in some things) would have spoken out, in favour of the young Earl of D. And had it not been with success, after a proper time had passed, I, for my part, would have set her down as a very silly girl; inferior, in this respect, to you, Lucy, and to twenty more I could name: for how few of us are there, who have their first loves? And indeed how few first loves are fit to

be encouraged? You know my thoughts, Lucy, of a beginning love, in a young bosom*—A very, very silly and childish affair, believe me.

Let me enumerate a few chances that may render the success of a first love impracticable.

A young woman may fix her affections on a man, who may prove perfidious—On a man, who may be engaged to another woman; as my brother had like to have been—On a man who may be *superior* to her in degree or fortune; or who may be greatly *inferior* to her in both.—If love be not a voluntary passion, why not upon an hostler, a groom, a coachman, a footman—A grenadier, a trooper, a foot-soldier?—She may be in Mrs. Eggleton's case: her lover may be taken from her by death. In either, or any, of these cases, what is to be done? Must a woman sit down, cry herself blind, and become useless to the principal end of her being, as to this life, and to all family connexions, when, probably, she has not lived one third of her time?—Silly creatures!—to maintain these nonsenses at their own expence, in favour of a passion that is generally confined to the days of girlhood; and which they themselves would laugh at in a woman after she was arrived at honest thirty, or at years of discretion—Thus narrowing their own use and consequence.—I, for my part, am, and ever will be, a friend of my sex.

But, hark ye, girls—Let me ask you—Do you find many of these *constant* nymphs, when they have had their foolish way given them, and they have *buried* the honest man of whom they were once so dotingly fond, refuse to marry again!—Do they wish, like the wives of some pagan wretches, to be thrown into the funeral pile, with the dead bodies of their lords?—No! They have had their *whimsey* out. Their *fit*

* Vol. VI. p. 171, 172.

of constancy is over; and, quiet good souls as they are by that time become, they go on without *rantipoling*, in the ordinary course of reasonable creatures.

Not but Harriet was in earnest: I am sure she was. She believed, she *certainly* believed, HERSELF. And were it given to us women *always* to be in one mind, she would have made all her friends, the good Mrs. Shirley at the head of us, despair of succeeding with her in our endeavours to induce her to change it. But Harriet, with all her wisdom, could not know what *time* would have done for her. Time is the pacifier of every woe, the qualifier of every disappointment—Pity for the man [The Earl of D. suppose—He would have thought it worth his while to feign dying for her]; the entreaty of her friends: —you see what arguments her excellent grandmamma could have produced—Pho, pho, never fear but Harriet would have married before my brother and Clementina had seen the face of their second boy—No *girls* shall he have, for fear they should be romancers.

And, do you think, that Clementina and the Count of Belvedere, a year or two hence—I have no fear of the matter; if they do not teaze, torment, oppose her. If they *do*—Why then, I will not be answerable for their success. For, with excellences that none but she and Harriet among women ever boasted, there is a glorious perverseness, which they miscall *constancy* and *perseverance*, in the mind of that noble lady (and indeed in the minds of *most* of us) that will probably, as it has already done, carry her through all opposition—In short, no more teazing, tormenting, from friends, no more heroics from girls—Is not opposition, is not resistance, the very soul and essence of all sorts of heroism?—My life therefore for Clementina's, admirable creature as

she undoubtedly is—Leave her sea-room, leave her land-room, and let her have time to consider; and —she will be a bride.

Did I ever mention to you a trick that an honest guardian put upon his ward? Many a one have you heard of from *dishonest* ones. This briefly was it.

The girl was of the heroic stamp; as good a girl as an heroic girl could well be. A match was proposed for her, much more considerable than she could have expected, as to fortune; and as to the man's person and qualities of mind, absolutely unexceptionable—Young, handsome, gallant, and most ardently in love with her: but, impolitic! he had let her know as much, before he had made himself sure of the shadow of a return, or acceptance. Her guardian, from pure love of his ward, and a sense of the advantageousness of the offer, heartily espoused the interests of the young gentleman. This was *another* unhappiness to him. She gave him an absolute denial: nor vouchsafed she to assign a reason for it; having, indeed, no other man either in her head or heart.

Her guardian was a man who knew the world, and a little of the sex: he saw that miss was in the very meridian of her heroics; and that the grievance most probably was, that there was no likelihood of difficulty or opposition. He took another course. He acquainted the young lady, that he had altered his mind: that he had objections to the address of Sir Arthur Poinings (the young gentleman's name) and declared, that he never would give his consent. He desired that she would by no means see him, or receive letters from him; and he talked of carrying her down to his country-seat in a full town-season; [The girl had a taste for pleasure—What girl has not?] not doubting, he said, that the young baronet would persecute her with his addresses while she

remained in London. He then actually forbid Sir Arthur his house; and, more than once, read miss a lecture on the *authority* of a *guardian*, and the *duty* of a *ward*. Words that naturally incite young girls to rebellion.

Sir Arthur found means to write to the minx, as if unknown to her guardian. Darts, flames, and distresses, were suggested in his letter. The girl began to relent; the guardian to suspect: he *renewed* his prohibition; cunning creature! The affair now wore a face of difficulty. She answered the young gentleman's letterc. It became a regular love-affair of the heroic kind. And, at last—What at last!—Why, the young lady, attended only by her faithful Delia, who had been assistant to the lovers in their correspondence, ran away from an *inexorable* guardian, to Sir Arthur; married him; and, in a few days, writing an humble letter for her clothes, acknowledged rashness, which she laid at the door of Love, and so-forth. The guardian desired a meeting with the love-yers; now no more *love-yers*, but *man* and *wife*. They met, with trembling on her side, with pretended apprehension on Sir Arthur's, for having disobliged so good a guardian. The guardian was in high good-humour. He forgave them both, at the first word, and surrendered up his trust with pleasure. The girl was surprised at his unexpected goodness; and had she not been actually nailed down by the solemnity, would very probably have again resumed her heroics.

Well, but I am charmed with Mrs. Shirley's Eggleton, as well as with her account of herself in her heroic days. Little did I think that she ever was *girl* enough to be infected: but, as she says, romances were the fashionable reading of her youthful years.

Tell aunt Selby that I am not an enemy to old

maids; but only to those ill qualities which I should equally dislike in old or in young *any-bodies.* I love Lady Gertrude, and even aunt Eleanor, for those qualities that are *love-able* in them. But you see that your Nancy, the mild, good-natured Nancy, could not forbear laughing at the idea of the young-old Penelope Arby: yet knows she not, says the malicious Lucy, what may be her own case. But I have appealed for you; and to whom? To Lady Gertrude. I was writing to her on a particular occasion, when your pacquet was brought me; and, in order to enliven my subject, transcribed three lines of Lucy's query upon defending the single state. She was but at Enfield, and returned me the following by the same messenger; the other part of my letter requiring an immediate answer.

"Your question, my dearest niece, is whimsically asked: you tell me that a whole room-full of young country ladies wait only the success of an appeal you have referred to me, to know whether they shall instantly dispose of themselves to recruiting officers, mountebanks, and fox-hunters; or venture to live on with the melancholy title of old maids, in an unsupported, undefended state.

"One or two queries to be put, proceeds the sage, are, Whether the worthy matches you have mentioned, or any unsuitable matches whatsoever, would be a *support* and *defence?* Whether the woman who makes a rash and improper choice, does not throw herself out of that protection and defence which every-one may depend upon in the state of life marked out to them by Providence? And whether the single state is not thus marked out to the woman who never has it *fitly* in her choice to change it?

"I, my dear, who am an old maid, must not write partially on that side of the question. In general,

I will fairly own, that I think a woman is most likely to find her proper happiness in the married state. May you, my dear niece, experience it every day more and more!—But there are surely many exceptions: women of large and independent fortunes, who have the hearts and understanding to use them as they ought, are often more beneficial to the world, than they would have been had they bestowed them on such men as look for fortune *only*. Women who have by their numerous relations many connexions in the world, need not seek out of their own alliances for protection and defence. Ill health, peculiarity of temper or sentiments, unhappiness of situation, of person, afford often such reasons, as make it a virtue to refuse what it would otherwise be right to accept.

"But why do I write seriously to such a lively creature? Only, my dear"—

But, girls, I will give you no more of Lady Gertrude. I have not done with you myself yet.

Much to the same purpose, I remember, as Mrs. Shirley's, were the expostulations of Lady D. in one of her letters to Harriet; who only answered her, (I also remember) like a girl. What *could* she say?

"You, my Harriet," (wrote that lady,) "are pious, dutiful, benevolent—Cannot you, if you are unable to entertain for the man who now with so much ardor addresses you, were you married to him, the passion called *love*, regard him as *gratitude* would oblige you to prefer any *other* man who is assiduous to do you service or pleasure? Cannot you shew him as much good-will, as you could any *other* man, whom it was in your power to make happy? Would you esteem him *less* than a person absolutely a stranger to you? The exertion of your native benevolence, of your natural obligingness, of

your common gratitude, of your *pity*, is all that is asked of you. You have no expectation of the *only* man, who is dearer to you than he. This exertion will make my lord happy; and if you retain that delight, which you have hitherto taken, in promoting the happiness of others who are not undeserving, yourself not unhappy."

You have now before you, girls, the opinion of Mrs. Shirley, and the Countess of D. on the case you put. They both sit enthroned on the serene hill of wisdom, which hardly one in fifty of their sex attains. From thence they look down with pity, and with beckoning finger, to the crowds below them, who with aching eyes, and despairing hearts, emulate their starry heights; but in too faintly attempting to gain the ascent, tumble down, some (shameful!) head-over-heels, immersed in the miry puddles of sense; and others taking a supposed more easy, though visibly round-about way, are misled by mazy paths into dreary desarts, till they lose even the distant sight of the sacred hill.

There, chits, I end romantically, figuratively at least, in compliment to your fanciful tastes. And thus much as to you, girls, young lady-expectants, whimsicals, and so forth, from your

CHARLOTTE G.

Friday, Saturday, April 13, 14.

My women are so impertinent, and my marmouset is so voracious, that I have been forced to take two days for what once I could have performed in little more than two hours.

LADY G. TO LADY GRANDISON.

By way of postscript to the above.

April 20.

Shameful negligence! The inclosed to the girls at Selby-house, not yet gone—How have I raved at the carelessness!—Written, as it *was*, in a state of rebellion with my prescribing women, to so little purpose so early.—I had a good mind, as I told them, to renounce their cares and their caudle, and go abroad—In short, to set out for Grandison-hall, and make one among the *exotics* and *naturals* there, though ye were to shut your gates against me—"Dear madam, forgive us—It was not a designed omission—It was not our fault—But"—Well then, give me my pen and ink, and interrupt me not—And now, my Harriet, I will give you a scene that will not be a very impertinent supplement to the subject on which the chits at Selby-house have provoked me to write.—

Here I, Charlotte *Lady* G. (why should I not add weight to the example by title?) who married with indifference the poor Lord G.; who made the honest man, whenever I pleased, foam, fume, fret, and execrate the hour that he first beheld my face, now stand forth, an example of true conjugal felicity, and an encouragement for girls who venture into the married state, without that prodigious quantity of violent passion, which some hare-brained creatures think an essential of love.

You, my dear, left us *tolerably* happy. But now we are almost *in*-tolerably so. I had begun to recover my spirits, depressed, as they had been, for near a month before, on finding myself, like any common woman, confined to my chamber, while

every other mouth sang O be joyful; and one was preparing, another had set out, and half a score more were actually got to dear Grandison-hall. I bit my lip, and raved at the wretch to whom I attributed my durance: when, yesterday (after a *series* indeed of the most obliging and most grateful behaviour, that a man ever expressed for a present made him, which he holds invaluable) he entered my chamber; and surprised me, as I did him (for I intended that he should know nothing of the matter, nor that I would ever be so condescending); surprised me, as how? Ah, Harriet! in an act that confessed the mother, the *whole* mother!—Little Harriet at my *breast;* or, at my *neck*, I believe I should say—should I not?

The nurse, the nursery-maids, knowing that I would not for the world have been so caught by my nimble lord (who is in twenty places in a minute) were more affrighted than Diana's nymphs, when the goddess was surprised by Acteon; and each, instead of surrounding me in order to hide my blushes, was for running a different way; not so much as attempting to relieve me from the brat.

I was ready to let the little creature drop from my arms—O wretch! screamed I—Begone!—begone! Whence the boldness of this intrusion?

Never was man in a greater rapture. For Lady Gertrude had taught him to wish that a mother would *be* a mother: he threw himself at my feet, clasping me and the little varlet together in his arms. Brute! said I, will you smother my Harriet—I was half-ashamed of my tenderness—Dear-est, dear-est, dear-est Lady G.—shaking his head, between every *dear* and *est*, every muscle of his face working—how you transport me!—Never, never, never, saw I so delightful a sight! Let me, let me,

let me (every emphatic word repeated three times at least) behold again the dear sight. Let me see you clasp the precious gift, (our Harriet's Harriet too!) to that lovely bosom—The wretch (trembling, however) pulled aside my handkerchief. I tried to scold; but was forced to press the little thing to me, to supply the place of the handkerchief—Do you think, I could not have killed him?—To be sure, I was not half angry enough. I knew not what I did, you may well think—for I bowed my face on the smiling infant, who seemed to crow to the pressure of my lip.

Begone, Lord G. said I—See! see! how shall I hold the little marmouset, if you devour first one of my hands, then the other?

He arose, took the little thing from me, kissed its forehead, its cheeks, its lips, its little pudsey hands, first one, then the other; gave it again to my arms; took it again; and again resigned it to me.

Take away the pug, said I, to the attendants—Take it away, while any of it is left—They rescued the still smiling babe, and ran away with it.

My lord then again threw himself at my feet—Pardon, pardon me, dearest creature, said he, that I took amiss any thing you ever said or did—*You* that could make me such rich amends—O let not those charming, charming spirits ever subside, which for so many days together, I missed. I loved you too well, proceeded he, to take any usage that was not quite what I wished it, lightly. But for some time past I have seen that it was all owing to a vivacity, that now, in every instance of it, delights my soul. You never, never, had malice or ill-nature in what I called *your* petulance. You bore with *mine*. You smiled at me: henceforth, every thing you say, every thing you do, will I take for a favour.

O my Charlotte! Never, never more shall it be in your *power* to make me so far forget myself, as to be angry!

My *dear* Lord G.!—I had like to have said—I believe I *did* say—Then will you ruin, absolutely ruin, me!—What shall I do—for my roguery?—

Never, never part with what you call so!—

Impossible, my lord, to retain it, if it lose its wonted power over you. I shall have a new lesson to learn. O my lord! why began you not this course before Harriet and Caroline set out for Grandison-hall? I might by a closer observation of their behaviour, have made myself mistress of lessons that would have far more delightfully supplied the old ones, than can be done without their examples. But, my lord, the time will soon come, when we shall be allowed to fly to that benefit at Grandison-hall. Our little Harriet shall go with us: the infant is the cement between us; and we will for the future be every day more worthy of that, and of each other.

My lord hurried from me in speechless rapture; his handkerchief at his eyes—Nurse, said I, bring me again our precious charge. I will be all the mother. I clasped it to my bosom. What shall I do, my little Harriet! Thy father, sweet one! has run away with my roguery—

What a scene is here!—I will not read it over. If it requires a blush, do you, my dear, blush for me: I am hardened—And shall not perhaps, were I to re-peruse it, my *maternity* so kindly acknowledged, so generously accepted, by my Lord G. be able to blush for myself. But I think I will not set my name to it—Yet why should I not?—I began it with my name. Need I be ashamed of the scene? Girls, chits of Selby-house consider of it, and of the con-

tents of the inclosed, acknowledged, gloried in by your

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XLIV.

LADY GRANDISON TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Grandison-hall, Monday, April 16.

And must I, my dear grandmamma, be *more* particular in relation to ourselves, our guests, our amusements, diversions, conversations—Why then does not Lucy write as usual, every tender, every engaging, every lively occurrence that happens at Selby-house, and Shirley-manor? Is she so much taken up with her agreeable peer, that she must leave the obliging task wholly to Nancy and Emily? I don't care. *They* shall be my best girls; and I will put down my Lucy as a mere woman of quality before she has the title. Yet let me tell her, that could honest Mr. Fowler have courted for *himself*, have suffered his heart to rise to his lips, I should have wished by her means, to have been related to him and Sir Rowland. But that matter, it seems, is as good as over; and I will proceed to do *my* duty, whether she does *hers* or not.

I have told you, madam, how much our guests are pleased with us and the place. How much we are charmed with *them*, I need not tell you. Every praise you have heard of them, is confirmed and heightened, on a more intimate knowledge of them.

Lord and Lady L. are with us. Lord and Lady G. will come as soon as they can. Lady L. has her

sweet infant with her. And I hope Lady G. will not come without my god-child.

Sir Edward Beauchamp is at present our guest. The good doctor, you know, is at home here; and how beloved, how revered, by every one!

Sir Charles! The soul of us all!—O madam! never surely was one spot blessed with so many persons of one mind, as are now rejoicing together at Grandison-hall.

And pray, my dear grandmamma, let me ask; Would it not be affectation rather than modesty, were I to leave myself un-named in this noble circle? I will *not*. Every body, for Sir Charles's sake, looks on me, with the kindest partiality, and my heart tells me that being his as much as my own, it deserves that partiality.

Except at certain devotional hours of retirement, we know not, but that we are all of one faith. Nothing of religious subjects is ever mentioned among us, but in those points in which all good Christians are agreed. You, madam, who have a true catholic charity for the worthy of all persuasions, would be delighted to see the affectionate behaviour of the *two* fathers (I will call them) to each other. When they are not in the general company, they are always together, walking, riding out; or in the apartment of each other, reading, conversing. The dear Clementina cannot but see, that charitable and great minds, however differing in some even essential articles of religion, might mingle hearts and love each other; and from Sir Charles's catholicism, that she might have been happy with him, and kept her own faith.—But, no! it would in her notion, now I recollect, have been a dangerous trial. She could not trust *her own* heart—Great and noble lady! how much is she to be revered!

The gentlemen ride out almost every day.—Our

conversations! It would be endless to give you an account of the conversations that yet, I flatter myself, would delight you all. The least interesting ones of those we hold, would have made a great figure in my former letters. Such the company, you may suppose we know not what trifling subjects are.

Every one avoids mentioning the name of the poor Count of Belvedere in the presence of Lady Clementina; yet we all pity him. We have reason to do so, from the account Signor Jeronymo receives of his distress of mind, while he endeavours to overcome his hopeless passion.

Allow me, madam, to conclude this letter here. We are to have a little concert this evening, and our company is beginning to assemble in the music room.—I must go and attend the marchioness and Lady Clementina; who herself will be a performer. She is an admirable one. I can only stay to add, that I am

Your ever-dutiful

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XLV.

LADY GRANDISON TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Grandison-hall, Saturday, April 28.

My dearest grandmamma will not complain that my three last letters* were not filled with particulars of our engagements and conversations here. What a scene of happiness! What have I to pray for but the continuance of it? Except that the admirable

* These three letters do not appear.

Lady Clementina were somehow settled to her own liking, and that her indulgent relations could be satisfied with it? Something seems to be wanting for *her*, and therefore for *them*. Yet can a lover of her, of her fame, of her family, say, what that something should be? I, for my part, ought to be the last who should decide for her; I, who never, I think (say Lady G. what she pleases of my romancings) could have been happy with any man in the world, but Sir Charles Grandison, after I had known him, and once was led to hope for so great a blessing; and who have not that notion that she has, or seems to have, of the dreariness, and disadvantages of a single state; on the contrary, who think the married life attended with so many cares and troubles, that it is rather (as it is a duty to enter into it, when it can be done with prudence) a kind of faulty *indulgence* and selfishness, in order to avoid these cares and troubles, to live single. But to leave this subject to the decision of Lady G. and Lady Gertrude, the latter of whom has given some unanswerable hints on her side of the question, I will proceed with my narrative.

And here let me observe, that had not Lady Clementina made her rejection of the best of men her sole and deliberate act, it is my humble opinion that her loss of him would have been insupportable to *her*. That consideration, and her noble motive for it, enable her to behave gloriously under the self-deprivation, as I may call it. Yet, I can see, at times, by her studiously avoiding his company, and frequently excusing herself from making one in little parties of Sir Charles's proposing; and by her chusing, at all times, *my* company, that the noble lady thinks self-denial *necessary* to her peace.

She was once for putting Jeronymo on proposing to leave England sooner than they had intended;

and take my promise to *follow* them. I was present. She had tears in her eyes when she proposed it. We had been talking of Sir Charles in raptures, on some of his noble charities which had but lately come to our knowledge, and it was pretty evident to me, that she, at the time, was of opinion, that distance from him would be a means to quiet her heart.—The dear Emily finds it so, thank God!

Lady Clementina has been, however, tolerably cheerful since, amusing herself with drawing up plans for her future life. Very pretty ones, some of them: but a little too *ideal*, if I may so express myself; and she changes them too often to shew that steadiness, which I want to see in her mind. Poor lady! How I pity her as I contemplate her, in her contrivances and proposals! I am often forced to turn away my face, that she may not see the starting tear.

Tuesday, May 1.

The Count of Belvedere being returned to London from a country excursion, and not very well, the marquis was desirous of making a visit to him, and at the same time to pass a few days in London to see the curiosities of the place, and to be present at some of the public entertainments. The gentlemen at the first motion made a party to attend him, and Sir Charles, you may suppose, would not, in complaisance, be excused. Dr. Bartlett and Father Marescotti, who are inseparable, had formed a scheme of their own; and the ladies declared, that not one of them would leave *me*.

The gentlemen accordingly set out yesterday morning. In the afternoon arrived here, one of the most obliging of wives, tenderest of mothers, and amiable of nurses—Who do you think, madam?—No other than Lady G. and her lord. Ungovernable

Charlotte! Her month but just up! We have all blamed her. We blamed her lord too for suffering her to come.—But what could I do? said he, innocently—But they are both so much improved as husband and wife!—Upon my word, I am charmed with her in every one of the above characters. My lord appears, even in her company, now that his wife has given him his due consequence, a manly, sensible man: if he ever had any levities of behaviour, they are all vanished and gone. She is all vivacity, as heretofore; but no flippancy. Her liveliness, in the main, is that of a sensible, not a *very* saucy wife, entirely satisfied with herself, her situation and prospects. Upon my word, I am brought over to her opinion, that if the *second* man be worthy, a woman *may* be happy, who has not been indulged in her *first* fancy: and I am the rather induced to hope so for my Emily's sake.

Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Beaumont has received a letter from the ladies her friends at Florence, expressing their fear that the love of her country now she is in it, has taken place in her heart, and weakened her affection for them. They beg of her to convince them of the contrary by hastening to them.

This letter, it seems, mentions some severe reflections cast upon Lady Clementina by the unhappy Olivia. Camilla, who is very fond of me, has hinted this to me, and at the same time acquainted me with her young lady's earnestness to see it; Mrs. Beaumont having expressed to her her indignation against Olivia on the occasion. Unworthy Olivia! What reflections can you cast on the admirable Clementina!—Yet I wish Mrs. Beaumont would let me see them.—But dear Mrs. Beaumont, impart not to

Clementina any thing that may affect her delicate and too scrupulous mind!

This over-lively Lady G. has been acquainting Lady Clementina with Emily's story, yet intending, to set forth nothing by it, she says, but the fortitude of so young a creature.

She owns, that Lady Clementina often reddened as she proceeded in it; yet that she went on—How *could* she?—I chid her for poor Emily's sake, for her own sake, for Lady Clementina's, for Sir Edward Beauchamp's sake—How *could* she be so indelicate? Is there a necessity, dear Lady G. (thought I, as she repeated what passed on the occasion) now you are so right in the great articles of your duty, that you must be wrong in *something*?

Lady Clementina highly applauded Emily, however. A charming young creature she called her. Absence, added she, is certainly a right measure. Were the man a common man, it would not signify: presence, in that case, might help her, as he probably would every day expose his faults to her observation. But absence from such a man as Sir Charles Grandison, is certainly right. Lady G. says, it was easy to see, that Lady Clementina made some self-applications upon it.

Wednesday morning, May 2.

Lady G. has been communicating to me a conference which, she says, she could not *but* overhear, between Lady Clementina and Mrs. Beaumont, held in the closet of the latter, which joins to a closet in Lady G.'s dressing-room, separated only by a thin partition. The rooms were once one—A little of your usual *curiosity*, I doubt, my dear Lady G. thought I. You were not *confined* to that closet. You might have retired when their conversation

began. But, no; curiosity is a nail, that will fasten to the ground the foot of an inquisitive person, however painful what she hears may sometimes make her situation.

Mrs. Beaumont had acquainted Lady Clementina with the contents of the letter she had received from her friends at Florence. The poor lady was in tears upon it. She called Olivia cruel, unjust, wicked. The very *surmise*, said she, is of such a nature, that I cannot bear to look either Lady Grandison or any of her friends in the face: for Heaven's sake, let it not be hinted to any one in the family, nor even to my own relations, that Olivia *herself* could be capable of making such a reflection upon me.

My dearest Lady Clementina, said Mrs. Beaumont, I wish—

What wishes my dear Mrs. Beaumont—

That you would change your system.

ARTICLES, Mrs. Beaumont! ARTICLES!——If they are broken with me, I resume my solicitude to be allowed to take the veil. That allowance, and that only, can set all right. My heart is distressed by what you have let me see Olivia has dared to throw out against me.

Allow me one observation only, my dear Clementina. What Olivia has hinted, the *world* will hint. It behoves you to consider, that the husband of Lady Grandison ought not to be so much the object of any woman's attention, as to be an obstacle to the address of another man really worthy.

Cruel, cruel Olivia! There is no bearing the *thought* of her vile suggestion. None but Olivia—Say not the *world*. Olivia *only*, Mrs. Beaumont, was capable of such a suggestion—

For my own part, interrupted Mrs. Beaumont, I am confident that it is a base suggestion; and that

if Sir Charles Grandison had *not* been married, you never would have been his. You could not have receded from your former objections. You see what a determined Protestant he is; a Protestant upon principle. You are equally steady in your faith: yet, as matters stand; so amiable as he is; and the more his private life and manners are seen, the more to be admired; must not your *best friends* lay it at the door of a first love, that you cannot give way to the address of a man, against whom no one other objection can lie?

ARTICLES, Mrs. Beaumont! ARTICLES!—

One word more only, my dear Lady Clementina, as the subject was begun by yourself—May it not be expected, now that no opposition is given you, you will begin to feel, that your happiness, and peace, and *strength* of mind will flow from turning your thoughts on principles of *duty* (so the world will call them) to other objects; and that the dwelling on those it will *suppose* you to dwell upon, till your situation is visibly altered, will serve only to disturb your mind, and fill your friends, on every instance that may affect it, with apprehensions for you?

You have said a great deal, Mrs. Beaumont. But is not the veil the only possible expedient to make us all easy?

ARTICLES, ARTICLES! my dear Clementina. I have been drawn in by yourself insensibly to speak my mind on this subject. But I have no view, no design. Your parents, your brothers, you see, inviolably adhere to the articles. But, consider, my dear, were you even allowed to assume the veil, that all such recollections of your former inclination as would be faulty in a married state, would have been equally contrary to your religious vows. Would then the assuming of the veil make you happy?

Don't you hint, Olivia-like, Mrs. Beaumont, at *culpable* inclinations? Do you impute to me *culpable* inclinations?

I do not, neither do I think you are absolutely as yet an angel. Would you, my dear, refuse your vows to the Count of Belvedere, or any other man, for a *certain* reason, yet think yourself free enough to give them to your God?

Will this argument hold, Mrs. Beaumont, in the present case?

You will call upon ARTICLES, my dear, if I proceed. Your silence, however, is encouraging. What were just now your observations upon the story of Miss Emily Jervois? Is there not a resemblance between her case and yours?

Surely, madam, I am not such a girl!—O Mrs. Beaumont, how am I sunk in your opinion!

You are not, my dear Clementina, you cannot in any-body's. Miss Jervois is under obligations to her guardian, that you are not.

Is that, Mrs. Beaumont, all the difference?—That makes none. I am under greater. What are pecuniary obligations to the preservation of a brother's life! To a hundred other instances of goodness——That girl *my* pattern! Poor, poor, Clementina! How art thou fallen! Let me fly this country.—Now I see in the strongest light, what a rashness I was guilty of, when I fled to it. How must the Chevalier Grandison himself despise me!—But I tell you, Mrs. Beaumont, that I am incapable of a wish, of a thought, contrary to those that determined me when I declined the hand of the best of men. O that I were in my own Italy!—What must young creatures suffer from the love of an improper object, in the opinion of their friends, if, after the sacrifices I have made, I must lie under disgraceful imputations from my gratitude and esteem for

the most worthy of human minds?—O how I disdain myself!

It is a generous disdain, my dear Lady Clementina. I end as I began—I wish you would think of changing your system. But I leave the whole upon your own consideration. Your parents are passive. God direct you. I wish you happy. At present you will not yourself say you are so. Yet nobody controuls you, nor *wishes* to controul you. Every-body loves you. Your happiness is the subject of all our prayers.

Lady G. believes the conversation ended here.

* *

Lady L. in Mrs. Beaumont's presence, has been just making me a compliment on my *generous* love, as she calls it, of Lady Clementina, and my security in Sir Charles's affection. Dear madam, said I, where is the merit? A man of such established principles, and a woman of such delicate honour! They both of them move my pity, and engage my love. With regard to Lady Clementina, this is my consolation, that I stood not in her way: that your brother never made his addresses to me, till she, on the noblest motives, left him free to chuse the *next* eligible, as I have reason to think he allowed me to be. And let me tell you, my dear Mrs. Beaumont, that in his address to me he did her justice; and dealt so nobly with me, that had I not before preferred him to all other men, I should have done it then.

Thursday, May 3.

I have received a letter from Sir Charles. Lady Clementina and I were together when it was brought. She seeing whom it came from, and that I meditated the seal with impatience, begged me to read it then, or she would withdraw. I opened it. There were

in it, I told her, the politest remembrances of her, and the other ladies; and read what he wrote of that nature. She looked with so desiring an eye at it, that I said, Were you to read it, madam, you would find him the kindest of men. Sir Charles and I have not a secret between us. But there are in it a passage or two, relating to a certain gentleman, that, were you to read it, might affect you. [By the way she reads English extremely well.] And is that, Lady Grandison, your *only* objection? I should be glad to see, were it not improper, how the politest of men writes to the best of wives.

I gave her the letter.

She had greatness of mind to be delighted with his affectionate stile—Tender delicacy! said she, as she read:—Happy, happy Lady Grandison! Tears in her eyes, and clasping her arms about me, let me thus congratulate you. I acted right in declining his address. I must have thought well of the religion of the man, who could speak, who could write, who could act, who could live, as he does.

I bowed my face on her shoulder. To have expressed but half the admiration I had in my heart of her nobleness of mind, would have been to hint to her the delicate situation she *had* been in, and to wonder how she could overcome herself.

What follows, said she, sitting down, I presume I may read: for my eye has caught the name of a man my heart can pity.

She read to herself the passage which is to the following effect: " The *person* of the poor Count of Belvedere" (Sir Charles writes, in the count's words) " is loitering in town, endeavouring to divert itself there; while his *soul* is at Grandison-hall. He cannot think of quitting England, till he has taken leave of Lady Clementina; yet, dreading the

pangs he shall feel on that occasion, he cannot bring himself to undergo them."

The marquis, the bishop, Signor Jeronymo, all joined, Sir Charles writes, to console him: yet wished him to pursue his better fortune at Madrid; and the count thinks of prevailing on himself to accompany them down, in order to take this dreaded farewel. Sir Charles expresses his pity for him; but applauds the whole family for their inviolable adherence to their agreement.

When she read to that place, tears stole down her cheeks—Agreement, said she—Ah, Lady Grandison! It is true, they *speak* not: but I can read their *wishes* in their eyes.

She read on Sir Charles's praises of the count for his beneficent spirit. The count, said she, is certainly a good man—But is not his, a strange perseverance? Then, giving me the letter, How few of us know, said she, what is best for ourselves! There is a lady in Spain of great honour and merit, who would make him a much happier man, than *she* can do, on whom he has cast a partial eye. And besides there is the poor Laurana—

She stopt. I suffered the subject to end there.

Sir Charles supposes it will be the latter end of next week before they return, if the marquis holds his purpose of being present at a ball to which he is invited by the Venetian ambassador—Near a fortnight's absence on the whole!—O dear! O dear!

* *

The following by Lady G.

And *O dear! O dear!* say I! This is Saturday, and not a word more written. *So* taken up with her walks and walking-mate!—Selfish creatures both. It was with difficulty I procured a sight of this letter. No wonder. You see how freely she has treated me

in it. I told her it never would be finished, if I did not finish it for her. Her excuse is, Sir Charles's absence, and that you, madam, charged her *not* to write by *every* post, lest an accidental omission should make you uneasy.—Ungrateful for indulgence given! She must therefore let *several* posts pass—But get thee gone, paper, now. And carry with thee all manner of compliments from Charlotte G. as well as from [Here sign it, my sweet sister]

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XLVI.

LADY G. TO MISS SELBY.

Grandison-hall, Saturday, May 5.

YOUR complaining letter * reached me here, Lucy, but this day. I arrived here on Monday afternoon. Ungracious Harriet! She chid me for coming. But I went to church first. What would they have?

My lord and I are one now: if therefore I say, *I* arrived, it is the same as saying, *he* did: my little Harriet with us, you may be sure.

But what does the girl complain for? Maiden creatures should send us married women two letters for one. Establish for me this expectation: you will soon yourself be the better for the doctrine.

You tell me, that hardly any of you girls are satisfied with my imperial decision on the appeal laid before me, though supported by the opinions of Mrs. Shirley, Lady D. and every wise woman. I don't care whether you are or not. Sorry chits! you decide among yourselves, and then ask for the

* This letter does not appear.

opinions of others: What for? In hopes they will confirm your own; if not, to be saucy, and reject them.

You want me to tell you a hundred thousand things, of what's doing, what's done, what's said, here? Not I. Harriet is writing a long, long letter to her grandmamma, she tells me; and journal-wise*.—Let that, when you have it, content you. She says I must not see it. But I *will*. Something saucy about me in it, I suppose.

My brother, and his principal men-guests, are in town. They went on Monday morning. So I have not seen them.—Will not come back till Friday next week. Harriet is impatient for his return. O girls! girls! That a church-ceremony can so soon make such a difference in the same person!—But he is so generously tender of her, that the wonder, in her case, is the less.

Lady Clementina is a noble creature. We are obliged to call both her and Harriet to order; or they would never be asunder. The garden and park are the places in which they most delight to walk. Make Harriet give you the particulars of their conversations.—Then I shall have them. I have demanded them; but she only acquaints me in general, that she is delighted with Lady Clementina's part in them. The other expresses no less admiration of Harriet's. But, besides that they rob us of their company too often, which is ruder in the mistress of the house than in the guest; Harriet does not enough consider her own circumstances. Their walks are too long. She comes in, and throws herself sometimes into a chair—*so* tired!—Yet, chidden for her long walks, *such* engaging conversations! she cries out.—*Heroines* both, I suppose; and they are

* Meaning the preceding letter.

mirrors to each other; each admiring herself *in* the other. No wonder they are engaged insensibly by a vanity, which carries with it, to each, so generous an appearance; for, all the while, Harriet thinks she is only admiring Clementina; Clementina, that she is applauding Harriet.

Well, Lucy—But I find you will not be Lucy long—Your day, it seems, will soon be fixed: the day, happy may it be! which will set a coronet on your head. A foolish kind of bawble, after all; but it looks not amiss on the outside of one's coach—if the inside contain not—Did *I* say a monkey, Lucy? But that will not be your case. *My* lord knows *your* lord, and esteems him. Lord G.'s *esteem*, (china and shells out of the question) is not contemptible, I can tell you. His love for his flippant Charlotte made him play monkey-tricks, which lessened him in my eyes: but now I see he is capable of forgetting his butterflies, and *esteeming* me, I remember my promise, and *honour* him: *obedience* will come—when it *can*.

Well, but, Lucy, Dr. Bartlett knew your Lord Reresby abroad, and speaks well of him. He has wised for this match ever since it was first mentioned; nay *before* it was mentioned—Ever since he was a brideman on my brother's happy day: and you are a good girl, that you have not paraded, as Harriet *did*, and Clementina *does*.

Have I any more to say? I think not. I will endeavour to get a sight of what Harriet has written. Let her deny me, if she dare. If that suggests to me a subject which she has not touched upon, well and good: if not, take it for a conclusion, chits, that I wish you all well; and to our venerable Mrs. Shirley, and respectable aunt Selby, and her honest man, health, happiness, and so-forth.

CH. G.

LETTER XLVII.

LADY G. TO MISS SELBY.

Wednesday, May 9.

I AM afraid your brother James will terrify you all. Surprising;—I am very angry with him; for, however slight he might make of what I have to tell you, I know, that none of you besides will. I therefore dispatch this by a man and horse, on purpose to set your hearts at ease.—The wretch left her in a fainting fit. Had the dear creature ever any of these fits before? But why do I ask? This is easily accounted for: she was over-fatigued with a walk. Against warning, against threatenings, she and Lady Clementina had taken a longer walk than ever they did before, quite to the end of the park, to view some alterations which Sir Charles was making there. They had forgotten that they had the same length to walk back again. Half-way on their return, tired, and each accusing herself, and apologizing to the other, they were surprised by a sudden shower of rain; a violent one; a thunder-shower: no shelter: they were forced to run for it towards a distant tree; which, when they approached, they found wet through; as they both were. So they made the best of their way to the house; were seen at a little distance, making the appearance of frighted hares. The servants ran to them with cloaks, which, thrown over their wet clothes, helped to load them. As Harriet entered the hall-door, which leads into the garden, she was surprised with the sight of Sir Charles, entering at the other. She expected him not till Friday or Saturday. Her complexion changed: she sighed; sobbed: her cheeks, her lips turned pale: down she was sinking. My brother was ter-

rified; but he caught her in his arms, and saved her fall.

Lady L. and I were together, indulging ourselves with our little nurseries, who were crowing at each other; I singing to both [by the way they are surprising infants] when word was brought, that my brother was come, and Lady Grandison was dying. How were we both terrified! We, in our fright, each popt her pug into the arms of the other, by way of ridding our hands of our own; and the women being not at hand, threw the smiling brats into one cradle; and down hurried we to our Harriet.

In the midst of all this bustle, this wise brother of yours, Lucy, slipt away without taking leave of us. What though his hour was fixed, and his post-chaise waiting, could he not have staid one half hour? O these inconsiderate, hare-brained—Don't be angry, Lucy, he has vexed us for you. I should otherwise have left to herself the account of her indisposition and recovery. She has got cold: so has her sister-excellence, as my brother justly calls her. Is it to be wondered at?—She was feverish all day yesterday; but made slight of it; and would have come down to dinner; but we would not permit her to leave her chamber.

How was Lady Clementina affected! She laid all at her own door: and last night, Harriet being still more feverish, we all talked ourselves into a thousand panics. Lady Clementina was not to be pacified.

To-day, she is, in a manner, quite well; and we are all joy upon it. But she shall never again do the honours of the park to Lady Clementina. Trust *me* for that, grandmamma Shirley; and expect a letter from the dear creature herself by the post. Adieu, adieu, Lucy, every body, in a violent hurry subscribes your

CHARLOTTE G.

P. S. My hurry is owing only to the demands of my marmouset upon me. To nothing else, upon my honour! For we are all safe, serene, and so-forth.

LETTER XLVIII.

LADY GRANDISON TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Grandison-hall, Friday, May 11.

I AM sorry, my dearest grandmamma, you have all been so much alarmed by an indisposition which is already gone off. My cousin James, foolish youth! I wish he had not called upon us on his return from Portsmouth, or that he had staid at Grandison-hall till now. Lady G. has given you, in her lively way, an account of the girlish inconsideration, which might have been attended with a fever, had not Mr. Lowther been with us, who thought it advisable that I should lose blood. But it was the joy on seeing Sir Charles after an absence of eight days, and several days sooner than I had expected that pleasure, which overcame me.

Never, never, *was* there so tender, so affectionate, so indulgent a husband!—Lady G. has told you that I fainted away—When recovered, I found myself in his arms; all our friends and guests assembled round me; every one expressing *such* a tender concern.

Harriet, be grateful! But canst thou be enough so? How art thou beloved of hearts the most worthy!—And what new proofs hast thou received of that love of all other the dearest! Every hour do I experience some new instance of his tender goodness. He stirred not from my chamber for half an hour together, for two whole days and nights. All

the rest he took was in a chair by my bed-side; and very little was his rest: yet, blessed be God! his health suffered not. Every cordial, every medicine, did he administer to me with his own hands. He regarded not any-body but his Harriet. The world, he told me, was nothing to him without his Harriet. So amiably has he appeared in this new light, not in my fond eyes only, but in those of all here; who are continually congratulating me upon it; and every one telling me little circumstances of his kind attention, and anxious fondness, as some happened to observe one, some another, that though I wanted not proofs before of his affection for me, I cannot account my indisposition an unhappiness; especially as it has gone off without the consequences, of which you were so very apprehensive.—"Dear Sir, I obey you: but indeed, indeed, Sir, writing to my grandmamma does me good. But I obey." Only, let thus far as I have written, be dispatched to my Northamptonshire friends,

From their ever-dutiful

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XLIX.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Saturday night.

I HAVE a constant attendant in Lady Clementina. She was not to be consoled when I was at worst. Wringing her hands, O that she had never come to England! was her frequent exclamation: and they apprehended, that her mind would be again disturbed. She has not yet recovered her former sedateness. She gets by herself, when she is not with me.

She is often in tears, and wishes herself in Italy. Sir Charles is concerned for her. She has something upon her mind, he says; and asked me, if she had not disclosed it to me? He wondered she had not; expressing himself with pleasure on the confidence each has in the other.

Sunday, May 18.

Signor Jeronymo has been pitying to me the Count of Belvedere. The poor man could not prevail upon himself to accompany Sir Charles and his noble guests down. He owned to Jeronymo, that he had twice set out for Grandison-hall; but both times, being unable to pursue his intention, turned back.

Jeronymo told me, that the count had made his will, and left all that he could leave, and his whole personal estate, to their family, in case he should die unmarried. He would not leave it to Lady Clementina, lest, if his bequests were to come to her knowledge, she should think he was so mean, as to expect that favour from his riches, of which he had no hope from her esteem.

The generous Belvedere declares, said Jeronymo, that should her malady be renewed by means of our interesting ourselves in his favour, he should be the most miserable of men. My dear Jeronymo, said he, at parting in town, tell that angel of a woman, that I never will solicit her favour, while I shall have reason to apprehend she has an aversion to me. May Clementina be happy, and Belvedere must have some consolation from knowing her to be so, however wretched he may be on the whole. But assure yourself, Jeronymo, that I will never be the husband of any other woman, while she is unmarried.

I join with Signor Jeronymo in pitying the

count: yet, I must own, that my compassion is *still* more deeply engaged for Clementina. But I was affected not a little, however, when Jeronymo read a passage from a letter of the count, which, at my request, he left with me; and which I English as follows:—After his supplications put up to Heaven for her happiness, whatever became of him—"But can she be happy," says he, "in her present situation? May there not be always a struggle between her exalted notion of duty, and her passion (though the noblest that ever warmed a human breast) which may renew the disorders of her mind?—Were she *mine*—(Let me indulge, for one moment, the rapturous supposition) I could hope to conduct, to guide, to compose, that noble mind. We would admire, with an equal affection, that best of men, whose goodness is not more the object of her love, than of my veneration. Jealous as I am of my honour, I would satisfy the charmer of my soul, that I approved of her sisterly love of a man so excellent. She would not then be left to the silent distress of her own heart."

What say my grandmamma, my aunt, my Lucy? Shall I wish the noble Clementina may be prevailed upon in favour of this really worthy man? Should *I*, do you think, be prevailed upon in *her* situation? —A better question still—*Ought* I?

Monday, May 14.

My cousin James *has* seen me, and I have chid him *too*, for having been so hasty to carry bad news to Northamptonshire, without staying a day or two, when he might have carried better. 'Tis true, they will not permit me to quit my chamber yet: but that is rather for precautionary than necessary reasons; and they have given over chiding me for writing—

Their indulgence to me of my pen will convince you, that I am quite well.

Lady Clementina most sincerely rejoices in my recovery. Yet she is every day more and more thoughtful and solemn. She is grieved, she tells her mother (who is troubled at her solemnity) for her brother Jeronymo, who indeed is not well. Mr. Lowther tells us, that he must not expect to be exempt from temporary pains and disorder: but I am sure the worthy man would be easier in his own mind, were his sister to give her hand to the Count of Belvedere.

I talked to Sir Charles on this subject an hour ago. Lady Clementina, my dear Sir, said I, is not happy. I question whether she ever will, unless she is allowed her own way, the veil.

And that, returned he, has been so long a family-objection, that the compliance with her wishes would break the heart of her mother, at least; and greatly afflict all the rest. It must not, for *their* sakes, be thought of.

What then, Sir, can be done?

We must have patience, my dearest life. Her malady has unsettled her noble mind. She must try her own schemes; and if she find not happiness in any of them, she will think of new ones, till at last she fixes. Nor, I hope, is the time far off.

Do you think so, Sir?

Don't you see, my love, that the poor lady is more and more uneasy with herself? Something is working in her mind. I have desired her mother to leave that disturbed mind to its own generous workings. Her vehemence, raised by the opposition she met with, which she considered as a persecution, has for some time subsided; and she will probably fall upon reflections which she had not time to attend to before.

Jeronymo thinks, proceeded he, that *I* might successfully plead in the count's favour—But did I not draw the articles? Did I not propose the terms? Lady Clementina shall not be prevaricated with. She shuns me of late—In apprehension, perhaps, that I will try my influence over her. She never seems so easy, as when she is with my dearest love. You must preserve that consequence with her, which delicate minds will ever be of to one another. Some little appearances of her malady will perhaps, now-and-then, shew themselves, and unsettle her: but I have no doubt, if it please God to preserve her reason, that her present uneasinesses will be productive of some great change in her schemes, which may end in a tranquillity of mind, that will make all us who love her, happy. Mean-time, my dear, let this be our rule, if you please: Let *her* lead; let *us* only follow—Persuasion against avowed inclination, you and I, my Harriet, have always condemned as a degree of compulsion. Had the admirable lady been *entreated* to take the noble measure she fell upon, whe she rejected me, however great the motives, she would not have been so happy, as she was, when she found herself absolute mistress of the question, and could astonish and surprise us all by her magnanimity.

Who could resist this reasoning? How well does he seem to know this excellent woman, when he considers her unhappy unfixedness, occasioned by a malady, which will now-and-then (till she can be settled in some quiet and agreeable way) shew itself in her conduct, when she has any great part before her to act!

Tuesday afternoon, May 15.

Lady Clementina, soon after dinner, sent up to me her Camilla (for I was not at table) to desire a

quarter of an hour's discourse with me in my chamber. I gave direction, that nobody should come to me till I rang. She entered; made me sit; took her seat by me; and immediately, with a noble frankness in her manner, thus began:

I could not, my dear Lady Grandison, ask the favour of your ear on the subject I wanted to open my heart upon to you, till I saw you were perfectly recovered. God be praised, that you are! What anxieties did your late indisposition give me! I accused myself as the cause of it.—I had engaged you, thoughtlessly, in too long a walk. You know how Lady G. how Lady L. were terrified. I overheard them once that evening talking over their fears to one another. Lady G. looked with visible unkindness upon me. My aid ineffectual, my person in the *way*, I hurried to my chamber: Good God! said I (every object looking strange about me) Where am I? What am I? Can I be the same Clementina della Porretta that I was a few months ago? Can I have brought misery to the family which was my only refuge? To the man who—[She paused: then lifting up her eyes; Blessed Virgin! said she, and *is* Clementina in the house of the man whom she has been known to regard above all men; and whom she still *does* regard; but not as Olivia supposes?] And then on my knees I offered up fervent prayers for your health and happiness; and that it would please God to return me, with reputation, to my native country. My eyes are now opened to the impropriety I have been guilty of in taking refuge in England; and in remaining in it, and in your house, and with a man whom I am known to value. The world has begun to *talk*: Cruel Olivia! She will lead and point the talk, as she would have it believed. I am under obligation to your goodness, and to that of all your friends, that they and you think kindly

of me, situated as I once was. I am obliged (mortifying consideration to a spirit like mine!) to Sir Charles Grandison's generosity and compassion, that he does not despise me. A *girl* (forgive me for mentioning it; it is to *you* only) has been, by my dear Mrs. Beaumont, proposed, indirectly at least, for a pattern to me. How am I sunk! My pride cannot bear it. Had I been allowed to take the veil, all these improprieties in my conduct had been prevented; all these mortifications would have been spared the unhappy Clementina—Tell me, advise me, May I not renew my entreaties to be allowed to take the veil? Give me, as to your sister (no sister ever loved her sister better than I love you) your advice: counsel me what to do, what course to steer, to recover myself in my own eyes. At present I hate, I despise, myself.

With how little reason, my dearest sister, my excellent friend! All my family revere you: Sir Charles, his sisters, and I, love you: Lady G. particularly admires you: she could not possibly look unkindly upon you. What has Olivia dared to report? But did she ever forbear her rash censures? —What can I advise you? I see your delicate distress. But suppose you open your mind to the Marchioness? To Mrs. Beaumont suppose? She is the most prudent of women.

I know *their* minds already. Their judgments are not with me. Mrs. Beaumont (indeed without intending it) has terrified me. My mamma thinks herself bound by the articles, and will not speak.

Suppose, my dearest lady, you advise with Sir Charles? You know he is the most delicate-minded of men.

I shall ever honour him: but your indisposition has made me look upon him with more reverence than familiarity. I have avoided him. An exquisite pain

has seized my heart, on being brought to meditate the impropriety of my situation: a pain I cannot describe. *Here* it used to be (putting her hand to her forehead); but *here* now it is (removing it to her heart); and at times I cannot bear it.

Let me beg of Lady Clementina to lay that noble heart open to Sir Charles. You know his disinterested affection for you. You know his regard for your glory. You know that your own mother, your own Mrs. Beaumont, are not more delicate than he is. You may unbosom yourself to him. But such is his fear of offending you, that you must begin. A small opening will do. His nice regard for your honour, for the honour of our sex, will, on a slight encouragement, spare you all that would be irksome to you. He has no prejudices in favour or disfavour of any body. He loves, it is true, he reveres your *whole family;* but *you* more than all the rest. Shall I say that he made his court to me in your name, and by your interest; yet acknowledged himself refused by an angel?

Excellent man!—I *will* consult him, and in your presence.

As to my presence, madam—

It must be so, interrupted she: I shall want your support. Do *you* be my advocate with him; and if he will be an advocate for me, I may yet be happy. At present, I see but one way to extricate myself with honour. *I* dare not propose it. *He* may. The world and Olivia will not let me be, *in* that world, a single woman, and happy.—Why should I not be allowed to quit it by a divine dedication?

I embraced her; soothed her: but thought of Sir Charles's advice, not to *lead*, but *follow* as she led: not one word, as I told her, would I say to him of what had passed between us, that she might have his own unprejudiced advice.

I rang, by her permission. Sally came up. I made my request, by her, to her master. He found us together. Sir Charles, said I, before he could speak, Lady Clementina has something on her mind: I have besought her to consult you.

I must consult you *both*, said she. To-morrow morning, Sir, as early as will suit Lady Grandison, we will meet for that purpose.

May the issue of to-morrow's conference be tranquillity of mind to this excellent lady!

LETTER L.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Wednesday, May 16.

THE conference was held in Italian. It was but just turned of seven in the morning, when we met in my drawing-room.

I had told Lady Clementina that she must lead the subject; but Sir Charles, seeing her in some confusion, relieved her—You do me, madam, said he, great honour (and it is worthy of our brotherly and sisterly friendship) in proposing to ask my opinion on any subject in which you are interested. *Our* dear Harriet's recovery (God be praised for it!) has left no wish in my heart so ardent as for *your* happiness. Permit me to say, my dear Lady Clementina, it is *necessary* for that of us both.

Indeed, madam, it *is*, said I, taking her hand. Tenderness, love, respect, I am sure, were in my countenance, if it spoke my heart. She condescendingly bowed upon mine: tears were in her eyes: You pain me, chevalier, you pain me, madam, by your

goodness—How many of my friends have I made unhappy!

For some days past, said Sir Charles, I have observed, that you have seemed more uneasy than usual. Would to Heaven it were in my power to remove the cause!

Perhaps it *may*. Ah, chevalier! I thought when I came into the compromise, that I might have made myself happier in it, than I now find I can be.

Dear Lady Clementina! said Sir Charles; and stopt.

Be not displeased with me, chevalier. I must hold myself bound by it, if it be insisted on. But though my condescending friends urge me not by entreaties, by persuasions, see you not that their *wishing eyes*, and *sighing hearts*, break every hour the articles agreed to?

Dear Lady Clementina!

I knew you would be angry with me.

I am not. It would be equally unfriendly and insolent if I were. But, my dear Clementina, what an affecting picture have you drawn of the resignation of parents to the will of their child, in an article which their hearts were fixed upon.

Add not weight, Sir, to my uneasy reflections. I can hardly bear to see in them the generous suppression of their own wishes.

She then addressed herself to me.—Bear with me, dear Lady Grandison, if I cast an eye back to former situations. You know my whole story.—For a few moments bear with me.—I never, God is my witness, envied you. On the contrary, I rejoiced to find those merits which I had not power to reward, so *amply* rewarded by you; and that the chevalier was so great a gainer by my declining his vows.—She stopt.

Proceed, dearest Lady Clementina, said I—Are we not sisters? And do I not know, that yours is the noblest of female minds?

I rejoice, Sir, from my heart, that I was enabled to act as I did.—

Again she stopt. Sir Charles bowed in silence.

But still I hoped, that one day my parents would have been overcome in favour of the divine dedication. That was always my wish, till you, Sir, induced me to come into a compromise. And then I was resolved to make myself, if possible, happy, in the single life allowed me. But what *can* I do? My former wishes recur. I cannot help it: and it seems evident to me, that there is but one measure, and that is the convent, which can make me happy.

Dear Lady Clementina! said Sir Charles, will you be pleased to allow me—

Olivia, Sir, interrupted she (you don't, perhaps, know that) reflects upon me. It was indeed a rash step which I took, when I fled to England: how has it countenanced the excursion *she* made hither? Though, God knows, our motives were widely different: hers was to obtain what mine was intended to avoid. But your sudden indisposition, madam, pointed the sting, and carried it into my heart. That flashed full upon me, the impropriety of my situation. Can there be, say, chevalier, can there be, any expedient which will free me from reflection, from slander, except that of the veil?

You *lead* the question, madam, replied Sir Charles: I but *follow* you. Surely there *can*.

You are not angry with me, chevalier? You do not upbraid me with breach of articles?

I do *not*, madam, while we only *reason*, not *resolve*. Assure yourself that *your* tranquillity of mind is one of the principal objects of my daily prayers. Say, Lady Clementina, all that is in your heart to say.

Your friend, your brother, hears his sister with all the tenderness of fraternal love.

How soothing! How kind!—You say there *is* another expedient. What, excepting marriage, is it?

Were it *that*, and that *could* be an acceptable expedient—We are only *reasoning*, madam; not *resolving*—

Do you, chevalier, (with a look of impatience;) propose that to me?

I do *not*, madam—I said we were *reasoning* only. —But surely you *may* be very happy in the *single* life. You *may* have thought of plans, which, on consideration, may not please you: but it is yet early. Lady Clementina has too much greatness of mind to permit any-thing that may be said by malevolent people to affect her. She knows her heart; and has reason to be satisfied with it. Were your former wishes to take place, will not ill-will and slander follow you into the most sacred retirements? There are several tender points to be considered in your past situation. These *are* considered by your parents. They have no view but to your happiness. You and they indeed have different notions of the means. They think marriage with a worthy man of your own faith, would tend to establish it. *You* think assuming the veil the only expedient. This subject has been much canvassed. They are determined not to urge you: yet their judgments are not changed. Shall they not be allowed to *wish?* Especially when they *urge* not, *speak* not, their wishes? Your father was earnest with the Count of Belvedere, in my hearing, when last in town, to give up all expectations from you. God preserve their lives till they see you happy! You must be convinced, that they are not so intent upon the *means* as to obtain the *end*.

My father, my mother, are all goodness!—God

preserve their precious lives!—Tears trickled down her cheeks.

I am sure, my dear Lady Clementina, *you* cannot be happy in *any* state of life, if your choice, pursued, would make your *parents* unhappy.—Could Lady Clementina, were she even *professed*, divest herself of *all* filial, of *all* family regards? Would not that very contemplative life, of which she is at present so fond, make her, when it was too late to retrieve the step (and with the more regret, perhaps, because it *was* too late) carry her thoughts, her affections, with greater force, back to parents, if *living*, so deservedly dear, to brothers so disinterestedly kind, to her; and who have *all* shared so largely in her distresses?

She sighed. She wept. O chevalier! was all she said.

You cannot, madam, live only *to* yourself, *for* yourself: and you may live to your God in the world, perhaps, more efficaciously than in the convent, with regard to your soul's health, as you have such large ability to do good: for, wants not the world, as I have heretofore pleaded, such an example as you can give it?—The *heart*, madam, not the *profession* is the truly acceptable. Your maternal grandfather, though a sound Catholic, would have it, that there were many sighing hearts in convents; and on this supposition (confirmed to him by a singular instance which affected him) he inserted in his will the clauses which he thought would *oblige* you to marry. Your other grandfather joined in the enforcement of them.

And what, Sir, was the penalty? Only the forfeiture of an estate, which I wish not for; which none of us want. We are all rich. It is a *purchased*, not a *paternal* estate.

And purchased with what view, madam? And for whom?

I would have my family superior to such motives.

Must they not, my dear Clementina, be judges for themselves?

I do not *believe*, proceeded she, that there *are* many sighing hearts in convents: but if there *were*, and my friends would be satisfied (for that, I own, is an essential point with me) *I* should not, I am *sure*, add to the number of such. As to what you say of the world wanting such an example as I could set it, I have not vanity enough to be convinced by that argument. Whether my soul's peace could be *best* promoted in the world, or in the convent, must be left to *me* to judge; who know that in the turmoils and disturbances I have met with, both of mind and body, the retired, the sequestered life, is most likely to re-compose my shattered spirits.

Those turmoils, those disturbances, madam, thank God! are over.

I pity, I can forgive, I *do* forgive, the poor Laurana. Ah Sir! you know not, perhaps, that LOVE, a passion which is often the cause of guilty meanness, as sometimes indeed of laudable greatness, was the secret cause of Laurana's cruelty to me. She hated me not, till that passion invaded her bosom. Shall I remember the evil of her behaviour, and not the good?

Admirable Clementina! said Sir Charles: Admirable lady! said his Harriet; both in a breath.

She was the companion of my childhood, proceeded the exalted lady. We had our education together. I was the *sufferer*; thank God! not the *aggressor*. She has made me great, by putting it into my power to *forgive* her. Let all my revenge be in her compunction from my forgiveness, and from my wishes to promote her welfare!

And a revenge indeed would that be, said Sir Charles, were she, who had acted by an excellent

creature, as she has done by you, capable of generous compunction. But, noblest of women, can it be expected, if *you* can forgive her, that your family should join, by giving up their reversionary expectations, to *reward* her for her cruelty to their child, who was entrusted to her kindest care and protection? Can you, madam, treat lightly those instances of your parents and brother's love, which have made them resent her barbarity to you?—My dear Lady Clementina, you must not aim at being *above* nature. Remember that your grandfather never *designed* this estate for Laurana. It was only to be provisionally hers, in order to secure it the more effectually to you; and, on failure of descendants from you, to your elder brother, who, however, wishes not for it. His heart is in your marriage. He only wishes, that it may not be the cruel Laurana's. If you can defeat the design of your grandfathers, with regard to your *own* interest, ought you to do injustice to your brother's claim?

O chevalier!

Ought you to think of disposing of your brother's right? Has not he much better reason to be considered by you for his affection, than Laurana has for her cruelty?—Abhorred be that sort of LOVE, my dear Lady Clementina, which is pleaded in excuse of barbarity, or of any extravagant, undutiful, or unnatural action!

She sighed. Tears again stole down her cheeks. After a short silence—O spare me, chevalier!—Despise me not, Lady Grandison!—My enfeebled reason may lead me into error; but when I know it is error, I will not continue in it. I see that, with regard to my brother's interest in this estate, I reasoned wrong. I was guilty, my dear Lady Grandison, I doubt, in your eye, of a false piece of

heroism. I was for doing *less* than justice to a brother, that I might do *more* than justice to an unnatural relation.

All that Laurana can hope from you, my dear Lady Clementina, said Sir Charles, is, that you will intitle her to the receipt of the considerable legacy your grandfather bequeathed to her—

And how is that to be done, interrupted she, but by my marriage?—Ah, chevalier!

Such, indeed, *is* the state of the case. Such was it *designed* to be. I, madam, but state it. I advise nothing.

Still, Sir, the motive which may allowably have weight with my friends, ought not to have principal weight with me. Consider, Sir: Is it not setting an earthly estate against my immortal soul?

Far otherwise, madam. Can you so far doubt of the divine grace, can you so far disparage your own virtues, as to suppose they want the security of a convent? Do justice, my dear Lady Clementina, to yourself. You have virtues which cannot be exerted in a convent; and you have *means* to display them for the good of hundreds. I argue not as a Protestant, when I address myself to you. The most zealous Catholic, if unprejudiced, *circumstanced as you are*, must allow of what I say.

Ah, chevalier! how you anticipate me! I was going to charge you with arguing like a Protestant.

Did not your grandfathers, madam, in *effect*, argue as I argue, when they made their wills? Did not your father, mother, uncle, brothers, thus argue, when they wished you to relinquish all thoughts of the veil? And are not the one, were not the others, all zealous Catholics? Does not your brother the bishop, does not your truly pious confessor, acquiesce in their reasonings, and concur with (at least not *oppose*) the family-reasons?

She looked down, sweetly conscious. Sir Charles proceeded.

Has not your mother, madam, who gave you and your three brothers to the world, a *merit* both with God and man, one of you dedicated, as he is, to God (you see, madam, I address myself to you in the catholic stile) which the cloistered life could not have given her? Are not the conjugal and maternal duties (performed as she has performed them) of higher account, than any of those can be, which may be exerted in the sequestered life? Clementina would not wish to be a better woman *in the convent*, than her mother has always been *out of it*.

She hesitated, sighed, looked down: at last, What can I say? said she. I have signed to the waving of my wishes after the veil; and must, I see, abide by my signing. It is, however, generous in you, Sir, not to plead against me *that* my act; and to hear me with patience want to be absolved from it. But I am *not* happy—She stopt; and turned away her face to conceal her emotion.

Sir Charles was affected, as well as I.

She recovered her speech. I am, at times, said she, too sensible of running into flight and absurdity. My late unhappy malady has weakened my reasoning powers. You both *can*, I see you both *do*, pity me. Let me say, chevalier, that when I came into your proposed compromise (which, after so grievous a fault committed, as the flying from my native country, and indulgent parents, I could the less refuse) I promised myself happiness in a situation, in which, I *now* see, it is not to be found. Your friendship, your united friendship for me, happy pair! I thought (as I knew I deserved it by my disinterested affection for you both) would contribute to it; I was therefore desirous to cultivate it. My wounded reason allowed me not to consider, that there were

improprieties in my scheme, of which the world would judge otherwise than I did: and when I heard of vile and undeserved reflections cast upon me; but most when that sudden indisposition seized you, my dear Lady Grandison, and seemed to my frighted imagination to threaten a life so precious—

She paused: then proceeded.—I have told you, madam, my reflections.—Before you, chevalier, I have said enough.—And now advise me what to do. —To say truth, I almost as much long to quit England, as I did to fly to it. I am unhappy. O my fluctuating heart! When, when, shall I be settled?

What, madam, can I say? answered Sir Charles: What can I advise? You say you are not happy. You think your parents are not so. We all believe you can make them so. But God forbid it should be to your own unhappiness, who have already been so great a sufferer, though hardly a greater than every one of your friends has been from your sufferings. I plead not, madam, the cause of any one man. I have told you, that your father himself advises a certain nobleman to give over all hopes of you: and that person himself says, that he will endeavour to do so; first, because he promised you, that he would; and next, because he is now too well assured, that you have an aversion to him.

An aversion, chevalier! God forbid that I should have an aversion to any human creature! I thought my behaviour to that gentleman had been such—She stopt.

It was great; it was worthy of Clementina. But this is his apprehension: and if it be just, God forbid that Lady Clementina should think of him!

My dear Lady Grandison, do *you* advise me upon all that has passed in this conference. You assured me at the beginning of it, that my peace of mind was necessary to your happiness.

From my affection for you, my dear Lady Clementina, and from my affection *only*, it *is* necessary. You cannot have a distress, which will not, if I know it, be a distress to me. You know best what you can do. God give you happiness, and make yours the foundation of that of your indulgent parents! They are of opinion, that a settled life with some worthy man of your own country and faith, will greatly contribute to it. Your mamma is firmly of opinion it will: so is Mrs. Beaumont. You see that you cannot, in justice to your brother, and to his children yet unborn, as well as in duty to your deceased grandfathers, assume the veil: you see that the unnatural Laurana, whom you still are so *great* as to love, cannot enjoy a considerable legacy bequeathed her, but on your marriage.—If you have a *dislike* to the nobleman who has so large a share in the affections of all your family, by no means think of him. Rejoice, madam, in a single life, if you think you can be happy in it, till some man offer whom you can favour with your esteem. Let *me* be honoured mean time with the continuance of your love, as I shall be found to deserve it. We are already sisters. In presence, we will be one; in absence, we will not be divided; for we will mingle souls and sentiments on paper.—

I was proceeding; but she wrapt her arms about my neck. She bathed my cheek with her tears.—O how generously did she extol me! how delighted, how affected, was the dearest of men! how delicate was his behaviour to both! The *tender friend* in her, the *beloved wife*, were with the nicest propriety distinguished by him.

The dear lady was too much disordered by her own grateful rapture, to recover a train of reasoning. She told me, however, that she would ponder, weigh, consider every-thing that had passed.

God give her happiness! prays with her whole heart, your

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LI.

LADY GRANDISON TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Thursday, May 17.

LADY Clementina is thoughtful, solemn, and shuns company. Not one word will any-body say to her of the Count of Belvedere: but as he is expected here every-day to take his leave, Sir Charles thinks she ought not to be surprised by his coming at unawares. She neither dined or supped in company yesterday; nor breakfasted with us this morning. She loves, as you have heard, to walk in the garden. She diverts herself often with feeding the deer, which gather about her, as soon as she enters the park. Sir Charles just now passed her in the garden. He asked after her health.—My *mind* is not well, chevalier!—God Almighty heal it! said he, taking her hand and bowing upon it.—Thank you, Sir! Continue your prayers for me. That *last* conversation, chevalier—But, adieu.

She took a path that led to the park. He looked after her. She turned once to see if he did. He bowed, and motioned with his hand as for leave to follow her. She understood his motion, and by hers forbid him.—Poor lady!

Thursday evening, six o'clock.

Mr. Lowther returned from London about an hour ago. He has always been of opinion with the physicians of Italy, that a disorder of mind not here-

ditary, but circumstanced as Lady Clementina's was, will be in no danger of returning, or of becoming hereditary, unless on some new distress like the former. He expressed his wonder more than once, at her relations acquiescence with her plea, as she made *that* the principal against marriage; though he allowed it to be a noble and generous one in her. And now, in order to justify his opinion, he has taken, of his own accord, the opinions of the most noted London physicians: who entirely agree with him.

Saturday, May 19.

Lady Clementina has been generously lamenting to me the unhappiness of the cruel Laurana. What I hinted to Sir Charles, said she, of her love for the Count of Belvedere, is but too true. I have been urged to have compassion, as it is called, on *him.* He should have shewed some for *her.* She was proposed to him. He rejected the proposal with haughtiness: but, I believe, knew not how much she loved him. I have faint remembrances of her ravings, as I may call them, for him, to her mother and woman: sometimes vowing revenge for slighted love.—Poor Laurana was another Olivia in the violence of her passion. In the few lucid intervals I had when I was under her management, I always expected that these ravings would end in harder usage of me. Yet even then, when I had calmness enough to pity myself, I pitied her. O that the count would make her happy, and could think himself happy in her!—

She asked me if Sir Charles were not indeed inclined to favour the count?

He wishes you, madam, to marry, answered I, because he thinks (and physicians of Italy and England, and Mr. Lowther, concur with your parents wishes) if there were a man in the world whom you

could consent to make happy, the consequence would not only make your whole family so, but yourself. But the choice of the *man*, he thinks, should be entirely left to you: he thinks that the count, so often refused, ought not to be insisted on; and that time should be given you.

Let me ask you, Lady Grandison, as one sister to another, Could *you*, in *my* situation, have resolved to give your hand—She stopt, blushed, looked down. I snatched her hand, and pressed it to my lips—Speak your whole heart, my Clementina, to your Harriet.—But yet, I will spare you, when I understand your meaning. Noblest of women, *I* am not Clementina. *I* could not, situated as you once were, all my friends consenting, and the man—such as you knew him to be, have refused him my hand as well as heart. But what may not be expected from a lady, who, from a regard to her superior duties, could make the most laudable passion of inferior force?—You have already overcome the greatest difficulty; and when you can persuade yourself that it is your *duty* to enter into new measures, I am sure, whatever they may be—

Dear Lady Grandison, say no more—My duty—How delicate are your intimations!—What a subject have we slid into!—Believe me, I am incapable—

Of any thought, of any imagination, interrupted I, that an angel might not own. It would be an injury to your Harriet's emulative love of you, were you but to suppose any assurances of your greatness of mind necessary.

But I am at times pained, generous Lady Grandison, for what *your* friends may think, may wish—O that I were in my own country again!

They wish for nothing but your happiness. Lay down your own plan, dear lady: chalk out your fu-

ture steps. Look about you one, two, three years, in the single life: assure your indulgent parents—

Hush, hush, hush, hush, my dear Lady Grandison, gently putting her hand on my mouth: I will, I must, leave you!—O my fluctuating heart!—But whatever I shall be enabled to do; whose-soever displeasure I may incur, do *you* continue to love me; still call me sister; and, through you, let me call Sir Charles Grandison my brother; and then shall I have a felicity that will counterbalance many infelicities.

She hurried from me, not staying to hear the affectionate assurances of my admiring love, that were bursting my lips from a heart fervently desiring to comply with every wish of hers.

Sunday, May 20.

The marquis is slightly indisposed. The marchioness is not well. Lady Clementina, applying to Mrs. Beaumont for consolation on the occasion, owned, that were their indispositions to gather strength, she should be too ready for her peace of mind, to charge them to her own account. Mrs. Beaumont generously consoled her, without urging one syllable in favour of the man, who has so large an interest in the hearts of all her family, her own excepted. She herself mentioned with approbation to Mrs. Beaumont, some particulars of the count's munificence, and greatness of mind, that had come to her knowledge: but wished he could think of her cousin Laurana. Her Camilla came in. She asked with anxious duty, after her mother's health; and withdrew in tears, to attend her.

Monday, May 21.

Well, but now, I Charlotte G. who have taken up Harriet's pen, say, these tears will soon be dried up.

The marquis and his lady are both better. The count is arrived; Signors Juliano and Sebastiano with him. Did you not see the count when he was in town, Lucy? A pretty man, upon my life, were he not quite so solemn: but that very solemnity will make for him with the fair romancer: Is he not come, as Lee says, in his Theodosius,

——"To take eternal leave?
Not to vouchsafe to see him, would be scorn,
Which the fair soul of gentle CLEMENTINA
Could never harbour."

Accordingly, on his arrival, not unsent to, but almost unexpected, down she came to tea; and with *such* a grace!—Indeed, my dear and venerable Mrs. Shirley, she will be a good girl. All will come right. She was a little solemn indeed in her serenity: but she plainly put herself forward to speak. She seemed to pity the count's confusion (who, poor soul! knew not how to speak to her) and relieved it by enquiring after his health, as he had not been well. She addressed herself to him once or twice on indifferent subjects; and pleased every-body by her behaviour to him. Nay, they talked together a good while at the window, he, and she, and Mrs. Beaumont, very freely about England and Italy, comparing in a few instances, these gardens with those of the marquis at Bologna. No very interesting conversation indeed; but the good count thought himself in paradise. Yet he fears he shall to-morrow be allowed to take a long, long leave of her. He goes to France and Italy; not to Spain. I like him for that; it would only be distressing himself further, he says, were he to amuse a worthy family who have invited him thither with a view that can never be answered, while Clementina remains unmarried.

My brother continues to insist upon it, that not

one word shall be said in the count's favour. Sea-room, and land-room, Mrs. Shirley, as I said once before—Where did he learn so thoroughly to understand the perverseness of a female heart?

* *

By Lady Grandison.] You see, my grandmamma, what Lady G. has written. Her sweetly playful pen may divert you. Her heart feels not, as mine does, the perplexities of the dear Clementina: but I yield, with grateful pleasure, to a pen so much more lively, than that of your

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LII.

LADY G. TO MISS SELBY.

Tuesday, May 22.

AND so, Lucy, your day is fixed. May next Thursday be a happy one, and reward the heroic girl who so nobly conquered a first love, on the discovered unworthiness of the man. And you own that your heart is far from being indifferent to Lord Reresby—Good girl!—Confirmation of all my doctrines. We women prate and prate of what we *can*, and what we *can-not*; what we *ought*, and what we *ought-not*, to do: but none of *us* stay-till-we-are-asked mortals know what we shall, or can, do, till we are tried by the power of determining being put into our hands. Was it possible for me to have loved that sorry wretch Anderson, so well as I really love my honest Lord G.? It was not. But though I name that creature myself, never do you presume to do it. I blush even to this hour on looking back to certain giddinesses

that debased my character—But let me quit a subject so disagreeable.

Lady Clementina has had a bad night, it seems.—Came not down to breakfast. The poor enamoretto was in despair. I tried to hearten him up a little: but my brother will not let any body flatter him with a hope that too probably may end in disappointment.

Yonder [I am writing at my window, you must know] is the fair inflexible musing in the garden. I have a good mind to call to her; for I see by her motions and downcast looks, that reverie is no favourable sign for the count—No need of my calling to her; my brother has this minute joined her. As soon as he came in sight, she went to him.—Now, dear brother, put in a word for the poor man.

Well, but Lucy, this lord of yours must come among us. He shall not carry you to Ireland this year. Let all who would be good husbands and good wives, come to Grandison-hall, and learn: and, pray, let them come while *I am here*. Yet I have something to say against our Harriet too.—She is so taken up with her heroic friendship, that Clementina is now almost the only subject of her pen. What godlike instances of my brother's goodness does she leave untold, though she admires him for them, as much as ever! Every rising, every setting sun, are witnesses of his divine philanthropy. I suppose she looks upon his praises now, to be her own. Well she may. Never were hearts so united, so formed, for one another. But Harriet used to praise herself formerly; did she not, uncle Selby?

Believe me, I will praise my honest man whenever he gives me cause. For instance; yesterday, I was well enough pleased with what he said to my

brother.—You, Sir Charles, ought not to give yourself up to a private life. Your country has a claim upon such a character as yours.

Without doubt, said I—Shall we, my lord, make my brother an ambassador, or a justice of peace? Lord G. rubbed his forehead; but seeing me smile, his countenance brightened up. Don't you know, Charlotte, said my brother, that nothing but the engagements our noble guests have given me, would have prevented me from acting in the useful character you have last named?

O that you had, brother! What admirable causes would then have been brought before US, *en dernier ressort!* How delightfully would your time have been taken up with the appeals of scolding wives, forsaken damsels, and witches presumptive!

Lady G. *must* be herself, whatever be the subject, replied Sir Charles. You and I love her, my lord, for her charming vivacity. But think you, my sister, that a day spent in doing good, be the objects of it ever so low, is not more pleasing to reflect upon, than a day of the most elegant indulgence? Would persons of sense and distinction (myself out of the question) more frequently than they do, undertake the task, it would be lighter to every one, and would keep the great power vested in this class of magistrates, and which is every year increasing, out of mean and mercenary hands. And, surely, men of consideration in the world owe it to their tenants and neighbours, and to those of their fellow-creatures to whose industry they are obliged for their affluence, to employ in their service, those advantages of rank and education, which make it perhaps easy for them to clear up and adjust, in half an hour, matters that would be of endless perplexity and entanglement to the parties concerned.

Mind this, uncle Selby; for I think you are too fond of your own ways, and your own hours, to do your duty as an active justice, though of the quorum.

But I should have told you, Lucy, how this conversation began. I got the occasion for it out of Dr. Bartlett afterwards. You must know, that I visit him now and then as Harriet used to do, to learn some of my brother's good deeds, that otherwise would not come to our knowledge; by which I understand that notwithstanding he gives his guests so much of his company, and appears so easy and free among us, yet, that every beneficent scheme is going on: not one improvement stands still: he knows not what it is to be one moment idle.

Dr. Bartlett tells me, that some gentlemen of prime consideration in the county have been offering my brother their interest against the next election. He modestly acknowledged the grateful sense he had of the honour done him; but declined it for the present, as having been too little a while returned into his own country, after so long an absence, to be as yet fit for a trust so important. We young men, said he, are apt to be warm: when we have not studied a point thoroughly, we act upon hasty conclusions, and sometimes support, sometimes oppose, on insufficient grounds. I would not be under *engagements* to any party: neither can I think of contributing to destroy the morals and health of all the country people round me, to make myself what is called an *interest.* Forgive me, gentlemen: I mean not to slight your favours: but on such an occasion, I ought to be explicit.

But, after the gentlemen were gone—There is a county, Dr. Bartlett, said he, of which I should be ambitious to be one of the representatives, had I a *natural* interest in it; because of the reverence I bear

to the good man, to whom in that case I should have the honour to call myself a colleague. When I can think myself more worthy than at present I am, of standing in such a civil relation to him, I shall consider him as another Gamaliel, at whose feet (so long absent as I have been from my native country) I shall be proud to be initiated into the service of the public.

It is not difficult to guess, who my brother—But my marmouset is squalling for me; and I must fly to silence it.

* *

Now, Lucy, that I have pacified my brat, do I wish you with me at my window. My brother and his Harriet only, are at this instant walking almost under it, engaged in earnest conversation: seemingly, how pleasing a one! admiration and tenderness mingled in *his* looks: in *her*, while he speaks, the most delighted attention: when she answers, love, affiance, modest deference, benevolence, compassion; an expression that no pen can describe—Knowing them both so well, and acquainted with their usual behaviour to each other, I can make it all out. She is pleading, I am sure, for Clementina. Charming pleader!—Yet, my dear Mrs. Shirley, I fear her reasonings are romantic ones. Our Harriet, you know, was always a little tinctured with heroism; and she goes back in her mind to the time that she thought she could never be the wife of any other man than my brother (though then hopeless that he could be hers); and supposes Clementina in the same situation.

When I looked first, I dare say, he was giving her an account of the conversation that passed an hour ago, between him and Clementina. He had his arm round her waist, sometimes pressing her to him as

they walked; sometimes standing still; and, on her replies, raising her hand to his lips, with such tender passion—But here she comes.

Harriet, if I am a witch, let Lucy know it. Here—read this last paragraph—Have I guessed right at your subject of discourse?—You will tell me, you say, in a letter by itself—Do so.

LETTER LIII.

LADY GRANDISON TO MISS SELBY.

[*In continuation of Lady G.'s subject.*]

You need not be told, my dear Lucy, that our charming Lady G. is mistress of penetration. Your happy Harriet has been engaged in the most pleasing conversation. The best of husbands conceals not from her one emotion of his excellent heart. He is greatly distressed for Clementina. It would be unworthy of his character, if he were not: yet he seems to think she may be happy with the Count of Belvedere: that is the point we have been debating. As Sir Charles would have been the man of her choice, but for an invincible obstacle, is it not owing, partly to his delicate modesty, that he thinks she may be so? What think you, Lucy?

Lady G. says, I make Clementina's case my own. Be it so; because *so* it *ought* to be. Could I have been happy with Lord D.?—Call it romantic, if you please, Lady G.; I think it impossible that I *could*, even though I could not form to myself, that Sir Charles Grandison himself would make the tender, the indulgent husband he makes to the happiest of women.

Sir Charles gave me the particulars of the conversation that passed between him and Lady Clementina in the garden. He observed, that she is not a stranger to the count's resolution, never to marry while *she* remains unmarried; and that it is the intention of that nobleman to return to Italy, and not go to Spain at all. Perhaps she had her information either from Camilla or Laura; who both heard him declare as much. If she has condescended to hear *them* talk on a subject which every body else has studiously avoided, she may also have heard from them many other particulars greatly to the count's honour; for they are his admirers and well-wishers.

Sir Charles believes she will take a gracious leave of the count before he sets out.

* *

The solemn, the parting interview, was to have been in my drawing-room this afternoon: but Lady Clementina has given the count an unexpected, and joyful reprieve.

She dined in company. We were all charmed with her free and easy deportment, as well to the count, as to every-body else. *His* was not so easy. He, intending to bespeak the favour of half an hour's audience of her, in order to take leave of her, when she arose from table, was in visible agitations. How the poor man trembled! with what awe, with what reverence, as he sat, did he glance towards her! How did every-body pity him, and by their eyes beseech her pity for him! yet, in the same moment, our eyes fell under hers, as she looked upon each person; we all seeming unwilling to have her think we entreated for him by them. I thought I read in her lovely countenance more than once, compassion for him; yet, the breath hard-fetched, *as* often shewed a sigh suppressed, that indicated, I imagined, a *wish*

(also suppressed) after a life more eligible to her than the nuptial.

At last, when we women arose from table, he, as a man who must address her in haste, or be unable at all to do it, stept towards her: retreated, when near her, as irresolute; and again advancing, profoundly bowing, Madam, madam, said he, hesitatingly—putting out his hand, as if he would have taken hers; but withdrawing it hastily, before he touched it—I hope—I beg—allow me—I beseech you—one parting moment.

She pitied his confusion: My lord, said she, we see you to-morrow in the afternoon [Allow me, madam, to me—] She courtesied to him, and withdrew with some little precipitation; but with a dignity that never forsakes her.

Every man, it seems, congratulated the *count.* Every woman (when withdrawn with her) *Clementina.* The marchioness folded her to her maternal bosom—My daughter! My beloved daughter! My Clementina! was all she said, tears trickling down her cheeks—O my mamma! kneeling (affected by her mother's tears)—O my mamma! was all the daughter could say. And rising, took Mrs. Beaumont's hand, and retired with her to her own apartment.

* *

We see her now in the garden with that excellent woman, arm in arm, in earnest talk, as we sit by the window.

Wednesday night.

And now, my grandmamma, a word or two of dear Northamptonshire.

I have a letter from Emily. I inclose it, with a copy of my answer. I hope it is not a breach of confidence to communicate them both to you, and through

you, madam, to my aunt Selby. At present, I wish the contents may be a secret to every-body else.

Don't let Lucy repine at her distant residence, if it must be in Ireland. It is generally the privilege of husbands to draw their wives after them. Sir Charles says it is but a trip to that kingdom: and having an estate in it, which he is intent upon improving, he will be her visiter; and so will his Harriet, you need not question, if he make her the offer of accompanying him. To you, my grandmamma, I know every part of the British dominions, where your friends have a natural call, is Northamptonshire. Lucy's grandmother, however, will miss her: but has not she a Lucy in her Nancy? And has not her grandson James a chance (if Patty Holles will favour him) to carry to her another grand-daughter? Besides, Lord Reresby, who is so good-natured a man, will not be in haste to quit the county where he has obtained so rich a prize. Sir Charles expects them both with him for a month at least, before they leave England.

Happy! happy! as the sixteenth of November to me, may be the twenty-fourth of May to Lucy, prays,

Her ever-affectionate

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LIV.

MISS EMILY JERVOIS TO LADY GRANDISON.

Saturday, May 19.

I HAVE something to communicate to you, my dear Lady Grandison, and take your advice about: yet, so young a creature as I am, I am *quite* ashamed.

But you must keep my secret from every living soul, and from my guardian too, for the present, since in writing to you, I think I write to him, as you know all his heart, and are so prudent a lady. It is true, I was, (or I might have been, I should rather say) a forward girl with regard to him: but then my whole heart was captivated by his perfections, by his greatness of *mind;* that was all. May not a creature, though ever so young, admire a good man's goodness? May she not have a deep sense of gratitude for kindness conferred? That gratitude may indeed, as she grows up, engage her too deeply; and *I* found myself in danger; but made my escape in time. Thank God!—and thank you, who assisted me!—what an excellent lady are you, that one can speak to you of these tender matters! But you are the queen of our sex, and sit enthroned, holding out your scepter in pity to one poor girl, and raising another, and another; for it is glory enough for you to call the man yours, for whom so many hearts have sighed in secret.

But this was always my way—I never sat myself down to write to my guardian or to you, but my preambles were longer than my matter—To the point then—but *be sure* keep my secret.

Here every-body is fond of Sir Edward Beauchamp. He is indeed a very agreeable man. Next to my guardian, I think him the most agreeable of men. He is always coming down to us. I cannot but see that he is particularly obliging to me. I really believe, young as I am, he loves me: but every body is so *silent* about him: yet they slide away, and leave us together very often. It looks as if all favoured him; yet would not interfere. He has not made any declaration of love neither.—I am so *young* a creature, you know; and to be sure he is a very prudent man.

My guardian dearly loves him—who does not? His address is *so* gentle: his words are *so* soothing: his voice—To be sure he is a very amiable man! Now tell me freely—Do you think my guardian (but pray only sound him—I am so young a creature, you know) would be displeased if matters were to come to something in time?———Three or four years hence, suppose, if Sir Edward would think it worth while to stay for so silly a creature?—I would not *think* of sooner.—If not, I would not allow myself to be so much in his company, you know.

He has a very good estate; and though he is ten or twelve years older than I, yet he never will be more than that; since every year that goes over his head, will go over mine likewise—So you will be pleased to give me your opinion.

And here all the world is for marrying, I think. Miss Selby is as good as gone, you know. Her brother courts Miss Patty Holles: Miss Kitty is not without her humble servant. Nay, Miss Nancy Selby, for that matter—But let these intelligences come from themselves.

You, my dear Lady Grandison, have led up this dance—So happy as you are—I think it is a right thing for young women to marry when young men are so desirous to copy Sir Charles Grandison.

Hasten to me your advice, if but in six lines. We expect Sir Edward down next week. I *must* like his company, because he is always telling us one charming thing or other of my guardian; and because he so sincerely rejoices in your happiness and his.

God continue it to you both. This is our prayer night and morning, for our own sakes, as well as yours, believe

Your ever-obliged and affectionate

EMILY JERVOIS.

LETTER LV.

LADY GRANDISON TO MISS JERVOIS.

Tuesday, May 22.

I HAVE a great opinion of your prudence, my love: and I have as high a one of Sir Edward Beauchamp's honour and discretion. His fortune, his merit, are unexceptionable. Your guardian loves him. If you could certainly love Sir Edward above all men, and he you above all women, I am of opinion your guardian will think no alliance can be happier for both, and for himself too: for you know, my dear, that your welfare is near his heart. Let me, my sweet Emily, refer you as to your conduct on this occasion, to my own almost-unerring counsellors, my grand-mamma and aunt Selby. Don't be ashamed to open your heart to them: Are you not under their wings? I will so manage, that they shall lead the way to your freedom with them. Your difficulties by this means will be lessened. Sir Charles will pay the greatest attention to their advice. But yet I must insist, that the reference to them, shall not deprive of my Emily's confidence,

Her ever-affectionate sister, and faithful friend,

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LVI.

LADY GRANDISON TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Thursday, May 24.

I BEGIN this letter, as I ended my last to Lucy—May this day be a happy one to her, and then it will

be so to us all—My dear aunt Selby will be so good as to favour me with a line to acquaint me with the actual celebration; that I may ground upon it my earliest felicitations.

I will proceed with an account of what so much engages the attention of every one here.

I told you in one of my former, that Lady G. had shewn to Mrs. Beaumont Lucy's account of the conversation held at Shirley-manor, on the subject of a first love, with Lady G.'s sprightly decision upon it, and upon the appeal made to me.—I must now tell you, that Mrs. Beaumont prevailed upon Lady Clementina to desire me to read it to her. She made her request; and I obeyed. Mrs. Beaumont was present. Not a word by way of application did either she or I suggest, when I had done reading. Lady Clementina's complexion often changed as I read. She was not at all diverted with those lively parts of Lady G.'s decision, that I *ventured* to read; though she is an admirer of her sprightly vein. She looked down most of the time in solemn silence. And at last, when I had ended, she, sighing, started, as if from a reverie, arose, courtesied, and withdrew; not having once opened her lips on the subject.

* *

The bishop, Signor Jeronymo, and the two young lords, just now joined to request Sir Charles to become avowedly an advocate for the count to Lady Clementina. They urged, that she was balancing in his favour; and that Sir Charles's weight would turn the scale; but Sir Charles not only desired to be excused, but begged that she might not be solicited by any-body on that subject—May she not, asked he, be reasoning with herself, and considering what she can do, with justice to the count and herself? Her *future* peace of mind is concerned that her

determination *now*, shall be all her own. Leave her no room for after-regret, for having been persuaded against her mind. If persuasion only is wanting, will she not wrap herself up in reserve, to keep herself in countenance for not having been persuaded before?

Pursuant to this advice, the marchioness in a conversation with her beloved daughter, that might have led to the subject on which their hearts are fixed, declined it; saying, Whatever my child shall determine upon, with regard to any plan for her future life, let her whole heart be in it: her choice shall be ours.

Thursday afternoon.

Lady Clementina excused herself from breakfasting with us; but obliged us with her company at dinner. How does Sir Charles's benign countenance always shine, when he finds himself surrounded at table by his friends! The larger the circle, the more diffused is his cheerfulness. With what delight does his Jeronymo meditate him! He dwells upon what he says, and by his eyes cast with less complacency on an interrupter, seems to wish every one silent, when Sir Charles's lips begin to open.

After he had gone round his ample table, saying something obliging to all (in a manner *calling* forth every one, to say something in his or her own way) he addressed himself more particularly to the count, and led him into subjects both learned and familiar, in which he knew he *could* shine; and in which he *did*. It was doubly kind in Sir Charles to do so; for the poor man's reverence for the mistress of his fate, had taken all courage from his love, and he *wanted* to be drawn out. Never can bashful merit appear to so much advantage, as in Sir Charles's address to it.

How much soul did Lady Clementina shew in her eyes! She was very attentive to every one that spoke. She asked the count questions more than once on some of the subjects he was led to talk of. My eyes, as I could feel, glistened when she did, to see how those of her father and mother rejoiced, as I may say, on the notice she took of him. Lady Clementina could not but observe with what delight her complaisance to the count was received by all her family——Is it possible, thought I, more than once, were I in the situation of this admirable lady, to avoid obliging such indulgent parents with the grant of all their wishes, that depended on myself; having given up voluntarily the man I preferred to all others?

Signor Sebastiano dropt a hint once, of his own, and the count's intention of setting out; mentioning a care for their baggage, which by this time, he supposed, had reached Dover: but Clementina turning an attentive ear to what he said, Sir Charles was afraid she would take this hint as a design to hasten her resolution; and said, We will not sadden our hearts with the thoughts of parting with any of our friends.

Thursday evening, eight o'clock.

A letter is this moment brought from town by an especial messenger, to Signor Jeronymo. The whole family, Lady Clementina excepted, are got together upon the contents.

Ten o'clock.

The marchioness, just now, taking my hand, tears starting in her eyes, Ah, madam, said she, the poor wretch Laurana—Just then the bishop and Father Marescotti entering, she put the letter into my hand. I shall inclose a translation of it.

TO SIGNOR JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA.

May 6. N. S.

The dear perverse Clementina may be now indulged, if she has not from principles of gratitude already yielded to give her hand to our Belvedere. I hope she *has*. One of our motives for urging her, is at an end. Laurana is no more. Her mother kept from her as long as she could, the news of the count's accompanying you all to England: but when she was told that he was actually in that kingdom; and that my sister was heard of; she doubted not but the consequence would be the defeating of all her hopes with regard to him. A deep melancholy first seized her: that was succeeded by raving fits; and it is suspected that the poor creature, eluding the care of her attendants, came to a miserable end. Lady Sforza is inconsolable. A malignant fever is given out—so let it pass—SHE, whom the wretched creature most cruelly used, will shed a tear for the companion of her childhood: but who else, besides her own mother, will?—Yet, if the manner of her quitting life were as shocking as it is whispered to me it was—But I will not enquire further about it, for fear I should be induced to shew compassion for a wretch who had not any to shew to a near relation, entrusted to her care, and who had a right to her kindest treatment.

What a glorious creature, as you paint him, as fame, as Father Marescotti, and you all report him, is your Grandison! Your sister-in-law must, *I believe*, be complied with. Ever since you all left Italy, she has been earnest to attend you in England. She even threatens to steal from her husband, if he consent not, and now Clementina has shewn her the way, procure a passage thither, to try my love in

following her, as that naughty girl has all yours, in a season—But what is the inclemency of season, what are winds, mountains, seas, to a woman who has set her heart on an adventure? This I must allow in her favour, if she should fly from me, it will be *to* the father, mother, brothers, *from* whom her sister fled —Naughty, naughty Clementina! Can I forgive her? Yet if her parents do, what have I to say?

I do assure you, Jeronymo, that I unfeignedly join with you in your joy, that so deserving a man is not a loser by a disappointment, that we all know sat heavily upon him, at the time. I even long to see upon one spot, two women, who are capable of shewing, as they have shewn, a magnanimity so very rare in the sex: one of whom, let me glory, is my sister. But Clementina ever was one of the most generous, however, in some points, unpersuadable, of human creatures.

Let Belvedere know how much I love him. Whatever be his fate with one of the perversest, yet noblest-minded of women, I will ever look upon him as my brother.

Reverence, duty, love, and the sincerest compliments, distribute, as due, my dear Jeronymo, from your

GIACOMO.

LETTER LVII.

LADY GRANDISON TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Friday, May 25.

UNHAPPY Laurana! Sir Charles expressed great concern for the manner of her death. How *can* you,

brother, said Lady G. (when we three only were together) be concerned for so execrable a wretch!

Shall a human creature perish, replied he, and its fellow-creature not be moved? Shall an immortal being fix its eternal state by an act dreadful and irreversible; by a crime that admits not of repentance; and shall we not be concerned? This indeed was owing to distraction: but how ill was such a soul as Laurana's prepared to rush into eternity?—Unhappy Laurana!

It is not thought fit, for obvious reasons, to acquaint Clementina with the contents of the general's letter.

* *

At last, my dear grandmamma, the great point seems to be decided. Lady Clementina had for some time been employing herself in drawing up, in two opposite columns, the arguments for and against her entering into the marriage-state. She shewed them to me, and afterwards to Mrs. Beaumont; but would not allow either of us to take a copy. She has stated them very fairly. I could not but observe to her on *which* side the strength lay.

This morning she gave us her company at breakfast-time for a few minutes only. She was in visible emotions; and seemed desirous of getting the better of them; but was unable; and therefore retired. She shut herself up, and about noon, sent, sealed up, a letter; which I will English as well as I can; thus directed;

TO HER EVER-HONOURED, EVER-INDULGENT FATHER AND MOTHER, CLEMENTINA DELLA PORRETTA.

How did my whole soul aspire after the veil!—Insuperable obstacles having arisen against the union

of your child with one exalted man, how averse was I to enter into covenant with any other!

It was your pleasure, my lord; it was yours, madam; that I should not be indulged in the aspiration. You had the goodness to oblige me in my averseness.

The Chevalier Grandison has since convinced me, by generous and condescending reasonings, that I could not, in duty to the will of my two grandfathers, and in justice to my elder brother and his descendants, renew my wishes after the cloister. I submit.

But now, what is to be done; what *can* I do, to make you, my dearest parents, and my brothers, happy? Olivia triumphs over me. My situation is disagreeable: I, who ought to be a comfort to my friends, have been, I still am, a trouble to them all.—The Chevalier Grandison and his excellent lady have signified to me, more than once, that they expect from me the completion of their earthly happiness: and what is this life, but a short, a transitory passage to a better?

Have I not declined accepting the vows of the first of men? The only man I ever saw with a wish to be united to him? Declined them on motives, that all my friends think do me honour?

Have I ever, dear as the struggle cost me, repented the glorious self-denial? And what precedents of self-denial (wholly yours by laws divine and human, as I am) have you, my ever-indulgent parents, set me?

Is there a man I would prefer to him whom my friends are solicitous to commend to my favour?

Cannot I, in performing my duty to my parents, perform all those duties of life, which performed, may intitle me to a blessed hope?

Shall I contend in and through life, to carry a

point, that, at the awful close of it, will appear to me, as nothing?—

Let me make a proposal—On a supposition that you, Sir, that you, madam (whose patient goodness to me has been unexampled), and every one of my friends, favour the Count of Belvedere as much as ever—I have always acknowledged his merits—

Permit me a year's consideration from the present time, to examine the state of my head and heart; and at the end of that year, allow me to determine; and I will endeavour, my dear parents, to make *your* wishes, and *my* duty, honour, conscience, (divested of caprice, fancy, petulance) my sole guides in the result, as well as in the discussion. The Chevalier Grandison, his lady, Father Marescotti, and Mrs. Beaumont, shall be judges between my relations and me, if there be occasion.

But, as it would be unreasonable to expect, that the Count of Belvedere should attend an issue so uncertain; for I would rather die, than give my vows to a man to whom I could not do justice both with regard to head and heart; so, I make it my earnest request to him, that he will look upon himself to be absolutely free to make his own choice, and to pursue his own measures, as opportunities offer. Rejoiced at my heart should I be, to have reason to congratulate him on his nuptials with a woman of the soundness of whose mind he could have no doubt, and whose heart never knew another attachment.

I would humbly propose, as a measure highly expedient, that the ever-obliging Chevalier Grandison and his truly admirable lady will permit us, as soon as possible, to depart from England. [O my friends! accuse me not of levity in your hearts! I obeyed in the rash voyage hither, an impulse that appeared to me irresistible.] And let us leave it to his never-forfeited honour, to bring over to us, as soon as can

be convenient, his lady, his sisters, and their lords, as they have made us hope: and that a family friendship may be cultivated among us, as if a legal relation had taken place.

But allow me to declare, that if my cousin Laurana shall be found to have entertained the least reason to hope that she might one day be Countess of Belvedere, that that expectation alone, whatever turn my health may take, shall be considered as finally determining the count's expectations on me; for I never will be looked upon as the rival of my cousin.

And now, blessed Virgin-mother of the God of my hope, do thou enable me to be an humble instrument of restoring to the hearts of my honoured and indulgent parents, and to those of my affectionate brothers and other friends, the tranquillity of which I have so unhappily and so long deprived them; prays, and will every hour pray, my ever-honoured and ever-indulgent father and mother,

Your dutifully devoted

Friday, May 25. CLEMENTINA.

The marquis was alone with his lady in her dressing-room when Camilla carried them this letter. They opened it with impatience. They could not contain their joy when they perused it. They both declared, that it was all that *should*, all that *ought* to be exacted from her. The bishop, Signor Jeronymo, and her two cousins, on the contents being communicated to them, were in ecstasies of joy.

All that the Count of Belvedere had wished for, was, that Lady Clementina would give him hope, that if she ever married, he might be the happy man; and for the sake of this distant hope he was resolved to forego all other engagements. Sir

Charles was desired to acquaint him with the happy tidings. He did, with his usual prudence: but his joy is extreme.

The marquis and marchioness were impatient to embrace and thank their beloved daughter. The moment she saw them, she threw herself at their feet, as they sat together on one sofa, and were rising to embrace her—O my father! O my mother! Have I not been perverse in your eyes?—It was not I!—You can pity me!—It was not always in my *power* to think as I now do. My mind was disturbed. I sought for tranquillity, and could no where find it. My brother Giacomo was too precipitating; yet, in his earnestness to have me marry, shewed his disinterestedness. He gave me not time, as you both, through the advice of the common friend of us all, have done. The nearest evil was the heaviest to me: I sought to avoid that, and might have fallen into greater. God reward you, my father, my mother, and all my dear friends, for the indulgence you have shewn me!—To follow me too into foreign climates, at an unpropitious season of the year—And for what?—Not to chide, not to punish me; but to restore me to the arms of your parental love!—And did you not vouchsafe to enter into conditions with your child!—How greatly disordered in my mind must I be, if I ever forget such instances of your graciousness!

The tender parents pressed her to their bosoms. How did her two brothers and Mrs. Beaumont applaud her!—

O how good, said she, are you all to me! What a malady! A malady of the darkest hue! was mine, that it could fill me with such apprehensions, as were able to draw a cloud between your goodness and my gratitude; and make even your indulgence wear the face of hardship to me.

The bishop thought it not advisable, that the count, who hardly knew how to trust himself with his own joy, should be presently introduced to her. The rejoicing lover, therefore, walked into the garden; giving way to his agreeable contemplations.

Clementina, her mind filled with self-complacency on the joyful reception her proposal had met with, went into the garden, intending to take one of her usual walks, Laura attending her. The count saw her enter, and fearing to disoblige her, if he broke in upon her, in her retirements, profoundly bowed, and took a different path. But she, crossing another alley, was near him before he was aware. He started; but recovering, threw himself at her feet —Life of my hope! Adorable Lady Clementina! said he—But could not at the moment speak another word.

She relieved him from his confusion—Rise, my lord, said she; I crossed to meet you, on purpose to exchange a few words with you, as you happened to be in the garden.

I cannot, cannot rise, till, thus prostrate at your feet, I have thanked you, madam, with my whole soul—

No thanks are due, my lord, interrupting him. God knows what may happen in the next twelve months. Rise, my lord. [He arose.] As a friend of our house, I will respect you: so I have heretofore told you: but for *your own* sake, for honour's, for justice sake, I think it necessary to tell you, you must not make an *absolute* dependance on me from what I have written to my parents, though I repent not of what I have written.

I will not, madam: for one year, for many years; I will await your pleasure. If at the end of any limited period, *after* that you have named, I cannot be so happy as to engage your favour, I will

resign to my destiny—Only, mean time, permit me to hope.

I mentioned, my lord, that it was for *your own* sake, that I wished you not to depend upon a contingency. Be you free to pursue your own measures. Who can say, what one, two, or three years may produce? Maladies that have once seized the head, generally, as I have heard say, keep their hold, or often return. Have I not *very lately* been guilty of a great rashness? Believe me, Sir, if at the end of the allowed year, I shall have reason to *suspect* myself, I will *suffer* by myself. I ever thought you a worthy man: God forbid that I should make a worthy man unhappy. That would be to double my own misery.

Generous lady! exalted goodness!—Permit me, I once more beseech you, but to *hope*. I will resign to your pleasure whatever it shall *finally* be; and bless you for your determination, though it should doom me to despair.

Remember, my lord, you are warned. You depend upon the regard all our house have for you. I owe it duty next to implicit, for its unexampled indulgence to me. Your reliance on its favour is not a *weak* one: but, O count, remember I caution you, that your dependance on me, is not a *strong* one. Be prudent: let me not be vexed. My heart sickens at the thought of importunity. Opposition has its root in importunity. If you are as happy as I wish, you will be *very* happy. But at present I have no notion, that I can ever contribute to make you so.

He bent one knee, and was going to reply—Adieu, adieu, said she—Not another word, my lord, if you are wise. Are not events in the hand of Providence?

She hurried from him. He was motionless for a

few moments: his heart, however, overflowed with hope, love, and reverence.

On his reporting to the marchioness, Mrs. Beaumont, the two brothers, and me, what passed between the noble lady and him, as above, we all congratulated him.

The warning Lady Clementina has given you, my lord, said Mrs. Beaumont, is of a piece with her usual greatness of mind, since the event referred to is not, cannot be, in her own power.

There is not, said Signor Jeronymo, there *can* be but one woman greater than my sister—It is she, who can adopt as her dearest friend, a young creature of her own sex in calamity (circumstances so delicate!) and for *her* sake, occasionally forget that she is the wife of the best, and most beloved of men.

Clementina, said the bishop (the count being withdrawn) will now complete her triumph. She has, upon religious motives, refused the man of her inclination; the man deservedly beloved and admired by all her friends, and by the whole world: and now will she, from motives of duty, accept of another worthy man; and thereby lay her parents themselves, as well as the most disinterested of brothers, under obligation to her.—What a pleasure, madam, (to the marchioness) will it be to you, to my honoured lord, to my uncle, and even to our Giacomo, and still more to his excellent wife, to reflect on the patience you have had with her, since her last rash step, and the indulgence shewn her! Clementina now will be all our own.

Every one praised Sir Charles, and attributed to him the happy prospects before them.

LETTER LVIII.

LADY GRANDISON TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Monday, May 28.

THE marchioness having been desired to break to Lady Clementina the news of Laurana's death, as of a fever, she did it with all imaginable tenderness this morning: but the generous lady was affected with it.—"O my poor cousin! said she—*Once* she loved me. I *ever* loved her!—Had she time given her!—On what a sandy foundation do we build our schemes of worldly glory!—Poor Laurana!—God, I hope, has taken her to the arms of his mercy!"

The pious lady and her confessor have shut themselves up in the oratory appropriated for the devotions of this noble family, to pray, as I presume, for the soul of Laurana.

Every thing is settled according to a plan laid down by Lady Clementina, at the request of all her family. The count and Signor Sebastiano are to set out for Dover on Thursday next. In less than a month from their departure, the rest are to embark for France in their way home—All but Jeronymo. Sir Charles has prevailed, that he shall be left behind, to try what our English baths may contribute to the perfect re-establishment of his health.

This tender point having been referred to his admirable sister, she generously consented to his stay with us. She has still *more* generously, because unasked, released Sir Charles from his promise of attending them back to Italy, in consideration of his Harriet; since, at this time, he would not know how to leave her; nor she to spare him. But the

next summer, if it be permitted me to look so forward, or the succeeding autumn to that, we hope to be all happy at Bologna. Lady L. Lady G. and their lords, have promised to accompany us: so has Dr. Bartlett; and we all hope, that Sir Edward Beauchamp will not refuse to re-visit Italy with his friends.

Friday, June 1.

Six happy days from the date of the letter which Lady Clementina wrote to her father and mother, has the count passed with us; the happiest he often declared, of his life; for in every one of them, he was admitted with a freedom that rejoiced his heart, to converse with the mistress of his destiny. She called upon him more than once in that space of time, to behave to her, as a brother to his sister; for this, she thinks, the uncertainty of what her situation may be a twelvemonth hence, requires for both their sakes.

Sweetly composed, sweetly easy, was her whole behaviour to him and to every-body else, during these six days. The sisterly character was well supported by her to him: but in the count, the most ardent, the most respectful, and even venerating lover took place of the brotherly one. Signor Jeronymo loves his sister as he loves himself; but the eyes of the count compared with those of Jeronymo, demonstrated, that there are two sorts of love; yet both ardent; and soul in both.

The parting scene between Clementina and the count, was, on *his* side, a very fervent, on *hers*, a kind, one. On his knees, he pressed with his lips, her not withdrawn hand. He would have spoken; but only could by his eyes; which ran over—Be happy, my Lord of Belvedere, said she. You have my wishes for your health and safety—Adieu!

She was retiring: but the count and Signor Sebastiano (of the latter of whom she had taken leave just before) following her a few paces, she turned; and with a noble composure, Adieu, once more, my two friends, said she: take care, my lord, of Signor Sebastiano: cousin, take care of the Count of Belvedere; courtesying to both. The count bowed to the ground, speechless. As she passed me, Lady Grandison, said she, raising my hand to her lips, sister of my heart; the day is fine; shall I, after you have blessed with your good wishes our parting friends, invite you into the garden? I took a cordial leave of the two noble youths, and followed her thither.

We had a sweet conversation there. And it was made still more delightful to us both, by Sir Charles's joining us, in about half an hour; for the two lords would not permit him to attend them one step beyond the court-yard; though he had his horses in readiness to accompany them some miles on their way.

When we saw Sir Charles enter the garden, we stood still, arm in arm, expecting and inviting his approach. Sweet sisters! Lovely friends, said he, when come up to us, taking a hand of each, and joining them, bowing on both; *Let* me mark this blessed spot with my eye; looking round him; then on me;—A tear on my Harriet's cheek?—He dried it off with my own handkerchief—Friendship, dearest creatures, will make at pleasure a safe bridge over the narrow seas; it will cut an easy passage through rocks and mountains, and make England and Italy one country. Kindred souls are always near.

In that hope, my good chevalier; in that hope, my dear Lady Grandison; will Clementina be happy, though the day of separation must not be far distant.

And will you here renew your promise, that when it shall be convenient to you, my dear Lady Grandison, you will not fail to grace our Italy with your presence?

We do!—We do!—

Promise me again, said the noble lady. I, too, have marked the spot with my eye (standing still, and, as Sir Charles had done, looking round her) The orangery on the right-hand; that distant clump of oaklings on the left; the villa, the rivulet, before us; the cascade in view; that obelisk behind us —Be *this* the spot to be recollected as witness to the promise, when we are far, far distant from each other.

We both repeated the promise; and Sir Charles said (and he is drawing a plan accordingly) that a little temple should be erected on that very spot, to be consecrated to our triple friendship; and, since she had so happily marked it, to be called after her name.

On Monday next, we are to set out for London. One fortnight passed we shall accompany our noble friends to Dover—And there—O my grandmamma, how shall we do to part!

It is agreed, that Mr. Lowther and Mr. Deane, though the latter, I bless God, is in good health; will next season accompany Signor Jeronymo to Bath. Sir Charles proposes to be his visiter there: and when *I* will give permission, is the compliment made me, Sir Charles proposes to shew him Ireland, and his improvements on his estate in that kingdom. Will not Lucy be rejoiced at that?—I am happy, that her lord and she take so kindly the felicitations I made them both. You, my dear grandmamma, and all my friends in Northamptonshire, are sure of the heart of

Their and your

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LIX.

LADY GRANDISON TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Saturday, June 9.

I GAVE you, my dear grandmamma, in my two last letters *, an account of our delightful engagements, among *ourselves* principally, and now-and-then at public places. What a rich portion of time has passed! And we have still the promise of a week to come. And now let me take a survey of our present happy situation.

Every thing that *can* be adjusted, is. The Count of Belvedere, as by letters to Signor Jeronymo, is on his way to Italy, and not unhappy: Lady Clementina is mistress of every question, and the more studious, for that reason, of obliging all her friends. How joyfully do we all, in prospect, see a durable tranquillity taking possession of her noble heart! The marquis and marchioness have not one care written on their heretofore visibly anxious brows. Clementina sees, as every one does, their amended health in their fine countenances; wonders at the power she had over them, and regrets that she made not, what she calls, a more grateful and dutiful use of it.

Father Marescotti, the bishop, Signor Juliano, compliment the English air, as if *that* had contributed to the alteration; and promise wonders from that and its salubrious baths for Jeronymo.

The highest merit is given to the conduct of Sir Charles, and to the advice he gave not to precipitate the noble Clementina.

Lord and Lady L. Lord and Lady G. when we are

* These do not appear.

by ourselves, felicitate *me* more than any body else on these joyful changes; for they rightly say, that I could not but look upon the happiness of Lady Clementina, as essential to my own.

But *your* congratulations, my dearest grandmamma, I most particularly expect, that in this whole critical event, which brought to England a lady so deserving of every one's love, not one shadow of doubt has arisen of the tender, inviolable affection of the best of men to his grateful Harriet.

So peculiarly circumstanced as he was, how unaffectedly noble has been his behaviour to his WIFE, and to his FRIEND, in the presence of both! How often, though causelesly (because of the nobleness of the lady's heart) have I silently wished him to abate of his outward tenderness to me, before her, though such as became the purest mind.—Nothing but the conscious integrity of his own heart, above disguises or concealments, as his ever was, could thus gloriously have carried him through situations so delicate.

He had, from the first, avowed his friendly, his compassionating love, as well as admiration, of this noble lady: that generous avowal prepared his Harriet to *expect*, that he should behave with tenderness to her, even had not her transcendant worthiness done honour to every one who paid her honour. To *her* he applauded, he exalted his Harriet: *she* was prepared to *expect* that he would recognize, in the face of the sun, obligations that he had entered into at the altar: and *both* knew, that he was a *good* man; and that a *good* man cannot allow himself either to palliate or temporize with a duty, whether it regarded friendship, or a still closer and more sacred union. How many difficulties will the character and intervention of a man of undoubted virtue obviate! What cannot he effect? What force has his

example! Sir Charles Grandison's love is a love to be gloried in. Magnanimity and tenderness are united in his noble heart. Littleness of any kind has no place in it: all that know him are studious to commend themselves to his favourable opinion; solicitous about what he will think of them: and, suppressing common foibles before him, find their hearts expand, nor know how to be mean.

O my God! do thou make me thankful for such a friend, protector, director, husband! Increase, with my gratitude to THEE, my merits to him, and my power of obliging him. For HIS SAKE, spare to him [*This*, my grandmamma, he bids be *my* prayer —I know it is *yours*] in the awful hour approaching, his Harriet; whose life and welfare, he assures her, are the dearest part of his own.

LETTER LX.

LADY GRANDISON TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

St. James's Square, Monday, June 18.

Now, at last, my dearest grandmamma, is the day arrived, that we are setting out for Dover. We shall lodge at Canterbury this night, and reach Dover to-morrow. How sad our hearts!

Canterbury, Monday night.

Here we are! How we look upon one another! The parting of dear friends, how grievous!—How does Sir Charles endeavour—But Lady Clementina is, to outward appearance, an heroine. What a grandeur of soul! She would not be *thought* to be concerned at leaving Sir Charles Grandison: but I see she is *inwardly* a sufferer. Jeronymo is silent.

I hope he repents not his stay to oblige his dear friend, and us all. The marquis and marchioness are continually comforting themselves (and declare it to be needful) with the hope of seeing us in a few months. Thank God, they have a finer season to go back, than they had to come hither: and they have found the jewel they had lost.

I should have told you, that Lord and Lady L. and Lord and Lady G. took leave of us at Rochester; thinking so large a train would be inconvenient to those to whom they wished to do honour. How tender was the parting; particularly between Lady Clementina and Lady L.!

Ten o'clock Monday night.

I am in my chamber here. Know not what to do with myself.—Yet, cannot write. Must again join company—Is not my Sir Charles in company?

Dover, Tuesday night.

Here, here, we are! How foolish to attempt the pen! I know not what to do with myself. The vessel is ready; every one is ready. To-morrow morning by day-light, if the wind—O what company to one another! How does the dear Clementina now melt into tears and tenderness!—Dear lady! What prayers has she put up for me! What tender blessings has she poured out upon me! How have we blessed, soothed, and endeavoured to console each other! What vows of *more* than sisterly affection!—Mrs. Beaumont! The excellent Mrs. Beaumont, *she* now is also affected—She never loved, at so short an acquaintance, she says, any mortal as she loves me. She blesses my dear Sir Charles for his tender, yet manly love to me!—We have engaged to correspond with each other, and in Italian

chiefly, as with Lady Clementina, in order to perfect myself in that language, and to make myself, as the marchioness fondly says, an Italian woman, and her other daughter.

Dover, Wednesday morning.

Cruel tenderness! They would not let me see them embark. Sir Charles laid his *commands* upon me (I will call them so, because I obeyed reluctantly) not to quit my chamber. Over-night, we parted! What a solemn parting! Sir Charles and Mrs. Beaumont only—But *are* they gone? They are! *Indeed* they are—Sir Charles, to whom seas and mountains are nothing, when either the service or pleasure of his friends call upon him, is embarked with them. He will see them landed, and accommodated at Calais, and then will return to Dover, to his expecting Harriet. His Jeronymo, his Beauchamp, and good Dr. Bartlett, are left to protect and comfort her. What a tender farewell between the doctor and Father Marescotti last night: they, also, are to be constant correspondents: the welfare of each family is to be one of their subjects.

Lady Clementina was not afraid of passing a boisterous sea, and the bay of Biscay, in a wintry season, when she pursued the flight that then was first in her view. Her noble mother, while she was in search of her daughter, had no fears: but now, the pangs of uncertainty and ardor of impatience being over, they both very thankfully embraced Sir Charles's offer (his *resolution*, I should say; for he would not have been refused) to accompany them over. The marquis complimented him, that every one would think themselves safe in the company of so good a man!—How will they be able to part with him! He with them!—But in a twelvemonth we shall all, God

willing, meet again; and, if the Almighty hear our prayers, have cause to rejoice in Lady Clementina's confirmed state of mind.

Friday morning.

The best of men, of friends, of husbands, is returned from Calais, cheerful, gay, lively, lovely, fraught with a thousand blessings for his Harriet. We shall set out, and hope to reach Canterbury this night on our return to town.

Sir Charles assures me, that he left the dear sister of my heart not unhappy. She was *all herself* at parting [his own words]; magnanimous, yet *condescendingly affectionate* [his words also]; as one, who was not afraid or ashamed of her sisterly love for him. He took leave of her with a tenderness worthy of his friendship for her; a tenderness that the brave and the good ever shew to those who are deserving of their love.

He particularly recommended it to her father, mother, the bishop, and Father Marescotti (the two latter to enforce it upon the general) that they would not urge the noble lady, not even upon the expectation she had given them; but leave her wholly to her own will, and her own way. They all promised they would; and, the poor Laurana being now no more, undertook for the general.

He tells me, that he had engaged the Count of Belvedere, on his departure from England, to promise to make his court to her only by silent assiduities, and by those actions of beneficence and generosity which were so natural to him, and so worthy of his splendid fortune.

St. James's Square, Sunday morning.

Last night, blessed be God, we came hither in health and spirits. We are preparing for church.

There shall we pray for the travellers, and be thankful for ourselves.

I expect Lord and Lady L. Lord and Lady G. and my cousin Reeves's, according to the following billet from the ever-lively Lady G.

"My Harriet, thank God, is arrived, and in health and spirits. Caroline and Mrs. Reeves, I know, will long to congratulate you. I have therefore sent to invite them to dine with you. Their good men, and mine of course, must be admitted. I know my brother will not be displeased. He is indulgent to all the whimsies of his Charlotte that carry in the face of them, as *this* does, affectionate freedom. Besides, it is stealing time for him: I know he will not long be in town, and must see us all before he leaves it. He will hasten to the hall, in order to pursue the glorious schemes of benevolence which he has formed, and in which hundreds will find their account.

"But let the green damask bed-chamber be got in a little sort of order, for a kind of nursery: where we dine, we sup. My marmouset must be with me, you know. I have bespoke Lady L.'s—Mrs. Reeves is to bring hers. They are to crow at one another; and we are to have a squalling concert. As it is Sunday, I will sing an anthem to them. My pug will not crow, if I don't sing. Yet I am afraid, the little pagans will be less alive to a Christian hymn, than to the sprightlier *Phillida, Phillida*, of Tom Durfey. I long to see how my agreeable Italian, poor thing! bears the absence of his father and mother. Bid him rub himself up, and look cheerful, or I shall take him into our nursery, to complete the chorus, when our brats are in a squalling fit. Adieu till to-morrow, my dear, and ever-dear, Harriet!—"

Lady G. is a charming nurse. She must be extraordinary in whatever she does. Signor Jeronymo admires her of all women. But she sometimes makes him look about him. He rejoices that he is with us; and is in charming spirits. He is extremely fond of children; particularly so of Lady G.'s—It is indeed one of the finest infants I ever saw: and he calls it, after her, HIS *marmouset* hugging it twenty times a day to his good-natured bosom. It would delight you to hear her sing to it, and to see her toss it about. Such a setting-out in matrimony; who would have expected Charlotte to make such a wife, mother, nurse!—Her brother is charmed with her. He draws her into the pleasantry that she loves; lays himself open to it; and Lord G. fares the better for their vivacity. Sir Charles generally contrives to do him honour, by appealing to him, when Charlotte is, as he complains, over-lively with himself: but that is, in truth, when he himself takes her down, and compliments her as if she were an overmatch for him. She often, at these times, shakes her head at me, as if she were sensible of his superiority in her own way.

But how I trifle!—I am ready, quite ready, my dear Sir Charles. Lead your ever-grateful Harriet to the house of the All-good, All-merciful, Allmighty. There shall I, as I always do, edify by your cheerful piety!

Sunday afternoon.

A new engagement, and of a melancholy kind, calls Sir Charles away from me again. In how many ways may a good man be serviceable to his fellow-creatures!

About two hours ago, a near relation of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen came hither in Sir Hargrave's cha-

riot-and-six (the horses smoking) to beg he would set out *with* him, if possible, to the unhappy man's house on the forest; where he has been, for a fortnight past, resigned to his *last* hope (and usually the physician's *last* prescription) *the air*. The gentleman's *name* is Pollexfen. He will, if the poor man die childless, enjoy the greatest part of his large estate. Mr. Pollexfen is a worthy man, I believe, notwithstanding Sir Hargrave's former disregard to him, and jealousies*; for, after he had delivered his message from his cousin, which was to beseech the comfort of Sir Charles's presence, and to declare that he could not die in peace, unless he saw him; he seconded Sir Hargrave's request, with tears in his eyes, and an earnestness that had both honesty and compassion in it. Sir Charles wanted not this to induce him to go; for he looks upon visiting the sick, in such urgent cases, as an indispensable duty: and waiting but till the horses had baited, he set out with Mr. Pollexfen with the utmost cheerfulness; only saying to me—It is a wonder, if the poor man be sensible, that he thought not of Dr. Bartlett rather than of me.

Mr. Merceda, Mr. Bagenhall, and now Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, in the prime of their youth!—So lately revelling in full health, even to wantonness!—Companions in iniquity!—In so *few* months!—Thou, Almighty! comfort the poor man in his last agonies! and receive him! From my very soul I forgive him those injuries which I—But well I may—Since, great as they were, they proved the means of my being brought acquainted with the lord of my wishes; the best of men.

Having filled my paper with the journal of near a week, I will conclude here, my dear grandmamma, with every tender wish and fervent prayer for the

* See Sir Hargrave's letter to Dr. Bartlett, vol. vi. p. 221.

health and happiness of all my dear friends in Northamptonshire, who so kindly partake in that of

Their and your

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LXI.

LADY GRANDISON TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Wednesday, June 27.

AH, my grandmamma!——The poor Sir Hargrave!—

Sir Charles returned but this morning. He found him sensible. He rejoiced to see him. He instantly begged his prayers. He wrung his hands; wept; lamented his past free life. Fain, said he, would I have been trusted with a few years trial of my penitence. I have wearied Heaven with my prayers to this purpose. I *deserved* not perhaps that they should be heard. My conscience cruelly told me, that I had neglected a multitude of opportunities! Slighted a multitude of warnings!—O Sir Charles Grandison! It it a hard, *hard* thing to die! In the prime of youth too!—Such noble possessions!—

And then he warned his surrounding friends, and made comparisons between Sir Charles's happiness, and his own misery. Sir Charles, at his request, sat up with him all night: he endeavoured to administer comfort to him; and called out for mercy for him, when the poor man could only, by expressive looks, join in the solemn invocation. Sir Hargrave had begged he would close his eyes. He did. He staid to the last painful moment. Judge what such a heart as Sir Charles's must have felt on the awful occasion!

Poor Sir Hargrave Pollexfen!—May he have met with mercy from the All-merciful!

He gave his will into Sir Charles's hands, soon after he came down. He has made him his sole executor. Have you not been told, that Sir Charles had heretofore reconciled him to his relations and heirs at law? He had the pleasure of finding the reconciliation sincere. The poor man spoke kindly to them all. They were tenderly careful of him. He acknowledged their care.

I cannot write for tears.—The poor man, in the last solemn act of his life, has been *intendedly* kind, but *really* cruel, to me—I should have been a sincere mourner for him (a life so mis-spent!) without this act of regard for me—He has left me, as a *small* atonement, he calls it, for the terrors he once gave me, a very large legacy in money (Sir Charles has not yet told me what) and his jewels and plate—And he has left Sir Charles a noble one besides. He died immensely rich. Sir Charles is grieved at both legacies: and the more, as he cannot give them back to the heirs; for they declare, that he bound them under a solemn oath (and by a curse, if they broke it) not to accept back either from Sir Charles, or me, the large bequests he told them he had made us: and they assured Sir Charles, that they *would be* religiously bound by it.

Many unhappy objects will be the better for these bequests. Sir Charles tells me, that he will not interfere, no, not so much as by his advice, in the disposal of mine. You, madam, and my aunt Selby, must direct me, when it comes into my hands. Sir Charles intends, that the poor man's memory shall receive true honour from the disposition of his legacy to him. He is pleased with his Harriet, for the concern she expressed for this unhappy man.

The most indulgent of husbands finds out some reason to praise her for every thing she says and does. But could HE be otherwise than the best of HUSBANDS, who was the most dutiful of SONS; who is the most affectionate of BROTHERS; the most faithful of FRIENDS: who is good upon principle, in every relation of life?

What, my dear grandmamma, is the boasted character of most of those who are called HEROES, to the un-ostentatious merit of a TRULY GOOD MAN? In what a variety of amiable lights does such a one appear? In how many ways is he a blessing and a joy to his fellow-creatures?

And this blessing, this joy, your Harriet can call more peculiarly her own!

My single heart, methinks, is not big enough to contain the gratitude which such a lot demands. Let the overflowings of your pious joy, my dearest grandmamma, join with my thankfulness in paying part of the immense debt for

Your undeservedly happy

HARRIET GRANDISON.

A

CONCLUDING NOTE

BY THE

EDITOR.

The editor of the foregoing collection has the more readily undertaken to publish it, because he thinks human nature has often, of late, been shewn in a light too degrading; and he hopes from this series of letters it will be seen, that characters may be good, without being unnatural. Sir Charles Grandison himself is sensible of imperfections, and, as the reader will remember, accuses himself more than once of tendencies to pride and passion, which it required his utmost caution and vigilance to rein-in; and many there are, who look upon his offered compromise with the Porretta family, in allowing the daughters of the proposed marriage to be brought up by the mother, reserving to himself the education of the sons only, as a blot in the character. Indeed, Sir Charles himself declares to the general, that he would not have come into such a compromise in a beginning address, not even with a princess.

Notwithstanding this, it has been observed by some, that, in general, he approaches too near the faultless character which critics censure as above nature: yet it ought to be observed too, that he performs no one action which it is not in the power of any man in his situation *to* perform; and that he

checks and restrains himself in no one instance in which it is not the duty of a prudent and good man *to* restrain himself.

It has been objected by some persons, that a man less able by strength or skill to repel an affront, than Sir Charles appears to have been, could not with *such* honour have extricated himself out of difficulties on refusing a challenge. And this is true, meaning by *honour* the favourable opinion of the European world, from the time of its being over-run by Gothic barbarism, down to the present. But as that notion of honour is evidently an absurd and mischievous one, and yet multitudes are at a loss to get over it, the rejection and confutation of it by a person whom, it was visible, the consideration of his own safety did not influence, must surely be of no small weight. And when it is once allowed, that there are cases and circumstances in which these polite *invitations to murder* may consistently with honour be disregarded, a little attention will easily find others; vulgar notions will insensibly wear out; and more ground be gained by degrees, than could have been attempted with hope of success, at once; till at length all may come to stand on the firm footing of reason and religion.

In the mean time, they who are *less* qualified to carry off right behaviour with honour in the eye of common judges, will, however, be esteemed for it by every serious and prudent person; and, perhaps, inwardly by many who are mean enough to join outwardly in blaming them.

Indeed, when a person hath *deserved* harsh treatment, his acquiescence under it, may generally be imputed to fear alone, and so render him an object at once of hatred and ridicule, hardly possible to be borne: but he who supports a conduct equally [illegible]ensive, by ever so much brutal courage, though a

less contemptible, is a vastly more detestable, creature: whilst an upright and harmless man, suppose him ever so timorous, merits rather a kind sort of pity than violent scorn.

But whoever declines forbidden instances of self-vindication, not from fear, but from principle; which is always to be presumed, if his regard to principle be steady and uniform in other things; such a one, however inferior to Sir Charles Grandison in advantages of nature and art, yet, if he shews real greatness of mind in such things as all men *may*, needs not doubt but he shall be respected by most, and may be sufficiently easy, though he is despised by some. He will still have the satisfaction of reflecting, that the laws of all nations are on his side*, and only the usurped authority of a silly modern custom against him; that, on many occasions, worthy

* It is so highly worth observing, that even the *military* law of our own country is strongly against duelling, that the editor cannot help subjoining an extract out of the articles of war, and recommending it to the consideration of all military persons.

ARTICLE XX.

"—Nor shall any officer or soldier presume to send a challenge to any other officer or soldier, to fight a duel, upon pain of being cashiered, if he be an officer; or suffering the severest corporal punishment, if a non-commissioned officer, or private soldier: and if any officer, or non-commissioned officer, commanding a guard, shall willingly and knowingly suffer any person whatever to go forth to fight a duel, they shall be punished as above; and all seconds also, and carriers of challenges, shall be taken as principals, and punished accordingly. —Nor shall any officer or soldier upbraid another for refusing a challenge, since, according to these our orders, they but do the duty of soldiers, who ought to subject themselves to discipline: and we do acquit and discharge all men who have quarrels offered, or challenges sent to them, of all disgrace, or opinion of disadvantage, in their obedience hereunto: and whosoever shall upbraid them, and offend in this case, shall be punished as a challenger."

en in all ages, have patiently suffered *false* disgrace r adhering to their duty; that the true bravery is adhere to all duties under all disadvantages; and, at refusing a duel is a duty to ourselves, our fel-w-creatures, and our MAKER. And whoever acts these principles, the more reproach he undergoes r it, rather than be driven, like a coward, by the offs of his fellow-subjects, to rebel against the OVEREIGN of the universe, will have the more lightful consciousness of a strong inward principle piety and virtue, and the more distinguished re-ard from the final Judge of all, who alone disposes that honour which shall never fade.

It has been said in behalf of many modern ficti-ous pieces, in which authors have given success nd *happiness*, as it is called) to their heroes of ious, if not of profligate, characters, that they ve exhibited human nature as it *is*. Its corrup-on may, indeed, be exhibited in the faulty cha-acter; but need pictures of this be held out in ooks? Is not vice crowned with success, triumphant, nd rewarded, and perhaps set off with wit and pirit, a dangerous representation? And is it not nade even *more* dangerous by the hasty reformation, ntroduced, in contradiction to all probability, for he sake of patching up what is called a happy nding?

The God of nature intended not human nature or a vile and contemptible thing: and many are he instances, in every age, of those whom he en-bles, amidst all the frailties of mortality, to do it onour. Still the *best* performances of human crea-ures will be imperfect; but, such as they are, it is urely both delightful and instructive to dwell some-imes on this bright side of things; to shew, by a eries of facts in common life, what a degree of

excellence may be attained and preserved, amidst a
the infection of fashionable vice and folly.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON is therefore in th general tenor of his principles and conduct (thoug exerted in peculiarities of circumstances that cannc always be accommodated to particular imitation proposed for an example; and, in offering him a such, were his character still more perfect than it i presumed to be, the editor is supported by an emi nent divine of our own country.

"There is no manner of inconvenience in havin a pattern propounded to us of so great perfectior as is above our reach to attain to; and there ma be great advantages in it. The way to excel i any kind, is, *optima quæque exempla ad imitandu proponere;* to propose the brightest and most perfe examples to our imitation. No man can wr after too perfect and good a copy; and though h can never reach the perfection of it, yet he is lik to learn more, than by one less perfect. He tha aims at the heavens, which yet he is sure to come short of, is like to shoot higher than he that aims a a mark within his reach.

"Besides, that the excellency of the pattern, as it leaves room for continual improvement, so it kindles ambition, and makes men strain and contend to the utmost to do better. And, though he ca never hope to equal the example before him, ye he will endeavour to come as near it as he can. So that a perfect pattern is no hinderance, but an advantage rather, to our improvement in an kind."—Tillotson, vol. II. Serm. LVII. p. 577.

THE END.

T. Davison, Lombard-street,
Whitefriars, London.

INDEX,

HISTORICAL AND CHARACTERISTICAL,

TO THE

SEVEN VOLUMES OF THIS WORK.

A few only of the SENTIMENTS with which this work abounds, are inserted in this INDEX. There is only room to refer to the rest by figures; under the proper heads; as in *Advice* to women, *Anger*, &c.

A.

ABSENCE of lovers, vol. iii. p. 236. Promotive of a cure of love, vii. 242.

ADAM; his complacence to Eve, according to Milton, animadverted upon, v. 220.

ADDISON, *Mr.* the fair sex under great obligations to him, i. 157.

Address to men of sense in the gay world, iii. 209 to 217.

Adventures of love; women have often more courage in them than men, vi. 279.

Adversity is the trial of principle, v. 71.

Advice or cautions to women, i. 13. 18. 20. 27 to 31. 39. 6. 160. 318. | ii. 12. 100. 335. | iv. 152, 153. | vii. 319. See single women.

Affectation, i. 53. 58, 59. | ii. 305. | iii. 150. 180.

Age, the present, its character, i. 269. 287. Much obliged to the Spectator, vii. 217.

Age of fancy, a dangerous time in a young woman's life, iv. 116.

Aged persons should study to promote in young people those innocent pleasures, which they themselves were fond of in youth, vi. 280. *See Mrs.* Shirley.

Ages, different, at which women will think differently of entering into the state of wedlock, iv. 148.

Agreeableness preferable to mere beauty, i. 271.

ALLESTREE, *Miss*, her character, i. 19.

ALLESTREE, *Mr.* a guest at Sir Charles Grandison's nuptials, vi. 329.

ALLESTREE, *Sir John*, his character of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, i. 88.

ALTIERI, *Count*, misunderstanding between Sir Charles Grandison and him, v. 268.

ALTIERI, family, v. 215. 242.

ANDERSON, *Captain*, an unworthy suitor of Miss Grandison, ii. 278. His history, ii. 282 to 301. Finds means, by her father's ill policy, to engage her in a promise, ii. 288, 289. Sir Charles Grandison's conference with him, in which he disengages his sister from it, ii. 325 to 334. *See Miss Charlotte* Grandison.

Anger, i. 308. | iii. 136. | iv. 24. 28. 63. 98. 187. | v. 270 to 273. | vii. 77.

Apologies uncalled for, are tacit confessions, iii. 180.

Apprehensiveness as characteristic to the woman, as courage to the man, ii. 298, 299.

ARBY, *Mrs. Penelope*, an affected old maid, vii. 216.

Artful men, ii. 282. 285. 288. | iv. 63. 152, 153.

Artful women, iii. 81, 82.

Avarice, iii. 60. 69. 138. | iv. 129.

Attachments, guilty ones, the inconvenience of pursuing them politically as well as morally considered, iii. 73. 213. 215, 216.

AUGUSTUS *Cæsar* challenged by Mark Antony, ii. 62.

AUGUSTUS I. king of Poland, an improper example to influence a good man to change his religion, v. 98.

AWBERRY, *Widow*, and her two daughters, agents of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, i. 187. *See* Wilson.

B.

B. Lord, his infamous character, v. 72. | vi. 5.

Bachelors Old. *See* Old *Bachelors*.

BADGER, *Cicely*, Mrs. Eleanor Grandison's woman, v. 129. 132.

BAGENHALL, *James, Esq.* a friend and companion in libertinism of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, i. 141. 180. 221. His profligate character from his agent Wilson, i. 255, 256. His letter to Miss Byron proposing terms between Sir Charles Grandison, and Sir Hargrave, i. 293. Carries a challenge to Sir Charles, i. 307. Conference between them on that subject, i. 329 to 336. His importune visit at Sir Charles's, ii. 6. Makes proposals as from himself, to forward a reconciliation, ii. 26, 27. Sir Charles invites himself to breakfast with Sir Hargrave at his own house, ii. 28. What passes on that visit, 35 to 69. He attends Miss Byron with Sir Hargrave and Mr. Jordan, ii. 97 to 100. He, Sir Hargrave, and other of their companions, dine at Sir Charles's, and give some hope of reformation from his instructive conversation, ii. 101, 102. Seduces a manufacturer's daughter at Abbeville, iv. 266. Obliged to marry her, iv. 285. His miserable situation, and hatred of his wife, v. 308, 309. Ruined, and becomes a fugitive; leaving his wife in the most destitute circumstances, vi. 220. 226. *See Miss* Byron, *Sir Charles* Grandison, *Sir Hargrave* Pollexfen.

BANNES, a Spanish jesuit, his opinion of duelling censured, ii. 66.

BARCLAY, *Miss*, a guest at Sir Charles Grandison's nuptials, vi. 321. 329.

BARNET, *Mr.* his foppish character, i. 21.

BARNEVELT, *Miss*, her masculine airs displayed, and character given, by Miss Byron, i. 55, 56. Thanks God she is a woman, and why, i. 56. Her free behaviour to Miss Byron, i. 57. 78, 79. Enumerates her heroes both ancient and modern, i. 83. Takes a tilt in heroics, i. 86. And makes honest Singleton feel for his brains, i. 87. The character Miss Byron supposes she would have given of her, had she written of her to her Bombardino, i. 96, 97. How, probably, she would have acted had she been of the other sex, vi. 279. Pleasantly censured by Sir Charles Grandison, vi. 379.

BARNHAM, *Mr.* a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Grandison-hall, iii. 11.

BARTLETT, *Dr. Ambrose*, an excellent clergyman; his character from Sir Charles Grandison, ii. 3. Presented by him to Miss Byron, ii. 5, 6. The fine gentleman and clergyman united in him, ii. 7. His modest and polite behaviour, ii. 13. Brachman's prayer, ii. 14. Piety in his retirement, ii. 336. Sounded on the state of Sir Charles's affection with regard to Miss By-

ron, ii. 338 to 344. His history, ii. 362 to 372. Guesses at Miss Byron's love for Sir Charles, iii. 94. Instructs her in geography, iii. 117. His friendship with young Mr. Grandison, afterwards Sir Charles, in his travels, to whom he stands in the place of a second conscience, iii. 177. His serious reflections on the short duration of human life, iii. 392. Visits Mrs. Oldham and her children, and comforts that true penitent, iv. 5, 6. His opinion of chamber-marriages, iv. 107. Sir Charles acknowledges his obligations to him as his monitor, v. 270. Gives Lady G. an account of Sir Charles's motions in England, v. 305 to 311. His encomium upon Lord G. written to his lively lady, v. 308. And useful reflections on the sameness of the lives, actions, and pursuits of libertines, v. 309. Presented by Sir Charles to his bride at Grandison-hall, vii. 20. His method of family devotion, vii. 35. His account of Sir Charles's œconomy, vii. 47 to 49. Directs the hospitality of the Christmas-season; a blessing to all around him, vii. 67. His answer to a case put to him, by Miss Jervois, as if not her own, vii. 97. His advice, Sir Charles says, made him always sure of the ground he stood upon, vii. 138. He and Father Marescotti mutually admire and love each other, notwithstanding the difference of religion, vii. 237. Are inseparable, vii. 240. Promises to accompany the Grandison family, when they visit Italy, vii. 305. Tender farewell between him and Father Marescotti, vii. 312.

BARTLETT, *Mr.* nephew to Dr. Bartlett, and his amanuensis, gives Miss Byron a transcribed account of the doctor's history, ii. 337. Sir Charles Grandison's scheme of providing for him, vi. 6. Genteelly supported in his service, vii. 36. 47.

Baths in England restorative, v. 246.

Beauchamp, *Sir* HARRY, keeps his son abroad, to humour a mother-in-law, ii. 373. His undue complaisance to her accounted for, ibid. Admires Sir Charles Grandison, 374. Conversation between him and Sir Charles, on the proposal of his son's return, iv. 22. Leaves it to Sir Charles to bring his lady to consent to it, iv. 23. Who happily, though with difficulty, succeeds, iv. 30 to 40. Leaves Sir Charles again to manage for him on his son's actual return, iv. 116. Conversation on that subject, and tender behaviour of Sir Harry to his lady and his son, iv. 117, 118. They bless Sir Charles as the author of their happiness, iv. 132. Sir Harry declines in his health, v. 129. 213. 292. His solemn parting with Sir Charles on the apprehension that he shall see him no more, v. 310, 311. His recovery despaired of, vi. 138. 178. Desires to see

Sir Charles, vi. 225. Recommends his lady to him, and makes him a trustee in his will, vi. 237, 238. Sir Charles again attends him, vi. 279. | vii. 15. He dies, vii. 39.

Beauchamp, LADY, in love with Mr. Beauchamp: but her advances slighted, conceives an hatred to him, and marries his father in order to have both in her power, ii. 373. Conference between Sir Charles, Sir Harry, and her, on Sir Charles's proposal for the young gentleman's return to England, iv. 23 to 39. Her kind reception of her son-in-law, in consequence of Sir Charles's adroit management, iv. 117. Her character from Mr. Beauchamp, iv. 132. Her grateful behaviour to Sir Charles, and grief for her husband's illness, v. 310. Her affairs in her widowhood regulated to her satisfaction, by Sir Charles, vii. 56, 57. Demands a third place in the friendship between him and her son-in-law, vii. 57.

Beauchamp, *Mr.* EDWARD, son of Sir Harry, a distinguished friend of Sir Charles Grandison; The commencement of their acquaintance, and the happy part he acted, in saving the life of Dr. Bartlett at Athens, ii. 368, 369. His character from Dr. Bartlett, and history, ii. 372 to 374. His character from Sir Charles Grandison, iii. 147. Visits Sir Charles on his sister Charlotte's wedding-day, iv. 131. His character from Miss Byron, iv. 132. 139. 227. In love with Miss Jervois, iv. 227. His prudent behaviour to her, iv. 285. His veneration for Dr. Bartlett, v. 47. His character by Lady G. v. 130. Requests Sir Charles to write to Lady Beauchamp, thanking her in his own name (as she is a great admirer of *him*) for her kindness to himself, v. 213. Present at Sir Charles's nuptials; particulars of his agreeable behaviour in, and after, every part of the solemnity, vi. 312. 322. 326, 327. 337. 350. 353, 354. 358. 367. Defends the cause of the ladies on the subject of learning and languages, vi. 376. His generous as well as dutiful behaviour to his widowed stepmother, vii. 57. His application to Sir Charles for Miss Jervois in marriage, vii. 137. What passes between the two friends on that occasion, vii. 137, 139. Attends Miss Jervois to Northamptonshire, vii. 165. Visits Sir Charles and his Italian friends, at Grandison-hall, vii. 237. Miss Jervois consults Lady Grandison concerning him, vii. 287. (*See Miss* Jervois.) Lady Grandison's answer, praising him, vii. 290. Accompany Sir Charles and his lady, and their Italian friends, to Dover, on the latter's leaving England, vii. 312.

BEAUMONT, *Mrs.* a lady of an excellent heart and fine genius, cruelly deprived of her fortune, by a base uncle her guardian, is prevailed upon to go as companion to Italian ladies of

worth and honour, to Florence, iii. 196. Her management to induce Lady Clementina to own, that a struggle between love and her superior duties, was the cause of her melancholy, iii. 249 to 263. Her letter describing the unhappy way Lady Clementina is in, iii. 385 to 388. Another, recounting the severe treatment that young lady met with, iv. 56 to 63. Gives Sir Charles an account of Clementina's amended health, v. 83. And of several conferences held with her concerning him, v. 84, 85. Her arguments with her, tending to dissuade her from taking the veil, vi. 92. And in behalf of the Count of Belvedere, vi. 97. Acquaints that lady's family with the particulars of her flight, vii. 106. Accompanies the Porretta family to England in search of her, vii. 109. Arrives at Dover with them, vii. 166. And at London, vii. 174. Felicitates Lady Grandison, vii. 179. Introduced by Sir Charles to Lady Clementina, vii. 195. That lady's fine address to her, as soothingly and kindly answered by her, vii. 195. She always, Lady Clementina says, knew how to blunt the keen edge of calamity, vii. 196. Visits Sir Charles and his lady with Clementina, vii. 198. Receives a letter from her friends at Florence, urging her return, and acquainting her with Olivia's reflections on Clementina, vii. 241. Confers with Clementina on the subject, vii. 242 to 246. Affected at parting with Lady Grandison on her return to Italy, vii. 311. They agree to correspond with each other, ibid. *See Lady* Clementina; *Sir Charles* Grandison, *Miss* Byron.

Beauty, i. 1. 4. 19. 55. 108. | ii. 81. 202. | iii. 24. | iv. 103. | vi. 176.

Beauty, without the graces of the mind, will have no power over the heart of a wise and good man, vi. 81, 82.

Beckford, *Mrs.* housekeeper of Sir Thomas Grandison, intercedes for her young ladies, labouring under their father's displeasure, ii. 188, 189.

Belvedere, *Count of*, characterized by Sir Charles Grandison, as a handsome, gallant, sensible man, of ample fortune, in love with Lady Clementina, iii. 188. Conference held with Lady Clementina, in his favour, by Sir Charles, iii. 220, & seq. Lets Sir Charles, on his going back to Italy, know his unabated passion for her, notwithstanding her malady, iv. 295. Gives Sir Charles an account of the proposals made him in Laurana's favour, iv. 309. Enquires into Sir Charles's expectations from Clementina, ibid. Visits him at Bologna, in apprehension of his succeeding with Clementina, v. 138. His desperate resolutions on such an apprehension, v. 140 to 143. By whom incited to

this visit, and desperation, v. 143. Visits him again with a pair of pistols; and is subdued by Sir Charles's noble behaviour to him, v. 175. Makes him another visit; what passes in it, v. 204 to 206. Invites him to his palace at Parma, v. 212. Visited there by Sir Charles, v. 266. His character from Signor Jeronymo, vi. 95. Accompanies the Porretta family to England, in search of Lady Clementina, vii. 108. Visits Lady Grandison in St. James's Square, vii. 168. His character by that lady, greatly to his advantage, vii. 169. He highly admires her, 169, 170. Assumes the name of Marsigli, in order to conceal his being in England, vii. 172. His polite behaviour to Lady Grandison, vii. 175. Avows his continued love for Clementina, 176. He receives Sir Charles's proposals of general reconciliation between that lady and her friends (which equally bind her to give up her favourite scheme of the sequestered life, and her friends not to urge her to marry) with great emotion; but, still hoping, gives way to the seeming necessity, vii. 186. His being in England, with the greatest caution, broke to Lady Clementina, vii. 198 to 202. Interview with her; affecting scenes on the occasion, vii. 206 to 210. He and Signors Sebastiano and Juliano propose to stay in town for some weeks, while their friends accompany Sir Charles to Grandison-hall, vii. 211. Indisposed, vii. 240. Loiters in town; afraid to go to Grandison-hall, because his next visit to Lady Clementina must be a parting one, vii. 247. Every one pities him, yet endeavours to prevail on him to pursue his better fortune at Madrid, vii. 248. Praise for his beneficent spirit, ibid. Makes his will; and leaves all in his power to the Porretta family, if he die unmarried, vii. 256. Not to Lady Clementina; his generous reason why, ibid. Declares, that if her malady should be renewed by reason of her friends favour to him, he should be the most miserable of men, ibid. Further generous declarations of his inviolable love to her, ibid. Never will marry while she remains single, ibid. Were she is, he says, he would hope to conduct, to guide, to compose her noble mind, vii. 257. He would admire, equally with her, that best of men, whose goodness is not more the object of her love than of his veneration, ibid. Jealous as he is of his honour, he says, he would satisfy the charmer of his soul, that he approved of her sisterly love to a man so excellent; nor should she be left to the silent distress of her own heart, ibid. He goes down to Grandison-hall; description of his person by Lady G. vii. 278. Declines going to Spain, as he had intended. vii. 285. His confusion from reverence of her, at taking leave, vii. 267. She

pities him, and graciously invites his longer stay, vii. 286. Every one congratulates him upon it, ibid. He is drawn out at table by Sir Charles greatly to his advantage, vii. 292. Her letter to her father and mother, giving distant hopes of complying with their will, 296 to 299. General joy upon it, 299. His general acquiescence with her future will, whatever it shall be, at the end of the time she has taken to judge of what the state of her mind will then be, and to determine accordingly, vii. 302. Passes six happy days at Grandison-hall, vii. 305. The parting scene on his setting out to embark for Italy, ibid.

Beneficence, ii. 137. | iii. 92. | iv. 75. 118. | v. 18. 306. | vii. 48. 280. *See Sir Charles* Grandison.

Benevolence, ii. 58. | iii. 93, 94. 205. 392. *See Sir Charles* Grandison.

Bever, *Mr.* Sir Thomas Grandison's English steward; his dishonest policy, ii. 204. 232.

Blagrave, *Mr.* an attorney employed against Sir Charles Grandison, by Mr. O'Hara, iii. 103, 104.

Bolton, an infamous steward of Mr. Calvert; his wicked contrivances, by which he defrauds the right heirs of the estate of his superannuated master, iv. 14. 282. Brought, by Sir Charles Grandison's means, to make proposals of restitution, v. 213. | vi. 3, 4. Affairs with him adjusted to the satisfaction of the right heirs, vi. 178. *See* Mansfield.

Brachman's prayer, ii. 14.

Bramber, *Misses*, their characters, i. 19, 20.

Bridal dresses, sentiments on them, vi. 265. 309, 310.

Brothers and sisters, ii. 249. | vii. 140, 141. *See Sir Charles* Grandison.

Burnet, *Bishop*, quotation from him relating to learning Latin, i. 80, 81.

Burgess, a person employed by Sir Charles Grandison in beautifying his church, iii. 10.

Byron, *Mr.* and *Mrs.* parents of Miss Harriet; their excellent characters, i. 6. | ii. 140. | vi. 52. 356.

Byron, *Miss Harriet*, (Vol. I.) courted by Mr. Greville, Mr. Orme, Mr. Fenwick, 1, 2. Mr. Greville's description of her person; and his character of her, 3 to 11. Her opinion of the flatteries of men, 12. 18, 19. Is averse to their dangling after her, 13. Her singular wish, 14. Her tenderness for her sick cousin, Miss Nancy Selby, 14. 17. Behaviour of Mr. Greville and Mr. Fenwick, on escorting her part of the way to London, 15. She pities Mr. Orme because he is a good man,

16. Describes her cousin Reeves's house, and her apartment in it, ibid. Characterizes the company at her cousin Reeves's, 19 to 23. Censures Lady Betty Williams for disavowing her own personal care of her daughter's education, 23. Is to be introduced by that lady to all the places of public entertainment, 24. (*See Lady Betty* Williams) Her reasons for disliking Mr. Greville, 27. and Mr. Fenwick, 30. Loves Miss Orme; but is afraid of her, because of her continual pleas in her brother's favour, 31. Raillied by her uncle Selby, 32 to 37. (*See Mr.* Selby) Her account of Mr. Fowler, a new lover, 37 to 42. Her defence of occasional self-praise, 42, 43. Visited by Sir Rowland Meredith, in behalf of his nephew Fowler, 44 to 54, Characterizes the company at Lady Betty Williams's, 54, & seq. Drawn into a debate there with Mr. Walden, on the subject of learning and languages, 58 to 87. Sir Hargrave, Pollexfen declares himself her lover, 84, 85. She apprehends difficulties from him, 86. Her fanciful account of what the persons whom she had characterized in that conversation, would write of her to their several friends, were they to write, as she does to hers, 95 to 102. Further account of Mr. Fowler's address, 102 to 114. And of that of Sir Hargrave 115 to 126. Lady Betty insists on dressing her for a ball in the Hay-market, 126. Sir Rowland courts her for his nephew, in the presence of Sir Hargrave and Mr. Greville, 128 to 136. She declares to Sir Hargrave her dislike of him, because of his faulty morals, 138. Conversation between her and Mr. Greville, with his odd behaviour in it, 143 to 147. Visits Miss Clements, and admires her, 148. Scenes of courtship-conversations, between her, Mr. Greville, and Sir Hargrave, 150 to 155. She diverts the two gentlemen from quarrelling, 157. Conversation between her and her cousin Reeves's on the addresses of Mr. Orme and Mr. Fowler, 158 to 162. Conversation between her and Sir Hargrave, in which she gives him an absolute denial, and he leaves her in a rage, 162 to 168. Her dress for the masquerade, 169. Carried off from thence, 170, 171. The terror of Mr. Reeves and of her Northamptonshire friends on the occasion. (*See Mr.* Reeves. *See Mr.* Selby) Rescued; by whom, 189, 190. Interesting particulars of the whole affair, given by Mr. Reeves, 177 to 222.—by Sir Charles Grandison her deliverer, 204 to 211.—by herself when recovered from her fright, and the effects of her injurious treatment, 222 to 250.—and by Wilson, her perfidious servant, 256 to 263. Will not allow that her gratitude to her deliverer shall be construed into *more* than gratitude, 266. Gives the character of Miss Grandison, younger sister to Sir Charles, 266 to 269,—of Sir Charles him-

self, 269 to 277. Receives another visit from Sir Rowland, 279, 280.—A *flying* one from Miss Grandison, as that gay lady terms it; what passes in it, 280, & seq. Applauds Sir Charles's true heroism, 289. Concerned that he set out for Canterbury without visiting her, 290. Gives suspicion that her gratitude will engage her in a more tender passion, 291, 292. In terror on a challenge sent to Sir Charles by Sir Hargrave, 293 to 297. Visited by Lord L. Lady L. (elder sister of Sir Charles) Miss Grandison, and Sir Charles himself, 300 to 314. Gives the character and description of Lady L. 314. Of Lord L. 315. Her answer to the Countess of D.'s proposal of her son the Earl of D. 326. Declares her indifference to all men, except one; and that exception she ascribes to gratitude only, 327. Her further observations on Sir Charles's true heroism, 335.

Bryon, *Miss* (Vol. II.) dines at Sir Charles Grandison's, and gives the conversations held there, 2 to 24. Her anxiety on what may yet happen between Sir Charles and Sir Hargrave, on the intrepid visit of the former to the latter at his own house, 25 to 33. (*See Sir Charles* Grandison) Her terror on being visited by Sir Hargrave, 70 to 74. Lively conversation between her, Lady L. and Miss Grandison, on the number of her lovers, and particularly on the Countess of D.'s proposal, 74 to 80. The countess's first visit to her: they are mutually charmed with each other, 80 to 89. The sisters railly and perplex her after the countess is gone, 90 to 94. She begins to apprehend that her gratitude is growing into love, yet is loth to believe it, 94 to 96. Receives another visit from Sir Hargrave, 97. Lord and Lady L. invite her to their country-seat near Colnebrook, 102. Her cousin Reeves's think her far gone in love; but the gentleman not having declared himself, she hopes they are mistaken, 107. Sir Charles is charmed with her for her forgiveness of the penitent Wilson, 110, 111. Her comments on letters written to her by her aunt Selby and grandmother Shirley, on the Countess of D.'s proposal, 130 to 133. She thinks Sir Charles severe on her sex, 233. Complains to her Lucy of his absence, 253. Sounded by Miss Grandison and Lady L. on her most favoured Lover, since she has rejected Lady D.'s proposal, 253, 254. Her thoughts of love, 255. 257, 258. Her opinion of Lady Anne S. who is in love with Sir Charles, 259. Her fortune why not so great as it might have been, 272. Her humorous apostrophe to the persons whose characters (which now appear trifling to her) she had formerly delineated, 295. Broke in upon, and excessively raillied in her dressing-room by the two sisters, 302 to 313. Her reflections on her hopeless prospect from their

conference with Dr. Bartlett, 344, 345. She would chuse to die rather than be the means of Sir Charles's disturbance, 347. Suspects Dr. Bartlett of designing to detach her from Sir Charles, in favour of Mr. Beauchamp, 375. What would be her most malicious wish, 375, 376.

BYRON, *Miss* (VOL. III.) Her invective against love, 1, 2. Refuses to read a letter of Sir Charles, clandestinely come at by Miss Grandison, 3 to 6. Reflections on the temptation, and on her resisting it, 7, 8. Will not *deserve* to be despised by Sir Charles, 23. Why she calls love an *ignoble* passion, 29. Interesting conversation with Miss Jervois, on their mutual regard for Sir Charles, 48 to 57. She is alarmed at Mr. Deane's visit to him, 95. She likes not that Sir Charles should stile himself her brother, 105 to 107. Obliges him with the sight of some of her letters, 107, 108. Thinks his affections engaged, 118. Greatly embarrassed on the questions put to him on that point in her presence, 123. Her apostrophe to Dr. Bartlett, on Sir Charles's imagined reservedness, 126. Her *supposed* question to Sir Charles, concerning the woman of his choice, 147. Betrays a degree of captiousness before Sir Charles, 163, 164. The library-conference, in which Sir Charles gives her a brief history of Lady Clementina della Porretta, 169, & seq. (*See* Clementina, Vol. III.) Is to receive from Dr. Bartlett, by Sir Charles's permission, extracts from Sir Charles's letters at the time relating to the interesting story of Lady Clementina. 200. She avers from experience, that love is a narrower of the heart, 201. Yet pities and prays for Lady Clementina, 202. Puzzled at Sir Charles's abrupt manner of leaving her in the library-conference, 204. Inveighs against the absurdity in the passion, which compels Clementina to love against her inclination, 206. Accuses the Italian family of want of discretion, 238. Parallel between her case and that of Clementina, 240, 241. Accuses herself of forwardness, and is apprehensive that Sir Charles has discovered her passion, 245. And of opinion, that justice requires she should give up all hopes of him, 248. Wishes she had only heard of him by fame, and not known him personally, 275. Her extreme humility, 327.

BYRON, *Miss* (Vol. IV.) Wishes Sir Charles were proud, vain, arrogant, that she might the more easily throw off her acknowledged shackles, 2. Her apostrophe to her heart on sighing for his absence, 3. Supposes him to have but a slight opinion of the sex, and reckons that a blot in his character, 21. Visited by the Earl and Countess of D. she owns to that lady,

her heart to be a wedded heart, and that it disdains a second engagement, 42 to 49. Acts greatly on a trying occasion, and prefers Clementina to herself, 64. Yet thinks herself beloved by him, 68, 69. Will endeavour to make herself worthy of his offered friendship, whatever pangs she feels from a more tender passion, 92. Her contemplation of his worth, 93. Checks herself for urging Dr. Bartlett to discover the secrets of his friend, 105. Apostrophe to Clementina, giving her the preference to herself from a principle of justice, ibid. Every one sure that Sir Charles loves her, 118. Her account of Miss Grandison's nuptials, 119. 121, & seq. Upon placing herself in Clementina's situation, she again prefers that lady to herself, yet owns, that her self-denial costs her dear, 143. She is presented to Lady Olivia by Sir Charles, 161. (*See Lady* Olivia) Avoids false modesty in not forbearing to speak in a language she is not perfectly skilled in, 171. Sir Charles's tender visit to her on his preparing to leave England, 173 to 177. From the manner in which he mentions to her with favour the Earl of D. she concludes that he loves her himself, 178. Her reflections on his departure from England, 180 to 182. Her charitable apostrophe to Dr. Bartlett in favour of Olivia's character, iv. 181. She fixes the day of her setting out for Northamptonshire, 185. Visit paid her by the Countess of D. what passes of a tender nature in it, 189 to 197. Explains the meaning of Sir Charles's dark expressions in the library-conference, with which she had been formerly puzzled, 197, 198. Her letter to Sir Rowland Meredith, in answer to a paternal one of his, in which (considering him as her father) she avows her regard for Sir Charles, notwithstanding his engagements with another lady, and disclaims the generous intentions of Sir Rowland in her favour, in his will, 223 to 226. (*See Sir Rowland* Meredith) Takes leave of her friends in town, 226 to 230. Description of her journey; account of the friends who accompanied her as far as Dunstable, and of those who met her there from Northamptonshire; of Mr. Greville and Mr. Fenwick's collation for her at Stratford; of Mr. Orme again saluting her by the highway-side, as the coach passed by his park-wall; and of her reception by her grandmother and other friends at Selby-house, 231 to 237. Reminds Lady G. of her and her sister's teazing attack upon her in her dressing-room, at Colnebrook, 232. Applauded by all her family (Mr. Selby excepted) for her generous preference of Lady Clementina to herself, 236, 237. She reproves Lady G. for the levity of her behaviour to her lord, 253. Is disappointed in

obtaining the ease of mind she hoped for at Selby-house, 254. Visited by Mr. Fenwick, Mr. Greville, Mr. Orme, &c. on her return: Mr. Greville's incivility; her magnanimity, 255 to 259.

BYRON, *Miss* (VOL. V.) Her remarks on Sir Charles's first letter from Italy, 42 to 45. And on the following, 45, 46. Her reception of Lord and Lady G. and Miss Jervois, and Dr. Bartlett, at Stony-Stratford and Selby-house, 73, 74. Declines in her health; yet takes pains to be cheerful, 76, 77. Prudently restrains her talent for raillery, 78. Owns her love for Sir Charles to Lady G. as frankly as when she and Lady L. extorted the secret from her by their united raillery: and glories in it, 78. Her arguments on love and friendship, 78, 79. The general concern of all her friends for her on the supposition of Sir Charles's speedy marriage to Clementina, 110. Her magnanimous behaviour on that occasion, 113 to 117. The pains she takes to conceal the heaviness of her heart, 117. Her excellent œconomy, 120, 121. She advises Lady G. not to sport with the infirmities of age in the case of old maids, and with the understanding of her husband, 135. Prays for blessings on Sir Charles and Clementina, now supposed man and wife, 137. Her sentiments on the whole of Sir Charles's behaviour with respect to Clementina, on occasion of that lady's noble refusal of him, 217 to 221. Sir Charles returns to England; solicitously enquires after her health; and is afflicted to hear of her being ill, 296 to 299. Her further reproofs to Lady G. for her levity, 302, 303. Her pride awakened by the girlish supposition of Sir Charles's divided love (on his application to her after his not succeeding with Clementina) abates the joy she would otherwise have taken in receiving his addresses, 304, 305.

BYRON, *Miss* (VOL. VI.) Mrs. Reeves acquainting her by letter, that she has no doubt of Sir Charles's love of her, and congratulating her upon it, she answers with some petulance because of the female notion of a divided love; yet owns without reserve, her preference of him to all the men in the world, 18 to 22. Under the fanciful supposition of his ghost appearing to her grandmother, she acquaints Lady G. with her brother's address to that venerable lady for her interest in his favour with her, 22, & seq. Her great sensibilities, and her friends congratulations on this occasion, 28, 29. Her grandmother's letter of general acceptance of him, 30, 31. She gives the substance of Sir Charles's two letters written to her grandmother and self, in answer to her grandmother's obliging letter, 41, 42. Her grateful remarks on Mr. Deane's

letter, and Sir Charles's answer relating to her fortune, 58. Sir Charles expected at Selby-house: instances of her amiable petulance, the natural effects of her situation, with respect to a supposed double or divided love, 62 to 64. Her spiritless reception of him, to what owing, 65. Debates between Mr. and Mrs. Selby on matters of decorum, respecting Sir Charles, 66, 67. Her observations on delicacy, and the tyranny of custom, 69. Petulantly censures Sir Charles for his supposed prudence and tranquillity, 71: and for his absence when expected to breakfast, 74. Her censures obviated by his being detained by Mr. Greville's insult upon him, 75. Scenes of courtship, and tender and polite address, 80, 81. 83. 116, 117. 122. Sir Charles's exemplary behaviour at church, 129. Mr. Greville's dying speech, as he called it, to her, 131. (*See Mr.* Greville.) A happy day at Shirley-manor, in which Sir Charles's gallantry and politeness charms them all, 139 to 145. She takes a little tour with several of her friends, attended by Sir Charles, 146. She praises him for his well-directed charities in the excursion; and describes several tender scenes between him and herself, 148 to 153. Distressed by her uncle's forwardness, 147. She gives the particulars of the half-fretful, half-humorous dialogue, that passed between her punctilious aunt, and unpunctilious uncle, 149 to 151. Sir Charles urges her for an early day, 153. She thinks him too precipitating, 156. She accidentally drops a paper in which she had given an account of the tenderest part of their last conversation, and which, to her great disturbance, he was seen to take up, 162. But returns it to her unread, 163. She proposes Emily's living with them, 164 to 168. She chides Lady G. for the contents of a very free letter, and defends her own conduct to Sir Charles, which that lady censured, as too punctilious, 181 to 186. Visited on their return from their little excursion, by Mr. Greville, Mr. Fenwick, Miss Orme, 187. Another tender conversation between Sir Charles and her, in which she is laudably explicit, in acknowledging her love, yet adheres to her opinon, that he is too precipitating as to the day, 189, & seq. Bends his knee to her for the generous expression of her regard to the merits of Clementina, 194. He appeals to her grandmother, her aunt, and Lucy, on her thinking him too precipitating, 198. & seq. Their decree, 201. Presents her with a set of jewels, 207. She humorously censures Lucy and Nancy Selby on their tediousness in dressing, 211, 212. What passed at a breakfast-visit at Miss Orme's, 213, 214. Her magnanimity with regard to Lady Clementina, 223, 224.

Apprehends treachery from Mr. Greville, 227. Terrible dreams, 228. 230. Pathetic apostrophe on his appearance in safety, 231. Tender parting between them, on his taking leave to set out for London, 231 to 234. His letter to her from London, inclosing one from Jeronymo, acquainting him with the wishes of Clementina and their family, for his speedy marriage, including that lady's address to them both on that subject; he re-urges her, on this occasion, to accelerate his happy day, 237 to 254. Her grateful answer, 254 to 256. She is apprehensive of Mr. Greville's moodiness, 264. And still more, on his message, that she will not be too secure, 267. Excessively terrified by an anonymous note, giving ground to apprehend that Mr. Greville would assassinate Sir Charles, on his return from London, 271 to 274. Her extreme joy on his safe arrival, 275. The DAY fixed, 290, & seq. She further shews her generous concern for Lady Clementina, 297. Her tender behaviour to Miss Jervois, 325, 326. Her emotion on signing the marriage articles, 331, 332. The celebration: the wedding-feast: the ball: retirement: morning congratulations, benedictions, &c. 335 to 369. Lady G. applauds their behaviour to each other, 361. Their appearance at church, 385. *See Sir Charles* Grandison, Vol. VI.

BYRON, *Miss*, (VOL. VII.) Tenant's jubilee, 5. The bride sees company, 6. Returns visits, 9. Ball at Shirley-manor, ibid. Parting scene between her and her grandmother, 12, 13. Her uncle, aunt, Lucy, and Mr. Deane, accompany her to town; journal of her proceedings as Lady Grandison, 15, & seq. Politely and tenderly put into possession of Grandison-hall as her own house, 20. Received with blessings by Dr. Bartlett, ibid. Sir Charles's affectionate politeness to all her accompanying friends, ibid. Mrs. Curzon the housekeeper presented to her, 22. Description of the ladies drawing-room, 20. Her oratory or library, 22. Sir Charles's study, ibid. Music-parlour, 24. Dining-room, ibid. The park, garden, orchard, chapel, gallery, &c. 25, 26. He surprises her with singing verses in honour of her to the organ, 27. She desires her grandmother, whenever she prays for the continuance of her happiness, to include that of Lady Clementina, 31. Appearance at church, ibid. Desirous of emulating the late excellent Lady Grandison, 32. In the picture-gallery is made acquainted with the history of his ancestors, 33, 34. Methods of family devotion, 35. Entertainment and ball for all the neighbouring gentry, 37. She describes him in the character of the domestic man, the cheerful friend, the kind

master, the enlivening companion, the polite neighbour, the tender husband, 37, 38. He speaks to her of Clementina, she says, with manly tendernefs; regrets the precipitating of that lady by her friends; warmly remembers Jerouymo; has a sigh for Olivia; never was there, she says, a more expanded heart than his, 39. A cloud has just brushed by them, in the death of Sir Harry Beauchamp, ibid. Conference between her and Sir Charles about Emily and Mr. Beauchamp, 40. Her delicate apprehensions, that she loved him before he loved her, obviated by him, 41. Christmas-season to be hospitably solemnized, 43, 66. Female servants presented to her by Mrs. Curzon, 43. Visits the offices, 44. Servants library, ibid. Method of dispensing physic to the poor, by an honest apothecary, 45. Accidents provided for, by retaining a skilful surgeon, ibid. Thinks she can, in heaven only, be happier than she is now, 47. Her supposed speech to him, reprehending the ludicrous conduct of Lady G. calculated to surprise that lady in her own way, 59. Her courteous behaviour to Sir Rowland Meredith, on his visit to her, on her nuptials (*See Sir Rowland* Meredith). Her solicitude for Lady Clementina, on that lady's great earnestness to visit England, and what is mentioned of her in a letter from Mr. Lowther, 67, 68. Admonishes Miss Jervois on her earnestly eying her guardian, 70. A conversation between them on that occasion, 70, 71. Her opinion of Mr. Greville's proposal for her cousin Lucy, and conversation with Lucy upon it, 75 to 81. Defends Lady Clementina's rejection of the Count of Belvedere against Mr. Lowther, with warmth, 82. Her noble commiseration of that lady on the harsh treatment she met with from the general, 84, 85. Affecting conversation between her and Miss Jervois on that young lady's love-case put to Dr. Bartlett; as if not her own, but that of a third person, 89 to 101. On Lady Clementina's flight to England, she beseeches (p. 104) Sir Charles to give her instant protection, and willingly parts with him for her sake, 112, 113. His tender letters to her in absence, 114. 122. 127. 137. 142. She is introduced to that lady: affecting scenes on that occasion, 148, & seq. Comforts Lady Clementina on her apprehensions of her friends coming into England in quest of her, 157, 158. Parting scene between her and Emily, on the latter's going down to Northamptonshire, 162 to 164. Arrival of the Porretta family at Dover, 166. Sir Charles sets out to bring them to town, 167. Her prudent conduct to the Count of Belvedere and Signor Sebastiano, in his absence, 169 to 172. Further instances of her affectionate

goodness to Lady Clementina, 173. Arrival of the Porretta family at Sir Charles's house in Grosvenor Square, 174. She beseeches Sir Charles that Lady Clementina may not be compelled to marry, 177. Is introduced to them, 178. Sir Charles's proposals of accommodation (*See Sir Charles* Grandison, Vol. vii.) Urges Lady Clementina's acceptance of them, 185, 186. Applied to by that lady to accompany her in the interview she is to have with her family, 189. Her account of that tender meeting, 191 to 198, (*See* Clementina). A visit made to her and Sir Charles by Lady Clementina and Mr. Beaumont, 198 to 202. Present at Lady G.'s labour, 202. Further solicitous that Lady Clementina should not be compelled to marry, 203. Rejoices that her Lucy has rejected Mr. Greville, 204. Applauds Lady Clementina for her great behaviour to the Count of Belvedere, 208. Happy with their guests at Grandison-hall, 212. Refers to Lady G. a case put to her by her Lucy and the other young ladies at Selby-house, on the force of a first passion, ibid. In which are included—The case of Lady Clementina, 213.—Her own case before marriage, 214.—That of Mrs. Penelope Arby, 216.—Mrs. Eggleton's story, 217.—Mrs. Shirley's when a young woman, 217 to 222. Particular application of the subject to herself, 222, 223. Lady G.'s decision upon it, 224, & seq. Particularizes their happiness at Grandison-hall, 236. Reveres Lady Clementina, 237. Has nothing to pray for but the continuance of her present felicity, and that Lady Clementina were settled in some way to her own liking, 238, 239. Reflections on marriage as a duty, 239. Is of opinion that Lady Clementina thinks distance from Sir Charles necessary for her peace of mind, 240.—As Emily, she thanks God, finds it, ibid.—Pities Lady Clementina as she contemplates her forming plans for her future life; but is forced often to turn away her face to conceal her tears, ibid. She professes herself charmed with Lady G. in the three characters of wife, mother, and nurse, 241. Brought over to her opinion, that if the *second* man be worthy, a woman may be happy who has not been indulged in her *first* fancy, ibid.—The rather hopes this for Emily's sake, ibid. Calls Olivia unworthy for casting reflections on Clementina, ibid. Substance of a conference overheard by Lady G. between Lady Clementina and Mrs. Beaumont, 242, & seq. Noble way of thinking with regard to the tenderness of Sir Charles and Lady Clementina for each other, 246. A new occasion for her to admire that great-minded lady, 247. In Sir Charles's absence, she and Lady Clementina are hardly ever

asunder, 250. Taken suddenly ill: every one greatly affected; Lady Clementina and Sir Charles particularly, 252, 253. His strict attendance on her, and tender concern for her, 254. Lady Clementina's distress on her illness, 255. And joy on her recovery, 258. Conversation between Sir Charles and her, on that lady's visible uneasiness of mind, 258, 259. Lady Clementina opens her heart to her, and still wishes to assume the veil, 260 to 262. She refers her to Sir Charles's advice, 262. Conference between her and him, in presence of Lady Grandison, 263 to 272. Lady Clementina refers herself to her for advice on what passed in this conference, 272. Her prudent and tender sentiments on the occasion, 273. *See for further accounts of what passed between this noble lady and her, and Sir Charles, the article* Clementina, Vol. vii. Lady G. humorously concludes for her one of her letters, 278, 279. Emily's letter to her, asking her advice on a certain affair, 287. Her answer, 290. Account of the death of Lady Laurana communicated to her by the marchioness, 294. Jeronymo allowed to stay in England after the rest of his family, 304. She and Sir Charles are released from their promise of attending the Porretta family back to Italy, ibid. But the next summer or autumn both families are to meet at Bologna, 305. Takes a survey of their present happy situation, 308. Rejoices in it, and is thankful for it, 309. Accompanies, with Sir Charles and others of his family, the noble lady and hers to Dover, 311. Sir Charles attends them to Calais, and at parting there, engages the whole Porretta family not to take advantage of the hopes Lady Clementina had given to oblige them, at a certain period; but to leave her (as he had before engaged the Count of Belvedere also to promise) entirely to her own free will, 313. Praises Lady G. 314. Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's death, legacy to her, &c. 315 to the end.

C.

CAJETAN, an Italian casuist; his opinion about duelling censured, ii. 66.

CALVERT, *Mr.* brother of Lady Mansfield; his dotage taken advantage of by his infamous steward, iv. 13. Dies. *See* Bolton. *See also* Mansfield.

CAMILLA, a faithful and sensible attendant on Lady Clementina, from her infancy. *See* Clementina.

CANTILLON, *Miss*, her flighty character, i. 55, 56. Envies Miss BYRON, 57. Does not shine on the subjects in which she

thought herself most entitled to make a figure, 82. An approver of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's levity, 83. Can hardly let her eyes be civil to Miss Byron, 84. Thinks Sir Hargrave a very fine gentleman, 86. Runs away with a nominal captain, and is unhappy, vi. 19, 20. Pitied by Miss Byron, vi. 21.

Casino, at Bologna, v. 10.

Cautions to women in a beginning love, i. 92 to 94. | iii. 2, 3. 264. 298. | vi. 171. | vii. 215. 217, 218.

Cenis, mount, an accurate account of passing it, iv. 288.

Censure, i. 266. | ii. 116. 279. 318. 319. 329, 330. | iii. 60. 66. 72. 333. | vi. 214, 215. *See* Charity.

Challenges, i. 309 to 312. 332, 333. | ii. 27, 28. 40. 47, 48. | iii. 381, 382. *See* Duelling.

Chamber-marriages, iv. 106. | vi. 295.

Characters of the persons in this work; *See the respective articles.*

Charity, iii. 18. | iv. 182. | v. 70. | vi. 148. 367. 368. *See Sir Charles* Grandison. *See also* Censure.

Charles I. fatal consequences of his marriage with a Popish princess, iii. 333.

Chastity, iii. 79. | iv. 145. | v. 47. 299. 309.

Children. *See* Parents *and children.*

Christmas, how to be kept by people of condition, vii. 43. 66.

Citizens, apes of the gentry, ii. 167. Not to be despised in a trading kingdom, vii. 17.

Clarke, *Sir Samuel*, a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Grandison-hall, iii. 11.

Clarkson, *Miss*, a Yorkshire beauty, vi. 209. 213.

Clementina *della Porretta*, (Vol. III.) Her story, as told by Sir Charles Grandison to Miss Byron, in Lord L's library at Colnebrook; containing—Her first acquaintance with him—Her proficiency in the English tongue—Her melancholy—Her noble struggle between her religion and love—Her acknowledgment of love for him to Mrs. Beaumont—Terms proposed to him, with which he cannot comply—Her malady—His distress—Account of his being desired to leave Italy—Denied a parting interview with her—Requested by some of her friends to return to Italy, 177 to 199.

Her story continued by Dr. Bartlett from Sir Charles's letters, at the time; containing,

1. The particulars of a conference between Mr. Grandison and

her; in which he pleads the cause of the Count of Belvedere, Vol. III. 220 to 224.

II. Conference which he was put upon holding with her on her first being seized with melancholy, 225 to 237.

III. Particulars accounting for Lady Clementina's cheerful behaviour after a course of melancholy, on Mr. Grandison's taking leave of her and her family, 249.

IV. An account of the management of Mrs. Beaumont, by which she brought her to own her love, after she had so long kept it a secret from her mother, 249 to 263.

V. Particulars of Mr. Grandison's reception by Lady Clementina and the marchioness her mother, on his return, at Jeronymo's request, to Bologna, 265 to 268. Conference between her and Mr. Grandison in the garden, in which is shewn *her* magnanimity, and *his* distress, on apprehension that a change of religion and the renouncing of his country will be proposed to him, 269 to 274.

VI. Conference between him and her brother, the Bishop of Nocera, in which the bishop (to Mr. Grandison's great concern) insists on the apprehended change of religion and residence, 277 to 280. Her resentment, yet great behaviour on supposing herself refused, 281. On a visit of Father Marescotti, she becomes solemn and gloomy, ibid. Further instance of her greatness of mind: her delirium, 282.

VII. Compromise proposed by Mr. Grandison, with regard to the articles of religion and residence, 288. Affecting scene of Lady Clementina's running into Jeronymo's chamber, to avoid being let blood, 290 to 295.

VIII. A spirited scene of a different nature, between her brother the general, and Mr. Grandison, 296 to 302.

IX. He is warned of his danger from the general, and advised to quit Bologna for a time, 304. His answer to the friendly warnings, 305. She is earnest (in her delirium) for an interview with him, in hopes of converting him—Denied, she disguises herself with a view to visit him in that hope. Her noble, though distracted behaviour on that occasion procures for her the desired interview, 305 to 310. Account of what passed on that affecting occasion, 310. Her great behaviour; his *as* great distress, 311 to 327. Her partly wild, partly sensible conference with her brother Jeronymo, in Mr. Grandison's favour, 328, 329. Her delirious letter to him, 335. Harsh measures taken with her, 338.

X. Particulars of the solemn leave Mr. Grandison took of the whole family, 348 to 360. Her great but wild behaviour be-

fore all her friends, into whose presence she had forced herself, after his departure, on supposing he had been assassinated by the general, 363 to 36[illegible]. Her earnest request to be allowed a last-parting interview with him: refused; she makes an attempt that gives them the utmost apprehensions; but which procured her not the so earnestly-requested favour, 373, 374. She is intimidated by Lady Sforza, and by her daughter Laurana, and used harshly by others of her family, 375, 376.

XI. Dr. Bartlett concludes his extracts from Sir Charles's letters with one from Mrs. Beaumont, giving an account of the unhappy lady's very unhappy state of mind, and with the particulars of her deplorable situation at the time; but still persisting in her wishes to see Mr Grandison; her principal friends now, at last, request his presence among them, as their last hope, 385 to 391.

Clementina, (Vol. IV.) Her story pursued by Sir Charles Grandison. He acquaints Miss Byron that he is invited over to Italy, as well by Signor Jeronymo, on his own account, as by the Bishop of Nocera on his sister's, 55, 56. He reads part of a letter from Mrs. Beaumont, giving an account of Lady Clementina's deplorable situation of mind and person.—Of her being put into the hands of her aunt Sforza, and cousin Laurana—Of their cruel usage of her; a shocking instance of it—Of her being taken out of their hands—Of the general's averseness to Sir Charles's being invited over, 56 to 63. Miss Byron's greatness of mind on the occasion. (*See Miss* Byron) Sir Charles arrives at Bologna; understands that Clementina will soon be there from Urbino, 301. Interesting conversation between the marchioness and him, relating to her, 301 to 303. Reasons why she is not allowed to assume the veil, 304 to 307. Greatly emaciated; picture of silent woe: terrified at the name of Laurana: dialogue between her and Camilla, about the Chevalier Grandison, 310 to 312. Arrives at Bologna, 314, & seq.

Clementina, (Vol. V.) Description of her solemn entrance among her assembled friends, Sir Charles present, 4. Behaviour on seeing him, 5, 6. Second interview with him, 11. Affecting behaviour, 11 to 17. Further account of the state of her mind, 21, 22. Tried by a short absence of Sir Charles, 23, 24. Her behaviour to him on his return, 24 to 26. Day-breaks of her returning reason, 26. Conversation between her and him, in which she rambles, and shews loss of

memory: consents to his absence of three weeks, 33 to 39. Favourable accounts of her and Jeronymo's health, 82 to 86. She dresses in colours to receive him, 87. Various effects of her disorder in the interview, 89 to 92. Wishes to talk with him alone, 92. What passes on the occasion, 93 to 96. Her friends consent that she shall be his: the conditions proposed, 97 to 107. Her heart labours with the greatness of her thoughts, 139. The agitations of her mind, in expectation of his next visit, now she is left by her friends to determine for herself, 145, 146. The affecting interview, 148 to 150. Unable to tell him the determined purpose of her soul, she gives him a paper, which she had prepared for him, in apprehension that she should not be able to speak her mind, 150. The contents of the paper, urging him to desist from seeking her in marriage, by arguments drawn from motives of the highest generosity and piety, 151 to 155. What passes on the occasion between her family and him, 156 to 160. She gives the motives of her noble conduct, 164. Conferences between her family and him, 166 to 170. Another affecting interview with him, in which she declares her principal regard for him is for the sake of his soul; and leaves him with wildness in her manner, 171. Change of religion proposed to him, by her desire, and fervently pressed upon him by them all, 177 to 181. Her conference with the bishop and Father Marescotti, hoping that they might by arguments convince his judgment, 182 to 184. Her uniformly noble behaviour set forth by Sir Charles, 184, 185. He urges her by a last effort to yield to be his on the terms agreed upon with her friends; she is almost overcome; but at last refers to her paper: he acquiesces with her will, 189 to 194. She, in her turn, in presence of her mother, makes one last effort to induce him to a change of his religion; offering in a noble manner her hand to him on that condition, 200 to 204. She enquires into his intended route, and proposes to correspond with him by letter, 209 to 211. Letter I, in answer to his first, on the danger of a Roman-catholic woman marrying a Protestant, 223 to 228. II. On her desire of taking the veil; and urging him to marry some English lady, 232 to 235. On his return, she persists in her desire after a sequestered life, 243, 244. 252 to 254. In a conversation with him accuses herself of pride, and fancifully talks to the myrtles, 254, 255. Declares that she will preserve a seat in the garden consecrated to his memory when he is gone; yet hears the news of the day of his departure with tears, 255, 256. The distressful attitude in which she receives

his parting visit, 261. She summons all her magnanimity, in order to be able to tell him, before her assembled friends, that tho' never mortal loved another with superior fervor, yet the UNSEEN is greater with her than the *seen*, 263, 264. Their actual parting, 265. She faints away, 266.

CLEMENTINA, (VOL. VI.) Signor Jeronymo's letter to Sir Charles in England, wishing that he would set his sister the example of marrying, 7, 8. Her letter to him, implying her adherence to her resolution, requesting him to second her solicitude after a religious life, 8 to 10. Sir Charles's answer, 11 to 14. His answer to Jeronymo's letter, acquainting him with the character of Miss Byron; but declaring, that though he has now, he sees, no hopes of Clementina's change of resolution, yet, that from motives of delicacy regarding that young lady, it is not in his power to set the requested example, 14 to 18. (*See Sir Charles* Grandison, Vol. VI.) She gives hopes to her friends that she will yield to their earnest entreaties in favour of the Count of Belvedere, 90 to 95. Postpones the hopes she had given them, till she heard from Sir Charles, 241. Receives the expected letters from him. Her observations on the contents of them, 245, 246. Reads with pleasure the character he gives Miss Byron, and generously wishes him happy with so excellent a young lady, 247. Desires to live single, 248. Shews particularity; wishes to go to England, but not till Sir Charles is married, 250. Allowed to visit Mrs. Beaumont at Florence, ibid. Is uniform and steady in her wishes for Sir Charles's marriage, 251, 252. Addresses herself in writing to Miss Byron to accelerate her own happiness and his, 253.

CLEMENTINA, (VOL. VII.) Her family in spirits, in hopes of prevailing on her to marry the Count of Belvedere, 67. Supposed to be not right in her mind, from her great earnestness to visit England, ibid. Receives with great firmness the news of Sir Charles's nuptials, and implores a blessing on him and his bride, ibid. The general expected from Naples to urge her to marry, she, in apprehension of his coming, is desirous to go again to Mrs. Beaumont at Florence, 68. Mr. Lowther's account of her at his leaving Italy, 82. Lady Grandison warmly espouses her cause (*See Miss* Byron, vii. 82, & seq.) She is threatened by her brother the general, 84. Conversation between Sir Charles and his lady on her case, 86 to 88. Those violent measures end in her flight to England, 104. The manner of her effecting it, 105, 106. Distraction of her friends, who prepare to follow her, 107 to 110.

Her affecting, but wandering letter written to Sir Charles, ten days after her arrival, 116 to 122. Letters between him and her: their affecting interview, 127 to 134. He prevails upon her to put herself into Lady L.'s protection, on her own conditions, 135. Tender interview between her and Lady Grandison, 148. Description of her person, ibid. She requests Lady Grandison's interest with Sir Charles to prevent her being compelled to marry, 152. Attracts the general admiration, 155. Acquainted with, and prepared for, the expected arrival of her family, 157 to 160. Generous conversation between the two ladies, 161. Acquainted with her family's arrival, 167, 168. Agrees, but with difficulty, to the articles of accommodation drawn up by Sir Charles, 188. Entreats Lady Grandison's supporting hand, on being to be introduced to her parents, 189. Her observations on the proposed conditions, 191, 192. Introduced to her family, and joyfully received, 194 to 196. Signs the articles herself; but dutifully refuses to bind her parents, 205. Her interview with the count of Belvedere, and generous reasons for not admitting his address, 206, 207. Every body next-to adores her for her great behaviour on this occasion, 208, 209. She wishes the count as happy in marriage as Sir Charles Grandison, 209. Goes down with her family to Grandison-hall, 212. Lady Grandison's argumentations on her case to her grandmother, 238 Desirous to leave England, 239. Draws up ideal plans for her future life, 240. Her self-applications on hearing Miss Jervois's story, 242. Her conference with Mrs. Beaumont on that subject, and on Olivia's reflections upon her, 243, & seq. Her observations on Sir Charles's letter to his lady, praising the Count of Belvedere, 247, & seq. Accuses herself as the cause of Lady Grandison's illness, 253. 255. Conference with Lady Grandison, in which she resumes her wishes to take the veil, 260 to 262. Consults Sir Charles upon it; issue of that consultation, 264 to 273. Shuns company, even that of Sir Charles, 274. Generously pities Laurana for her slighted love of the Count of Belvedere, 275. Puts a home question to Lady Grandison, ibid. Both ladies great and noble, 276, 277. Her interview with the count on his coming down to take leave of her, 278. Another, in which she treats him with compassion, 285. Shews him marks of complaisance, 293. Her written proposal, to her parents, 296. It is joyfully received by all the parties concerned, 299. Another interview between her and the count, 301, 302. How she receives the news of her cousin Laurana's death, 304. Plan settled by her

(at her family's desire) with regard to the future visit of Sir Charles, his lady, and his sisters and their lords, to her family at Bologna, ibid. Parting scene between her and the count, 305. An affecting conversation between her, and Sir Charles and his lady, in the garden, 306. Temple to be built on the spot, sacred to friendship, and to be called by her name, 307. Tranquillity seems to be taking possession of her noble heart, 308. Sets out with her family for Dover, 310. Outwardly an heroine, but inwardly a sufferer, ibid. As the parting hour draws near, melts into tears and tenderness, 311. Sir Charles accompanies them to Calais, 312. Leaves her not unhappy, and her friends resolving, to the utmost of their power, to make her happy, 313.

Clements, *Miss Pulcheria*, her worthy character, i. 55. 57. Praised by Mr. Walden, for a well-read lady, 67. Observation that the men who the least know how to argue, are the most addicted to dispute, i. 76. Visited by Miss Byron i. 148. Writes finely, and is a Madame Sevigne to her correspondents, ibid. Has not suffered her reading to run away with her housewifery, ibid. Her history, i. 149. Why objected to as a fit wife for Lord W. iii. 137. Addressed to by a gentleman of Yorkshire, is going down to settle there, iv. 286.

Clemson, *Lady Betty*, a great talker of her own family, v. 76.

A Clergyman, who is an honour to his cloth, may be said to be an ornament to human nature, ii. 15. *See Dr.* Bartlett.

Communicativeness, ii. 114. | iii. 252. *See* Frankness *of heart.*

Companionableness in a husband, ii. 136.

Compassion. *See* Pity.

Compliments, i. 100. 118. | ii. 4. 15. 81, 82. 108. | v. 48. | vi. 102, 103. 214. *See* Flattery. *See also* Protestations.

Compulsion, in love-cases. *See* Persuasion.

Concealments, lovers, i. 318. | ii. 85. 90. 161. 171, 172. | iii. 23. 53, 54. | vii. 96.

Conceit, i. 50. 60, 61. | vi. 182. | vii. 17, 18. 141.

Conscience, iii. 72. | v. 105. 289. | vii. 129.

Consolation, ii. 260. 311. | iii. 392. | iv. 176. 304. | v. 42. 273. | vi. 94. 234. | vii. 67, 68. 222. 230.

Constancy, in the language of lovers to each other, too often means obstinacy, with regard to every body else, ii. 181.

Coquets, vi. 215.

Cotes, *Henry*, a short hand writer, takes minutes of the conversation between Sir Charles Grandison and Mr. Bagen-

hall, i. 329. His account of the conference at Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's, after the challenge, ii. 35 to 69. *See* Pollexfen.

Courage, sentiments upon it, i. 306. | iv. 292. | v. 73. | vi. 279. 289. *See* Magnanimity.

Courtship, sentiments relating to it, i. 41. 48 to 51. 53. 106. 112, 113. 116, 117. 119, 120. 123. 160. 166, 167. 215. | ii. 26. 84. 257. 266. 275. 314. | iii. 130. 152. 242. 273. | iv. 12. 35. 95, 96. | vi. 30. 32. 70, 71. 130. 143. 153, 154. 156. 197, 213. 265. 283. 299.

CREUTZER, *Monsieur*, Sir Charles Grandison's travelling governor in his younger years; his vile character, ii. 251. Lays snares for the young gentleman's virtue, ibid. The noble manner in which young Mr. Grandison complained of him to his father, 364. Further account of his profligacy, ibid.

CROMWELL, *Thomas*, the only grateful servant of Cardinal Wolsey, iii. 86.

CURTIS, *Dr.* a worthy clergyman of the church of England; introduces Mr. Milbourne, *as* worthy a dissenting minister, to Sir Charles Grandison; who is greatly pleased with their friendship to each other, vi. 216. Desirous to perform the matrimonial office for Miss Byron, vi. 298. Officiates at her nuptials, vi. 344.

CURZON, *Mrs.* Sir Charles Grandison's prudent housekeeper, vii. 22. 24. 30. 43 to 47.

Custom, ii. 50. 272. | vi. 68, 69. *See* Affectation.

D.

D. *Countess Dowager of*, her private proposal to Mrs. Selby, in favour of her son's address to Miss Byron, i. 320 to 322.—To the young nobleman himself, i. 324. Her character from Lady L. ii. 77. Visits Mrs. Reeves and Miss Byron, ii. 80. Her frank and unreserved behaviour to Miss Byron; whose favour she entreats for her son; and, in the same conversation, hints at the proper behaviour of a husband's mother to his wife, ii. 81 to 85. Wishes to be acquainted with Sir Charles Grandison, ii. 86. Charmed with his character, ii. 87. Puts a close question to Miss Byron, ii. 88. Will not take a denial from her, ii. 89. Mrs. Selby's letter to Miss Byron on her proposal, ii. 119 to 125. Mrs. Shirley's on the same subject, ii. 126 to 128. Miss Byron's answer, ii. 130 to 132. Visits Miss Byron and Mrs. Reeves; the earl her son with her, iv. 42. Withdraws with Miss Byron; frank conversation between them, iv. 44 to 48. She discourages her son;

but highly, to both their faces, praises Miss Byron, iv. 48. She visits Sir Charles Grandison on behalf of her son, and acquaints Miss Byron with the result, iv. 189 to 197. Her letter dissuading Miss Byron against the romantic notion of a friendship proposed to be held by her in the single state, with Sir Charles and Lady Clementina in the married one, v. 122 to 126. Expresses her wishes, that Sir Charles's marriage with Clementina were brought to effect, v. 132. Visits Sir Charles, and claims his friendship, with that of all his family, vi. 45. Claims also the continuance of Miss Byron's correspondence with her, vi. 47, 48. Her reasonings against romantic notions in love, approved of by Mrs. Shirley, vii. 215. Her further reasonings on the same subject, as quoted by Lady G. vii. 231.

D. *Earl of*, his character from his mother, i. 320.—From Miss Grandison, ii. 78.—From Miss Byron, iv. 48. Sir Charles Grandison's good opinion of him, v. 108. Mr. Greville's, vi. 132.

Dagley, *Antony*, Lady Clementina's English servant, vii. 105. 107. His good character from that lady, vii. 116. 120. 125.

Danby, *Mr.* a merchant of eminence and honour, comes over from France in hopes to regain his health, dies at Canterbury, ii. 265. Interred, 347. Substance of his will in favour of Sir Charles Grandison, and in disfavour of his nephews and niece, 348, 349. His reason for it, not wholly approved of by Sir Charles, 348. Particulars at large of Sir Charles's merits with him, by rescuing him from a villainous attempt made upon his life by his profligate brother, iii. 159 to 162. His will performed with regard to that part of his legacies bequeathed to the subjects of France, v. 213. *See Sir Charles Grandison*.

Danby, *John*, the wicked brother of the former, after his vile attempt on his brother's life, flies to Barbadoes, ii. 350. Further account of him and of his vile attempt, iii. 159.

Danby, *Mr. Thomas*, *Mr. Edward*, and *Miss* Danby, nephews and niece of the deceased Mr. Danby (concerned at their uncle's supposed unkindness to them) decline attending his funeral, and to be present at opening his will: Sir Charles's impartial judgment on this occasion, ii. 347 to 350. Their gratitude excited by his generosity, ii. 350. Description of each of them, ii. 351. Mr. Thomas Danby's behaviour on their attendance on Sir Charles, ii. 352 to 354. Mr. Edward thinks it easy to obtain a wife, ii. 355. Miss Danby's agree-

able simplicity in relating her circumstances and love-affair, ii. 356 to 359. Their grateful sense of Sir Charles's bounty to them all, ii. 360, 361. Intermarriages proposed by Sir Charles in their favour, iii. 91, 92. Account of the triple wedding, iv. 99. Visited by Sir Charles, vii. 16. *See Sir Charles* Grandison. *See also Mr.* Sylvester.

Dancing, vi. 362.

DARLINGTON, *Miss*, a poetess, her character, i. 22.

Daughters, i. 13. | iv. 151, 152. *See* Advice *to women.* Libertine. Love. Lover. Parents *and children.* Single women.

Daughters of decayed families, their difficult situation, iv. 15.

DEANE, *Mr.* a lawyer of character, godfather to Miss Byron, i. 7. Prefers Milton to Homer, 78. His visit of curiosity to Miss Byron, ii. 345 to 347. Sounds Sir Charles Grandison on her behalf, iii. 44, 45. His description of her as in love, iii. 45, 46. He designs her for his principal heiress, v. 118. His letter to Sir Charles, informing him of her family and fortune, and of his generously intended addition to it, vi. 42. 51 to 54. He requests Sir Charles to be his executor, vi. 158. Draws up the marriage-articles, and reads them to her and her assembled friends, vi. 331. Determines to reside near Sir Charles, vii. 67. 146. Settles his affairs at Peterborough for that purpose, vii. 165. Proposes to accompany Signor Jeronymo to Bath, vii. 307.

Decorum, i. 52.

Delicacy, sentiments relating to it, i. 328. | ii. 277. | iii. 173. | iv. 29. 141, 142. 225. 307. | v. 238. | vi. 98. 118. 170.

Delicate minds cannot be united but by delicate observances, iv. 141.

Demerit, consciousness of it, is often the parent of jealousy, iv. 9.

DILLON, *Major*, a friend of Captain Anderson, ii. 325, & seq.

Disappointment in love is one of those cases in which a woman can shew fortitude, iv. 1.

Discretion and gratitude the corner-stones of the matrimonial fabric, vii. 38. *See* Prudence.

Dismission of a lover, i. 113. 130. 139. 167. | ii. 120. 123. | v. 270. 296. | vi. 126.

Dissatisfaction will mingle with our highest enjoyments in this life, vi. 68.

DOBSON, *Reverend Mr.* minister of Sir Charles Grandison's church in Hampshire, iii. 11. | iv. 41. Worthy characters of him and his lady, vii. 74.

Dowyns, *Miss*, a visitant of Mrs. Reeves, i. 44, & seq.
Dreams, terrible ones of Miss Byron, vi. 228. No regard to be paid to those illusions, vi. 230. 302.
Dress, the taste of the present age, i. 60. Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's, ibid. Sir Charles Grandison's, i. 272. | ii. 9. Lady Clementina's and Miss Byron's unaffected elegance in it, compared, v. 89. Sir Charles's notions on propriety of dress; and reasons for modernizing in his own, vi. 191.
Duelling, i. 309. | ii. 41. 48. 54, 55. Its barbarous rise, ii. 61. The subject embellished by observations on the examples of that kind given—by the Horatii and Curiatii, ii. 62.—by what passed between Tullus third king of Rome, and Albanus, ibid.—between Metellus and Sertorius, ibid.—between Augustus and Mark Antony, ibid.—by the usages among the Turks, ibid.—Jews, ii. 63.—and Christians, ibid.—between Mareschal Turenne and the Elector Palatine, ibid. Sir Charles's syllogistical reasoning against it, ii. 64, 65. The council of Trent express against this barbarous practice, ii. 66. The edict of Lewis XIV. against it, one of the greatest glories of his reign, ibid. *See* Challenges. *See also* vol. vii. 321 to 323.
Duncan, *Captain*, a justly rejected admirer of Miss Lucy Selby, i. 92. *See Miss Lucy* Selby.
Duties, i. 122. 127. | ii. 127. 241. 243. 246, 247. | iii. 119. 301. | vii. 116. 140.
Duties of a good wife, ii. 102. 136, 137, 138. 194. | iii. 174.

E.

Early marriages, inconveniencies of them, vii. 137.
Early rising, i. 268. | v. 121.
Education, female, the time for it from seven to fourteen; and why, i. 10. A religious one the best security for performance of the matrimonial obligations, i. 38. Neither a learned, nor a fine one, of value, but as it tends to improve the morals of men, and to make them wise and good, i. 65. Genius to be consulted in it, v. 18.
Eggleton, *Mrs.* a friend of Mrs. Shirley in her youth; her amiable character, and history, vii. 217 to 222.
Elford, *Mr.* the first lover of Miss Byron, i. 82.
Elizabeth, Queen, her learning, vi. 376.
Emily *Jervois*. *See* Jervois, *Miss Emily*.
England, praised by Sir Charles Grandison for its temperate

climate, commerce, &c. v. 246, 247. He hopes, when he is settled in it, to draw around him such a number of worthies, as will make his neighbourhood one of the happiest spots in Britain, v. 251.

English readers fond of story, whether probable or improbable, vi. 349.

English tongue. its excellence among the modern tongues, iii. 251.

Envy, a self tormentor, ii. 94.

Equivocation, i. 121.

Esteem, a female word for love, iii. 51.

EVERARD Grandison, cousin to Sir Charles, his character from Miss Grandison, i. 283, 284. From Sir Charles, ii. 2. His flourishing speech to Miss Byron, ii. 5. She thinks him very uncivil with his eyes, ii. 7. Further character from Miss Byron, ii. 10. His history, ii. 12, 13. Mistakes foppery for gallantry, ii. 108. His confident offer of himself to Miss Byron, ii. 256. His penitence for his faulty morals, and frequent relapses, iv. 40. 92. Ruined by gamesters, iv. 281 to 284. Yet, in a letter to Sir Charles, values himself on his knowledge of the world, v. 19. Sir Charles's letter of advice to him on the ruined state of his affairs, v. 70 to 73 (*See* Gaming) He writes again to Sir Charles, v. 214. Sir Charles's verbal advice to him at Paris, and decription of his meager figure, and spiritless behaviour, v. 287 to 289. The gamesters triumph in his spoils, v. 300. Description of him, by Lady G. ibid. His remorse on comparing Sir Charles's conduct with his own, v. 308. And his own case with that of Mr. Bagenhall, v. 309. His pride of name and family mortified, by his being obliged to make over his estate to the gamesters, vi. 4. Difficulty of providing for a broken gentleman, vi. 5. His behaviour when vice-bitten, vi. 173. Released from his promise of marriage; and his affairs likely to be re-established, by his wine-merchant's rich widow, vi. 174, 175. Her character from Lady Grandison, and from himself, on a visit made by the new married pair to Sir Charles and his lady, vii. 16, 17. They think themselves happy in each other; and she endeavours, by heraldry, to justify her choice of a broken gentleman, vii. 141.

Example, sentiments on the force of it, i. 212. 282. | ii. 49. 361. | iii. 90. | iv. 129, 130. | v. 97. | vi. 40. 98. 122. 130. 216, 217. | vii. 14. 16.

Excuses, tacit confessions, iii. 212.

Extravagant men of family have few resources, vi. 6.

F.

FALCONBRIDGE, *Mr.* a guest at Sir Charles Grandison' nuptials, vi. 328.

FALCONBRIDGE, *Sir Thomas*, a companion of Mr. Selby in his field-sports, vi. 329.

False glory, and *false* shame, the great snares of virtue, i. 272.

False modesty, iii. 11. *See* Affectation.

False shame, iv. 10.

Families, little communities; but few solid friendships out of them, i. 29. Families decayed, iv. 15.

Family devotion, vii. 35, 36.

FARNBOROUGH, a mistress of Sir Thomas Grandison, ii. 154. Her death alarms him, ibid.

Fashion, iv. 147. Has often beat modesty out of doors, iv. 272. *See* Public places.

Fathers, gay and witty, not always give daughters cause to thank their mothers for their fancies, ii. 156.

Female antipathies raillied, vi. 279.

Female delicacy is of a more delicate texture than that of men, vi. 118. *See* Delicacy.

Female dignity, iii. 64. 66. 68. 213. 240. 272. | v. 187. 281. | vi. 51. 122.

Female poetry, i. 22.

Femality, a peculiar, but expressive, word of Mr. Selby, vi. 121. 148, 149. 151. 176. 362. 388.

Femality, sentiments upon it, i. 32. 33, 34. 49. 51. 61. 271. 281, 282. 284. 286. 319. | ii. 179, 180, 181. 186, 187. 285, 286. 298. | iii. 142, 143. 171. 180. 242. 298, 299. | iv. 31. 34, 35. 109. 270. | v. 162. | vi. 98. 99. 104. 121. 132. 148, 149, 150, 151. 165. 170, 171. 173. 176. 188. 291. 300, 301, 302. 314. 362. 388. | vii. 59. 214, 215. 229, 230.

Fencing, ii. 57, 58.

FENWICK, *Mr.* a lover of Miss Byron, threatens to follow her to London, i. 2. Escorts her, with Mr. Greville, part of the way thither, i. 14. Encounter, and compromise, between him and Mr. Greville, i. 5. 94. His character from Miss Byron, i. 30, 31. Meets her on her return from London, iv. 232. Declares his determined perseverance, iv. 255. Yet, on failure of success with her, hints at his design to address Miss Lucy

Selby, vi. 49. His report of the rencounter between Sir Charles Grandison and Mr. Greville at Northampton, vi. 106 to 111. Offers himself as a suitor to Miss Lucy Selby, vi. 112. His account of Sir Charles's pleasant and lively behaviour, among a large company of gentlemen, at Mr. Greville's, vi. 212. Rejected by Miss Lucy Selby, resolves to bring a wife from Carlisle, vi. 236.

FERDINAND *of Medicis*, Cardinal, lays down the purple, and marries, vi. 13.

Filial piety, vi. 191. 231, 232. | vii. 24. *See Sir Charles* Grandison.

FILMER, *Mr.* Sir Thomas Grandison's Irish steward; his dishonest subtlety, ii. 201, 202. Disappointed by finding Sir Thomas incapable of signing his accounts, ii. 232. Seeks to captivate Sir Charles with the beauty of Miss Obrien, ii. 238.

Fine gentleman, i. 271. 280. *See* Good man. *See Sir Charles* Grandison, *throughout that article.*

First love, generally first folly, ii. 167. | iv. 123. Few women have their first loves, vi. 48. | Few first loves fit to be encouraged, vii. 224. *See* Vincibility *of love.*

Flattery, i. 13. 19. 22. 24. 40. 43. 50. 52. 100. 118. | ii. 108. 276.

Fleet parson, description of one, i. 228. And of his clerk, i. 231. Frustrated in their designed service to Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, i. 236.

A Fool and a wit equally unmanageable, ii. 78.

Fondness of a married pair in public, a degree of immorality, iv. 205.

Fortune-hunters, iii. 13. *See* Libertines. *See* Public places.

FOWLER, *Mr.* addresses Miss Byron, i. 37. His character from her, i. 39. Visits her with Sir Rowland Meredith his uncle, i. 102 to 113. Despairs, i. 114. Plan of the tour which he proposes to take, in order to conquer his passion, and establish his health, ii. 1. Carries a generous letter to her from Sir Rowland, iv. 219. Her kind behaviour to him, and pity of him, iv. 222, 223. (*See Miss* Byron, vol. iv.) Desires to visit her once more, vi. 49. Goes to Bristol for his health, vii. 5. Visits, with his uncle, Sir Charles Grandison, and his lady, at Grandison-hall; and pays a handsome compliment to the merit of Sir Charles, vii. 60. 63. His uncle's proposal of marriage for him (but without his participation) with Miss Lucy Selby, vii. 64. Lady Grandison's favourable opinion of him, with regard to her cousin Lucy, vii. 77. 80.

FRAMPTON, *Lady*, a relation and correspondent of Mr. Greville, i. 3. Is earnest with Miss Byron in his favour, vi. 50.

Frankness of heart, ii. 82. 264. | iii. 147. 172. | vi. 186. *See Miss* Byron's *character throughout.*

Free masonry, a great deal of it in love, iv. 271.

French fond of sentiment, English of story, vi. 349.

Friend of mankind, a much more glorious character than that of the conqueror of nations, iii. 106.

Friendly freedom will ever be acknowledged as a favour by the worthy, vii. 36.

Friendship is the balm and seasoning of life, iii. 65. Its essence, iii. 209. The basis of true love, iv. 69. A delicate union of like minds, which exalts human nature, iv. 104. Love, even when its motive is marriage, does not always in that state ripen into friendship, ibid. Its power of lessening distance of place, vii. 306. *See also, for sentiments on this noble perfection of the human mind*, i. 275. | ii. 24. 46. 170. 245. | iii. 9. 16. 65. 72. 172, 173. 217. 252, 253. | v. 22. 27. 78. 83. 299. | vi. 7. | vii. 86.

Funerals, ii. 214.

G.

G. *Earl of*, father of Lord G.; his first visit, with Lady Gertrude his sister, to Miss Charlotte Grandison, on his son's behalf, iv. 7 to 9. His earnestness for his son's speedy marriage, iv. 85. Visits her a second time, with Lady Gertrude, iv. 88. Rejoices in her consent to marry his son, iv. 91. His presents to her, iv. 101. His letter urging Lady G. to return from Northamptonshire, v. 126.

G. *Lord*, an admirer of Miss Charlotte Grandison; his character from Sir Charles Grandison, ii. 2. A connoisseur, ii. 8. Ridiculed by Miss Grandison, for his collection of insects, ibid. His character compared by Sir Charles with that of Sir Walter Watkyns (another admirer of Miss Grandison) and preferred to it, ii. 273. 274. His further character from Sir Charles, iii. 129, 171. His marriage celebrated, iv. 122, & seq.

[For their frequent quarrels and reconcilements, see Miss Charlotte *Grandison*, Vols. IV. and V.]

His character, from Miss Byron, iv. 139. Ridiculed by his lady for his taste in moths, butterflies, shells and china, iv. 244, 245. Presents his collection of shells to Miss Jervois, iv. 246. Presents Lady G. with a parrot and paroquet, v. 134. Miss

Byron's favourable opinion of his understanding, v. 136. His fondness for his lady, v. 290. Dr. Bartlett's advantageous character of him to her, v. 308. More of her humorous flippancies to him, ibid. | vi. 61. 312. 327. 335, 356. 360. 367. | vii. 7. Attends Sir Charles and Lady Grandison to Grandison-hall, vii. 19. Prepares the house in Grosvenor Square, for the reception of the Porretta family, vii. 142. Receives the Count of Belvedere at St. James's Square, vii. 169. In agonies for his lady's safety in childbirth, vii. 203. His transport on surprising her employed in the tenderest office of a true mother, vii. 232 to 235.

G. *Lady.* *See Miss Charlotte* Grandison.

GALLIARD, *Mr.* a worthy young-merchant, married to Miss Danby, iii. 91. | iv. 99.

GALLIARD, *Mr.* senior, makes a proposal of marriage to Sir Charles Grandison, iv. 138.

GAMALIEL, who would be deemed such by Sir Charles Grandison, were he in parliament, vii. 283.

Gaming, Sir Charles Grandison's opinion of the payment of those debts which the world calls debts of honour, v. 70, 71. In what cases he would have a loser call in to his aid the laws of his country, v. 71. Adversity the trial of principle, ibid. Two things to be guarded against by every loser, ibid. Better to be a sufferer than a defrauder, 72. A loser deserves his fate for putting to hazard a certainty, in hopes of obtaining a share in the property of another, ibid. Further reflections on this pernicious practice, v. 287.

Gaming-master necessary to complete the education of a modern fine lady, i. 25.

Gascon, the blustering temper of one described, iv. 285.

Generosity, sentiments on that noble quality, i. 305. | ii. 234, 235. 243. | iii. 86. 93. | iv. 37, 38. 121. 142. 225, 226. | v. 104, 105. 154. 170. 285. 287. | vi. 43, 44. 53. 292. | vii. 36. 84.

Generous lover, ii. 170. 319, 320. | iii. 221. | iv. 227. | vi. 145. 234. 269.

Geniuses, different, given by Providence for different ends, and that all might become useful links of the same great chain, v. 17.

Gentleman, the difficulty of providing for a broken one, vi. 5. 6.

GERTRUDE, *Lady*, maiden-aunt to Lord G.; her character from Miss Byron, iv. 7. Prepares some rich presents for Miss Grandison, on her nuptials, iv. 102. Endeavours to shame her on the subject of chamber-marriages, iv. 106, 107.

Her reasons for remaining single, iv. 148. Her story of a father who obliged his daughter to marry at the age of fifteen, for interested views, iv. 153. Her solid remarks, by way of defence on the single state, in preference to imprudent marriages, vii. 229.

GIACOMO *della Porretta* (VOL. III.) a general officer in the service of the King of the Two Sicilies, eldest brother of Lady Clementina; his brave, but haughty character, 182. His civil invitation of the Chevalier Grandison (so called in Italy) to Naples, 187. Exasperated by his refusal of becoming a Roman catholic, withdraws his favour from him, 199. The chevalier cautioned not to meet him, 286. His haughty demeanour in a conference with him, upon a presumption that his sister had been refused by him, 296 to 300. Makes him a sullen visit at his lodgings on the same misconception, 300 to 302. Continuance of his resentment intimated to the chevalier by his brother Jeronymo, 304. The chevalier's resolution to avoid a meditated rencounter, 305. He and the family determine that the chevalier is unworthy of their alliance, and of his resentment, ibid. Angry with his sister for her attachment to the chevalier, he vents his displeasure on Jeronymo, 343, 344. His indignant behaviour to the chevalier in full assembly, on the latter's taking leave of the whole family, 351 to 357. (*See Sir Charles* Grandison, vol. iii.) His violence subdued by the chevalier's prudence, they agree to meet at Naples, 358, 359. Advises the family to change the harsh measures used with Clementina, 360. Endeavours to quiet his sister's apprehensions for the chevalier's safety, 367. Prevents her escape by the garden-wall, in the disorder of her mind, 374. Visited according to promise, by the chevalier, at Naples, 377. His cold behaviour in it, 377 to 383. His civil behaviour at parting, 384.

GIACOMO (VOL. IV.) visits his sister at Florence, in company with Lady Sforza; and takes her from thence. His reasons for it, 58. Releases her from her confinement at Lady Sforza's, where she was cruelly used, 62. (*See Lady* Laurana.) Refuses to join in inviting the chevalier to return to Italy, ibid. Consents to the invitation, and attends his sister, with his new-married lady, to Bologna, 294. His insulting behaviour excites the chevalier's indignation and contempt: their angry conference and reconciliation, 316, & seq.

GIACOMO (VOL. V.) His open and free behaviour to Sir Charles, 2. Relapses into his former incivility, 4, 5, 6. The

bishop makes up the breach, 8. His behaviour on the different changes of his sister's disorder, 12 to 17. He receives Sir Charles, on his second visit at Naples, as his brother and friend, 83. Again receives him there with high civility, 242. On his sister's declining to marry, advises his family to accept of Sir Charles's invitation to England, 247. Pities Sir Charles on his emotion at parting with her, 261.

GIACOMO (VOL. VI.) warmly urges his sister to marry, 9. 91, 92. Offers to obtain the general consent to her marriage with Sir Charles, if she will give up her wishes after the sequestered life, 241. Recants his mistaken grounds for exception, and repents of his rude behaviour to Sir Charles, 242. Fresh motives, from Sir Charles's letters to his sister and Jeronymo, for his urgency to her to marry, ibid.—With a view to favour the Count of Belvedere, 249.

GIACOMO (VOL. VII.) terrifies his sister, by too violently urging her consent to marry the Count of Belvedere, 68. Visits her at Florence, 82. Threatens her; but finding harsh measures ineffectual, endeavours to persuade her to marry the count, 84. His reason for desiring her to marry, 86. His generous, yet violent character, from Sir Charles, 88. Incensed against his sister for her flight, 110. His absence agreeable to Clementina, on account of his hasty and inexorable temper, 159, 160. He continues his zeal for her marriage with the count, and the performance of their grandfather's will, 180. His letter to Jeronymo in England, acquainting him with the unhappy end of the cruel Laurana, 294. High praises of Sir Charles Grandison, 294, 295.

GIFFARD, *Mrs.* a woman of mean birth, and low cunning, manages Lord W. by teazing, more absolutely than a wife of birth and fortune could have done by duty and affection, ii. 210. Lord W. (resolved to part with her) applies to Sir Charles Grandison for his advice and assistance, iii. 62. Her case properly distinguished by Sir Charles from that of Mrs. Oldham, iii. 63. Her lord not inclining, however, to comply with the terms stipulated at taking her into keeping, Sir Charles brings all to bear, in such a manner as displays his justice, prudence, generosity, goodness, all at once, and attracts the admiration and blessings of his uncle, iii. 70 to 87. *See Sir Charles* Grandison.

Girls, sentiments concerning them, i. 58. | ii. 156. | iii. 46 | iv. 241. | The beginning and progress of love in giddy ones, vi. 171, 172. | vii. 227, 228.

Glory; great mischiefs occasioned by the word and thing so called, ii. 299.

GODFREY, *Mr.* a guest at Sir Charles Grandison's nuptials, vi. 328.

Good, goodness, ii. 121. | iii. 68. 119. 174. 212. 215. 278, 279. | iv. 72. | v. 98. | vii. 3. 229.

Good man, i. 210. 291. 307. | ii. 30. 47. 60. 110, 111. 235. 241. 279. 339. 361, 362. | iii. 12. 64. 106. 356. | iv. 36. 75 87. 118. 245. | v. 30. 39. 40. 142. 195. 252. 272. 308. | vi. 71. 139 213. 365. | vii. 16. 85. 160.

A good man will honour him who lives up to his religious profession, whatever it be, ii. 65. Such a one lives to his own heart; thinks it ill-manners to slight the world's opinion; yet will regard *that* but in the second place, iii. 12. He will not, by his complaisance, countenance the enormities of the great, iii. 26. A good man must have difficulties to encounter with, by which a man of the world would not be embarrassed, iii. 94. A good man's life is a continual warfare with his passions, iii. 240. A good man is a prince of the Almighty's creation, iii. 359. *See Sir Charles* Grandison.

Good-nature is the distinction of the true satirist, i. 64. And the characteristic of youth, iii. 362.

Good wife, i. 29. 38. *See Lady* Grandison, *mother of Sir Charles*. *Also Miss* Byron, vol. vii. *See also Mrs.* Selby. *Mrs.* Shirley.

Good women reflect honour on all those who had any hand in their education, and on the company they keep, i. 53. A good woman is one of the greatest glories of the creation, ii. 294. | iii. 139. *See also* iii. 12. | vi. 311, & alibi.

Grandison, EVERARD. *See* Everard.

Grandison, Sir CHARLES, father of Sir Thomas; his frugal character, ii. 134.

Grandison, Sir THOMAS, father of Sir Charles (VOL. II.) 13.57. A man of gaiety and magnificence, 58. Desperately wounded in a duel, 59. Designs to bring up his son a soldier, 60. Further hints of the duel, 101, 102. His fine person, and profusion of expence, 134. His poetical vein of service to him in gaining his lady, 135. A complaisant but careless husband; instances of the latter, 136 to 139. His opinion, that daughters are an incumbrance, 142. Parting scene between him and his lady, on her death-bed, 143 to 147. Permits his son to travel, in order to moderate his grief for the death of his mother, 148. Places Mrs. Oldham over his

daughters, ibid. On their reluctance to receive her as their governess (after his intimacy with her became known), he keeps her at his seat in Essex, in as much state as if she were his wife, 149. Becomes a slave to his passions, and keeps another mistress in town, 150. Prohibits his daughters and their brother corresponding, 151. His reason for it, 153. Avowedly keeps his son abroad, because his good morals would disgrace his own, ibid. Temporary remorse on the death of his town-mistress, 154. His treatment of Lord L. on his address to Miss Caroline, and of both his daughters, on that occasion, more like a man of wit, than an indulgent parent, 155 to 197. (*See Earl of* L. *Lady* L. *Miss* Grandison.) High words (on Lord L's proposal) between him and Lord W.; who hate each other for their contrary vices, 197. (*See Lord* W.) Intends to permit his son to return; but irresolute what to do with Mrs. Oldham, 198. Leaves his two stewards to examine each other's accounts, being ashamed that his son should inspect into the particular items, 201, 202. His purposed reformation obstructed by his being newly captivated with Miss Obrien, 202. Terms on which he was to take her into keeping, 203. He endeavours to find excuses for keeping his son abroad, ibid. While he is treating with Mrs. Oldham about parting with her, is seized with a violent fever, and becomes delirious: recovering his senses, he regrets his unkindness to his daughters; wishes for time of repentance, which he finds most difficult when he stands most in need of it; and dies in dreadful agonies, 204 to 207.

Grandison, *late* Lady, mother of Sir Charles, her excellent character (Vol. II.) 13. 57. Instils into her son's mind the principles of true magnanimity, benevolence, and forgiveness of injuries, 57, 58. Her instructions to him, with relation to the limited use of the science of defence, 58. He is commanded by his father to consider her as his oracle in points of honour, since she could well distinguish between true and false glory, and would not have her son a coward, 59. Her noble extraction, and further character, 135, 136. Endeavours, by her œconomy, to enable her husband to support his extravagance, without injury to his family, 137. Her generous, benevolent, and hospitable spirit; in which she assumes to herself only the secondary merit of being her husband's almoner, 137, 138. Her tender reception of him after a causeless absence of six months, 138. Her dying advice to her daughters to love their brother, 142. Requests Sir Thomas to join

with her in blessing their three children, 144. Refuses to permit him to accuse himself, 145. Takes an affecting leave of him, 146. And dies, 147.

Grandison, *Mrs.* ELEANOR, sister of Sir Thomas, ill-treated by him, ii. 184. 190. Visited at York by Sir Charles, ii. 250. Arrives in town, iv. 284. Respects Dr. Bartlett, v. 47. Was a methodist in Yorkshire, v. 48. Takes the part of Lord G. against Lady G. her niece, v. 49. Detected by Lady G. in hearing and countenancing his complaints against her, v. 50, 51. Obtains her excuse for interfering between a man and his wife, v. 52. Makes up a quarrel between the married pair, v. 55 to 63. Instructs her niece to behave better to her lord, v. 81. Loses two of her fore teeth, v. 129. Gives a relation to her niece of her disappointment in love, and lays it at the door of her late brother, v. 132, 133. On Sir Charles's return to England, entertains the company with her dreams, v. 292. Enquires after Lady Clementina, and hopes her nephew need not go out of England for a wife, vi. 33. 61. The various uses to which she puts her letter-case, vi. 177. She regrets her not being to be present at his wedding, vi. 304. Her delight in nursing Lady L.'s infant, vi. 311. She pities Miss Byron on the near approach of her nuptials, ibid. Officiously directs the nurse of Lady L.'s child in her office, vii. 8. Her rash vow, made in resentment for Sir Thomas's former treatment of her, vii. 211.

Grandison, *Sir* CHARLES (VOL. I.) his character, by one of his servants, 191. His rescue of Miss Byron, ibid. Relates the particulars of it to his sister, and to Mr. Reeves, 204 to 210. Claims Miss Byron for his third sister, 214. Admired by Mrs. Reeves, Lady Betty Williams, and Miss Clements, on his attending Miss Byron home from Colnebrook, 218, & seq. Incloses in a letter to Mr. Reeves, Wilson's penitent letter; and gives his reasons for forgiving him, 251, 252. His character, and description of his person, by Miss Byron, 269 to 278. He visits Miss Byron, 304. Expresses himself with quickness, in apprehension that Miss Byron has given Mr Bagenhall's letter any of her attention, 307. (*See* Bagenhall.) Challenged by Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, ibid. His letter to Sir Hargrave on that subject, 310 to 312. Conference with Mr. Bagenhall on the same subject, with his noble sentiments on the occasion, 329, & seq. His indifference with regard to death, 333.

Grandison, *Sir* CHARLES (VOL. II.) praises his ward to

Miss Byron, 3. (*See Miss* Jervois.) His moderation and charity in speaking of bad people, ibid. Can compliment one lady without depreciating another, 4. Presents his ward to Miss Byron, ibid. His serenity on receiving a disagreeable message, 6. His kind behaviour to his servants, 7. His polite behaviour to Dr. Bartlett, ibid. Endeavours to draw out into notice the doctor's bashful merit, 13. His compliment to Miss Byron on her musical accomplishments, 24. Another conference with Mr. Bagenhall, 25, & seq. In which he gives his opinion of the laws of honour, 27. And intrepidly invites himself to breakfast with Sir Hargrave, upon his challenge, 28. The rules which he constantly observes on a challenge, 30. Particulars of the conference between him and Sir Hargrave, at the house of the latter, 37, & seq. Does honour to his mother's memory for the care she took of his education, 57, 58. His great adroitness and diligence in the management of business, 86. What his employments are, 87. His personal advantages, ibid. A friend to marriage, 103. Improves upon Miss Byron in every conversation, 110. Induces Sir Hargrave and Mr. Merceda to do justice to the penitent Wilson, ibid, 111. 262. His character from Miss Grandison, 111. He has few secrets, 116.

Grandison, Sir Charles (Vol. II. *continued.*) his sisters acquaint Miss Byron with some of his excellencies in his early youth, 141, 142. And of his filial duty when abroad, 160. 164, 165. 199, 200. Description of his person and manners at the age of seventeen, 211. Of his tender behaviour to them on his return, 211 to 213. Of his prudent care of his father's funeral: and sentiments on the solemn subject, 214. Of his dexterity in business, 215. Of his mother's bequest to him; and her character of him when a youth, 225, 226. Of his checking his sisters for their haughty demeanour to Mrs. Oldham, his father's late mistress; and of his great behaviour to her, 221, 222. 227 to 236. He has no vices of his own to cover, by the extensiveness of his charity and beneficence; 237. They give an account of his conduct with regard to his father's base stewards, ibid. Of his endeavour to conceal his father's frailty from the knowledge of the world; and of his portioning and marrying off Miss Obrien, an intended new mistress of his father, 238, 239. Of his conferences with Lord W. in which he overcame that nobleman's prejudices conceived against him on his father's account, 241 to 245. Of his generosity to them, left, as they were, absolutely in his power, 246

to 250. And, at Miss Byron's request, they give the particulars of his manly and prudent conduct towards his profligate governor, when he first went abroad, 251, 252.

Grandison, *Sir* Charles (Vol. II. *continued*) his own benefaction to Wilson; and reason for it, 262, 263. Attends Mr. Danby in his sickness, and at his death, 265. He tries his sister Charlotte's love-cause, 266, & seq. Is sounded by his two sisters on his inclinations as to marriage, 308, 309. He warmly praises Miss Byron, 312. His notion of weighing the merits and demerits of persons in opposite scales, and judging of them by the preponderating one, 319. Lets a lease of his good opinion to persons at his first acquaintance with them, which he either renews, or not, at the expiration of it, ibid. His sentiments on love and courtship, 319, 320. On libertines, 321. On retribution, with regard to women who marry in hopes to bury their husbands, 321, 322. On the performances of young poetesses, 323. Extricates his sister Charlotte from her imprudent engagement with Captain Anderson, 325, & seq. Dr. Bartlett defends him against the charge of reservedness, 341. His opinion of Miss Byron, 343. The doctor's and Lord L.'s account of the general estimation he stood in among ladies abroad, 342, 343. Why Miss Byron wishes he had some faults, 345. He attends the funeral of his friend Mr. Danby, 347. His noble behaviour to the nephews and niece of that gentleman, 347, & seq. Account, extracted from Dr. Bartlett's papers, of his exemplary behaviour in his younger years, when abroad, 363, 364. Of his first acquaintance with the doctor, 364. And with Mr. Beauchamp, 368. Of his saving the doctor from the bowstring, 369. Of his visiting Asia and Africa, 370. And of his furnishing his friend Beauchamp, from his own finances, with means to prosecute his travels, 371. 373.

Grandison, *Sir* Charles (Vol. III.) first mentions advices from Bologna, 10. Beautifies his church, ibid. Care for his ward Miss Jervois, 11 to 16. His high opinion of Miss Byron, 16, 17. Purposes to go to Paris on the duties of his executorship to his late friend Mr. Danby, 17. His scheme of portioning young maidens: other of his charities, ibid. His few secrets such only as could not yield pleasure to his friends, were they to know them, 27. How he deals with his sister Charlotte's humorous curiosity, 28. Calls his own behaviour into question, for exciting too much awe in his sisters, ibid. Frustrates the base design of Mrs. Jervois against her daughter,

40. His character from Mr. Deane, 44. He joins Mr. Deane in the praises of Miss Byron, both as to mind and person, 44, 45. His readiness to undertake long and difficult journeys, upon a proper call, 45. Difficulty of particularizing his virtues, 59. Frees his uncle Lord W. from his insolent mistress (*See* Giffard.) and prevails upon him (contrary to his own interest, as next heir) to resolve to marry, and to lead a life of sobriety, 60, & seq. A friend to the sex; and thinks not well of the man who is not, 68. Confirms the happiness of the whole Danby family, 91, 92. His goodness, when abroad, to another mercantile family, in cancelling a bond for money lent by him, 93, 94. Insolently broken in upon by Mr. O'Hara, his wife, and Captain Salmonet, he is grieved for giving way to passion, especially in his own house, 96 to 104. He is not to be bribed even by beauty, 108. Again regrets his passionate behaviour, 110. His tenderness and indulgence to Miss Jervois, and justice to her wicked mother, 109 to 116. Sounded by his sister Charlotte on his inclinations as to marriage, 120 to 125. He sounds her in return; when she, by an air of coquetry, which he cannot allow in his sister, makes him angry; but shews the most noble placability on the occasion, 126 to 135. His sentiments on Miss Byron's letters, 139, 140. Resumes his enquiry into his sister Charlotte's opinion of her two suitors; and, on her light answers, refers himself to Miss Byron, to acquaint him with her mind, 140, & seq. Pleasantly exposes the pompous and unnatural stile of romance, 149. Gives an account of the attempt made by instigation of the wicked father of the young Danbys on the life of his late brother, 159 to 162. Receives letters which disturb him, and give occasion for exemplifying his patience and magnanimity, 162 to 165. His conference with Miss Byron in Lord L.'s library; in which are included his solicitude for the happiness of his sister Charlotte, and the first part of the history of Lady Olivia, of Lady Clementina, Signor Jeronymo della Porretta, and their family; and in which are shewn his bravery in delivering Signor Jeronymo from assassins; his stedfastness in his religion; and his patriotism, 168, & seq. Sets Dr. Bartlett before him as a second conscience, 177. Considers himself, in his absence from his native country, and from his father (whose paternal goodness he, however, gratefully acknowledges), in the light of a banished man, 179. His dark expressions, that he cannot be unjust, ungenerous, or selfish, 201. Obliged, by his own distress in telling his affect-

ing story, to leave Miss Byron abruptly, he holds a conference with Dr. Bartlett on the difficulties of his situation, 202, 203.

Grandison, *Sir* Charles (Vol. III. *continued*) p. 207. Dr. Bartlett, by his leave, gives extracts to Miss Byron from his former letters to the doctor, of Lady Clementina's story, and his embarrassments on her account.

In these extracts are contained the following particulars, as requested of the doctor by Miss Byron, besides those to be found under the article *Clementina*, Vol. III. p. 207; *viz.*

His expostulatory letter to Signor Jeronymo against libertinism, 209 to 217. Another to the same, on his engaging in a dangerous amour, 218, 219. (*See* Jeronymo.) He avoids formal debates on religion in a country of a different faith from his own, 236. The doctor takes notice of the correctness of his taste, as to following nature, rather than forcing it in works of art, 244. Prevails upon himself to propose to allow Lady Clementina the free exercise of her religion, her confessor, and to educate the future daughters of the marriage, 279. 286. 288. 297.—But declares, that he would not have begun an address upon those terms with a princess, 297. High words between the general and him upon this subject, ibid. Owns his constitutional pride, on being slighted by the proud family of Porretta, 338, 339. Further angry conferences with the general; in which are displayed his patriotism, and universal charity, 356 to 360. His intrepid conference with the general at Naples, 377 to 384. At Florence settles the affairs of his late friend Mr. Jervois, 385. Returns to England upon the death of his father, 389.

See, for what relates to him, to Lady Clementina, and her family, and to her situation at the time he returned to England, the articles *Clementina, Giacomo, Jeronymo.*

Grandison, *Sir* Charles (Vol. IV.) Engagements, as enumerated by Miss Byron, which engross his time, 3, 4. He takes tender notice of Mrs. Oldham, and her sons, 5. Dines with Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, and his gay friends, 10. His reflections on the riots and excesses frequently committed at jovial meetings of gay and thoughtless youth, ibid. Wishes Dr. Bartlett would write upon this subject, 11. Negotiates a treaty of marriage for Lord W.; and resolves to attempt the restoring of the oppressed Mansfield family to their rights, 11 to 20. Appeases the imperious Lady Beauchamp, 22 to 40.

His further proceedings in relation to the settlements on Lord W.'s match with one of the daughters of the Mansfield family, 41. Disclaims ostentation in acts of beneficence, 42. Owns for Miss Byron a more tender friendship than that for a sister, 66. Lays before her his several engagements previous to his departure for Italy, 66 to 68. His intentions with regard to his ward Miss Jervois, 69, 70. And with regard to the marriage of his sister Charlotte, before he leaves England, 70. His condescension to Mrs. Oldham, who dines with him; and generosity to young Oldham, and to her two children by his father; with his prudent instructions to the elder son, regarding the nature of true honour, 72 to 75. Overcomes, by his prudence and generosity, Miss Jervois's wicked mother, and her husband; and makes them happy; yet in such a manner as does honour to his ward, 77 to 84. Engages Mr. Lowther, a skilful surgeon, to accompany him to Bologna, to assist in the cure of Signor Jeronymo, taking also the written opinions of two learned English physicians relative to the case of Lady Clementina, 85. Prevails on his sister Charlotte to fix her wedding-day, 86 to 91. His reflections on his cousin Grandison's temporary concealments of himself, 92. Begs his sister, whenever he emerges, to receive him without reproaches, ibid. His joy in the prospect of the happiness which is likely to gild the latter days of his mother's brother, and in restoring from oppression the ancient and worthy family of the Mansfields, 93. His agreeable behaviour at the three weddings of the Danbys, 98 to 100. Introduces Lord W. to Miss Mansfield, 114, 115. His interview with his friend Beauchamp at Sir Harry's, 117. He briefly lays before his sister Charlotte the duties of the married state, 122, 123. His delicate behaviour at Lord W.'s proposing Miss Byron to him in her presence, as the only person capable of rewarding him for his virtues, 124. His cheerful behaviour on his sister's wedding-day, while his own heart is torn with uncertainty, 130 to 135. Conference between him and Lord W. on the management of servants, 146, 147.—With Lady G. on prudery, 147.—With Lord L. on the manners of the fine ladies of the age, ibid.—With Lord G. on the proper age for marriage, with regard to women, 148.—With Mrs. Reeves, on the helpless state of single women, 148, 149. Scheme for erecting Protestant nunneries, and places of retirement for female penitents, 149 to 151. Sentiments with regard to parents who force their childrens inclinations in wedlock, and on other interesting topics, 151 to 154. Owns himself naturally to be of an imperious

spirit; and ascribes the advantages imputed to him to considerations on his mother's death, and to the good example and precepts of Dr. Bartlett, 154, 155. What passes between him and Lady Olivia, on her unexpected arrival in England, 156. 158. 164, 165. 168 to 173. (*See* Olivia). His tender behaviour to Miss Byron at Mr. Reeves's, a little before his setting out for Italy, 173, & seq. He departs unexpectedly, from tender motives, 180. Presents a pair of colours to the eldest of Mrs. Oldham's sons, 182. Never begins a journey on a Sunday, except in pursuit of works of mercy, or necessity, 185. Is not ashamed to be known to perform his religious duties; yet leaves to the clergy their province uninvaded; and why, 185, 186. His behaviour on being assaulted by Olivia with a poniard, 186 to 188. He declines endeavouring to engage Miss Byron's affections from generous motives, 192. He complies with such customs of the world as are of an indifferent nature; but is inflexible with regard to evil ones, how fashionable soever, 200.

Grandison, *Sir* CHARLES (VOL. IV. *continued.*) Delivers Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, and Mr. Merceda, from severe, but deserved, chastisement, on the road to Paris, 261 to 269. Is met at Parma by the Bishop of Nocera and Father Marescotti, 293. The bishop's account of the hopeless way his brother and sister are in, 294. The Count of Belvedere lets him know his unabated passion for Lady Clementina, 295. He arrives at Bologna, ibid. Affecting interview between him and Jeronymo, 296. His reception from the marquis and marchioness, ibid. In Mr. Lowther's character he gives that of a good surgeon, 297. Brief history of Signor Jeronymo's case, 298 to 300. Lady Clementina expected from Urbino; her brother the general, and his new-married lady, with her, 301. Conversation between the marchioness and him, on Clementina's case; and on his expectations from them, if she should recover her reason, ibid. His generous declaration, that he looks upon *himself* as bound by his former offers; upon them, and Lady Clementina, as free, 302, 303. He rejoices that he had not, in pursuance of his own inclinations, sought to engage the affections of Miss Byron, while he was in so great uncertainty, 303. Is very solicitous for her happiness, 304. Acquits himself as having nothing to answer for from his conduct to either lady, ibid. The marchioness relates to him the cruel treatment of her Clementina by Lady Sforza and Laurana, with their interested motives for it, 304 to 306. Reasons why the whole Porretta family are averse to Clementina's assuming

the veil, 306. His reflections on Olivia's violent spirit; his regard to female delicacy, 307. Recommends to his ward to follow Miss Byron's example, 308. Is ashamed, for the sake of his country, of the behaviour of Sir Hargrave, Mr. Merceda, and Mr. Bagenhall, in France, ibid. Visited by the Count of Belvedere. (*See* Belvedere.) Affecting particulars relating to Clementina, and to his own sensibilities for her, for Jeronymo, for Olivia, and his friends in England, 310 to 313. Lady Clementina is brought from Naples and Urbino to Bologna, 314. Camilla attends him, ibid. He is visited by the bishop and the general, 315. Spirited conversation between him and the general, in which he compares the latter to Naaman the Syrian, 316, 317. The general, overcome by his greatness of mind, reconciles himself to him, 318. He is setting out for the palace of Porretta, in expectation of being admitted to the presence of Clementina, 320.

Grandison, *Sir* Charles (Vol. V.) The general's and his lady's polite behaviour to him, 3. Particulars of his first interview with Lady Clementina, in presence of her assembled friends, and of her affecting and solemn behaviour, 4, & seq. The general and he again have angry words, 6. Again reconciled, 8. His generous concern for Lady Clementina and Jeronymo, 10. Is indisposed from the harassings he meets with, ibid.

For what further relates to his behaviour to Clementina, and to what relates to her in the different stages of her malady, See the article *Clementina*, Vol. V. from p. 13 to p. 144.

His further reflections on the disgrace which Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, Mr. Merceda, and Mr. Bagenhall, have brought upon themselves, 19, 20. He recommends the young Oldhams to the kindness of Dr. Bartlett, 20. His generosity to a family in France, for whom, it was his opinion, the late Mr. Danby would have provided, had he been reminded of them, ibid. Some hopes of Jeronymo; which enliven his sister, 25. Conference between him, the marchioness, and Father Marescotti, on his expectations from them, were Lady Clementina to recover, 27, & seq. He again declares himself bound, their family free, 29. He thanks God, that he is enabled to do his duty by others, though he meet not with grateful returns, 30. The marchioness, and Father Marescotti, admire him in tears, 31. Comforts, by letter, his cousin Everard, who has ruined himself by gaming, 70. Tells him (in order to encourage him to be free with him) that he should

deavours to comfort him, and, at his own request, closes his es, 317. *See Sir* Hargrave Pollexfen.

See for more of the actions of Sir Charles Grandison almost every article of this Index, illuminated by his goodness and magnanimity.

Grandison, Lady, wife of Sir Charles. *See Miss* Byron, ol. VI. VII.

Grandison, *Miss* Caroline, Sir Charles's eldest sister. *See untess of* L.

Grandison, *Miss* Charlotte (Vol. I.) Sir Charles's younger ter; her billet to Mr. Reeves, informing him of Miss By n's safety, 189, 190. She acquaints Mr. Reeves with Miss ron's hopeful way, 192, 193. Her care of, and tenderness her, 196 to 199. Her praises of her brother, 200. Her aracter from Miss Byron, 266 to 269. Her lively visit to iss Byron, 280, & seq. She gives hints of her *entanglement*, 1. 285. 287. Invites herself and Lady L. to Miss Byron's; ey are followed by Lord L. and Sir Charles, 300 to 304. e invites Miss Byron, and her cousins, to St. James's Square, 4. Her liveliness makes her too negligent about the opinion the world as to matters of prudence, 315.

Grandison, *Miss* Charlotte (Vol. II.) Visited by Miss ron, according to promise, at St. James's Square: Lord G. ofesses himself her admirer, 2. She falls upon Mr. Grandi n for his first speech to Miss Byron, 5. Raillies Lord G. r his collection of insects, 8. Gently reprimanded by Sir harles and Lady L. for her extreme vivacity, 20. Acknow dges her reverence for her brother, as coming from his avels a finished gentleman, 21. Sings and plays Shake eare's Cuckow, to divert her cousin Grandison, whom she had en just before severely raillying, 22. Accuses Miss Byron of ide for the number of her rejected lovers; and particularly r declining Lord D.'s proposed address, 75 to 78. In order to me at Miss Byron's secret, she relates how she discovered er sister's love-secret; and how serviceable she was to her in at affair, 79, 80. Praises her brother for his fraternal love, 6, 87. Makes further enquiries concerning Lord D.'s address Miss Byron; and seems to favour it, in order to worm out e real secret, 88 to 94. Her letter inviting Miss Byron to olnebrook, 105, 106. Her reproof of Mr. Grandison for his pertinent compliments to Miss Byron, 108. Again accuses iss Byron of pride, 111. Censured by Mrs. Shirley for want generosity in her raillery, 126. Requests the history of

Miss Byron's family and friends, in return for her own communications, 140. Joins with her sister in giving to Miss Byron their family-history;

Particularizing, The gaiety of their father, 134. The excellence of their mother, 135, & seq. Affecting scene of their mother's death, 142, & seq. First grounds of dislike to Mrs. Oldham, 149. Their father's forbidding a correspondence between them and their brother, 151. His treatment of them on occasion of Lord L.'s address to her sister, 160. 168. 172 to 193. Recital of their severe treatment of Mrs. Oldham, on their father's death, 205 to 207. Of their apprehensiveness of their brother, in whose power they were absolutely left, 209. Of his kind reception of them both on his return from abroad, 211 to 213. Of their haughty demeanour to Mrs. Oldham, and his different behaviour to her, and gentle reprehension of both sisters, 217 to 224. Of his dividing between them his mother's jewels and select money, 225 to 227. Of their further unhandsome behaviour to the unhappy woman, and his goodness to her, 228, & seq.—And to them, 235. They particularize his goodness to them both, in making the one happy with Lord L. with a fortune beyond his hopes; the other with an equal sum, and absolutely independent of himself, 246 to 250. End of the family narrative, 253.

Grandison, *Miss* Charlotte (Vol. II. *continued.*) Her two lovers, Lord G. and Sir Walter Watkyns, disapproved of by her, 250. She expresses a desire of disclosing her mind to Miss Byron, 253. She, with her sister, rebukes Mr. Grandison for his confident declaration of love to Miss Byron, 256, 257. Her trial, as it is called, on the discovery Sir Charles had made of her engagement with Captain Anderson, 266, & seq. Dr. Bartlett offers himself an advocate for her, 268. Description of her vexation, 269. Of her fretful humility, 270. Disingenuousness with her brother in relation to Captain Anderson, 271. Her detection; confusion upon it; and great generosity of her brother, 271 to 279. Gently blames her father's conduct, and ascribes to the reason he gave her to think she would have but a small fortune, her engagement with Captain Anderson, 281, 282. Gives the character of that gentleman, 282. Relates her serious reflections with herself at the time, upon the rash step she was taking, 283. Gives particulars of what had passed between them; of the promise he had extorted from her; and the reasons she had to dislike him, more than ever she liked him, 285 to 289. Rejoices that her father knew nothing of her engagement, 290. Further characterizes

Captain Anderson, 291. Sir Charles's sentiments on the subject of promises, 292 to 294. His generous regard to her inclinations, and advice with respect to the promise made to Captain Anderson, 295 to 297. She shews Miss Byron some of the letters that passed between the captain and her, 300. Her letter of dismission to the captain, 301. Before she is well recovered from this mortification, she, joined by her sister Lady L. challenges Miss Byron in her dressing-room with her love for her brother, 302 to 313. Enquires into Miss Byron's sentiments of masquerades; debate upon them, 315 to 318. Ridicules old maids; her aunt Eleanor, in particular, 318. Enquires into her brother's terms of friendship granted to ladies, 319. Sir Charles induces Captain Anderson to release her from her promise, 325 to 335.

Grandison, *Miss* Charlotte (Vol. III.) Endeavours to tempt Miss Byron to read a letter of Sir Charles, which she had clandestinely come at, 3 to 6. Fails, and is mortified into self condemnation; yet shews, that nothing for half an hour together can keep down her vivacity, 8, 9. Gives Miss Byron an account of the visit of Major O'Hara, his wife, and Captain Salmonet, at Colnebrook, 31. And of what passed in it, 30 to 41. Her character, from Mr. Deane, 43 to 46. Procures for Sir Charles the promise of seeing some of Miss Byron's letters, 107, 108. Her tenderness to Miss Jervois, on her affliction at her mother's letter, 110. Sounds her brother with regard to the state of his affections, 120 to 126. And is sounded by him, in return, with regard to her inclinations, 126 to 131. He is displeased with her coquetish answer, 131, 132. She flies to her harpsichord, out of humour, 134. Makes apologies to her brother, and presents him Miss Byron's promised letters, 135. Further debate on the courtship of Lord G. and Sir Walter Watkyns, 140, & seq. Gives a denial to Sir Walter, in her humorous way, 153. Her evasive and ludicrous answers with regard to Lord G. 153 to 155. Her generous preference of Miss Byron's excellencies to her own, 156. Sir Charles, not able to know her mind from herself, desires her to reveal it to Miss Byron, 157. She professes to delight in quarrelling and making up; and that she intends to exercise her future husband's patience in that way, 166. Declares, that she is never concerned for any thing longer than the consequential inconvenience lasts, 167. Impowers Miss Byron to consent for her to countenance Lord G. 170, 171. Her brother cautions her, by Miss Byron, with regard to her behaviour to Lord G. if she accepts him for her husband, 173, 174. She comforts

Miss Byron, afflicted with Sir Charles's story of the Porretta family in Italy, 202. Her ludicrous behaviour to Lord G. on his visit at Colnebrook, after receiving encouragement from Sir Charles, 242, 243.

Grandison, *Miss* CHARLOTTE (VOL. IV.) Her ludicrous behaviour to Lord G. 7, 8. She is resolved to remember nothing that will vex her, 8. She gives Miss Byron an account of Sir Charles's generosity to the Oldhams, with her censures upon him for it, 72 to 76. Her wedding-day, after many debatings, at last fixed, 86 to 91. Her account of the triple wedding in the Danby family, 98 to 100. Instance of her generosity designed to, but not accepted by, Miss Byron, 101. Debate about the place in which the ceremony is to be performed, 106, 107. Her haughty behaviour to Lord G. on his coming into her presence with too little ceremony, 107, 108. Account of her marriage, 122, & seq. Her brother's advice to her on the occasion, 122, 123. Retains her levity, even at the altar, 127. Lord W. presents her with a bank-note of a thousand pounds, 128. Her lively conversation with Lady L. and Miss Byron, on the disposal of it, 139 to 142. Her opinion, that a virtuous man, like her brother, can *distinguish* more virtuous women than one by his tenderness, 144, 145. Debate with her brother concerning love and courtship, 151, 152. Her quarrel with her lord two days after marriage, 155, 156. Made up by Miss Byron, 158 to 161. Her opinion of Lady Olivia, 162. At her request, Dr. Bartlett gives a short sketch of that lady's history, 163. (*See* Olivia.) Again quarrels with Lord G. 201, & seq. Her first letter to Miss Byron, now in the country, 238, & seq. She gives her opinion in it of Mrs. Selby; of Miss Lucy Selby, 238. Of Mr. Selby, 239. Defends the attack she and her sister formerly made upon Miss Byron in her dressing-room, 240, 241. Her sentiments, and generous way of thinking, as to Miss Jervois, 241. Admires the venerable Mrs. Shirley, 242. Raillies Lady Anne S. and receives from that lady a polite rebuke, 242, 243. Receives a letter of congratulation from her aunt Eleanor at York, 243. Raillies Lord G. for his collection of insects, 244. Advises him to present his shells to Miss Jervois, 245. He presents his lady with a set of fine old Japan china, ibid. Her reflections on the modern women, 259. And on public diversions, 269. She pins her apron to Lord G.'s coat, and obliges him to make excuses for her own fault, 270. Her quarrel with him about being presented at court on her marriage, 272, & seq. She will not allow her *heart* to be wrong, 283.

Grandison, *Miss* Charlotte, now *Lady* G. (Vol. V.) Treats her lord with airs of seeming contempt; and, when she has enraged him, runs to her harpsichord, 49. Discovers him complaining to her aunt Eleanor: and her aunt reproaching him for bearing with her; for which she reprimands her aunt, and brings her to make apologies for interfering between man and wife, 50 to 52. Quarrels with her lord for presuming to take a house without consulting her, 53. How she proposes to revenge the affront, 54. Puts him into a rage, which operates in his breaking her harpsichord, ibid. Serious debate between her and her aunt Eleanor on her behaviour to her lord, 57 to 62. A generous and affecting scene between her and him, 63 to 69. Account of her journey to Northamptonshire, to visit Miss Byron, 73, 74. Gives to Lady L. the characters of Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, Miss Lucy and Miss Nancy Selby; Miss Kitty and Miss Patty Holles; and young Mr. James Selby, 75, 76. She accounts sensibly to her sister for the change of her behaviour to her lord, 80. Relates how every one is affected at Selby-house, on the news that the Italian affair is at a crisis, 82 to 118. (*See Miss* Byron, Vol. V.) Is of opinion, that Miss Byron should accept of Lord D. in case of her brother's marriage with Lady Clementina, 119. Gives an account, in her ludicrous way, how greatly she and her lord improve upon each other, 119, 120. He is taken suddenly ill: her serious reflections upon it, 121. Hints at a circumstance, which, she says, will soon make her as grave as a cat, 122. Promises the Earl of G. on his pressing letter, to return to town. Account of her journey, 127 to 129. Thinks Lady D.'s letter to Miss Byron on Miss Byron's supposed romantic notions of love, unanswerable; and exhorts her to follow the advice of that lady, 132. Her civility to her lord, she says, is now become an habit, 133. She reflects on the women of the present age for their love of public places; but more on the men, 134. Ridicules Lord G. for his present to her of a parrot and paroquet, 134 to 136. Calls for Miss Byron's congratulations on Sir Charles's arrival, 290. Endeavours to account, in her manner, for her lord's joyful behaviour on seeing Sir Charles, and for his love of herself, 293. Conversation with her brother, and the rest of the family, on Lady Clementina, on Miss Byron, and others, 295 to 299.

Grandison, *Miss* Charlotte, or, *Lady* G. (Vol. VI.) Her description of Lord L's, Lord G's, and her aunt Eleanor's joy, on Sir Charles's communication of Mrs. Shirley's letter, accepting of his address on the part of Miss Byron, 32. She

visits Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, with Miss Byron's letter in her hand; and humorously describes the joy of all three, 33. Miss Jervois particularly affected on hearing the news of Sir Charles's address to Miss Byron, 34 to 36. Humorous description of Lady L. dictating a letter for her to Miss Byron, 38, 39. Her slight opinion of love-matches, 46.—And of physicians, ibid. She wonders what is become of her sauciness; and thinks it might be the ruin of any indiscreet woman who should find it, 61. Her remarks on the treatment of her brother at Selby-house; and on his noble behaviour and address, 97, & seq. Her description of two bashful lovers increasing their own difficulties, 101, 102. Defends the magnanimity of her brother in his behaviour to Clementina, 102 to 104. And cautions Miss Byron to avoid affectation, 105. Her further observations on Miss Byron's conduct, 169 to 171. Praises Miss Jervois, 171, 172. Her observations on the susceptibility of young girls, miscalled love, ibid. Her favourable opinion of marriages of discretion, such as she supposes was Mr. Selby's, 172, 173. Her description of her cousin Grandison's conscious behaviour in her presence, and account of his intended marriage, 173 to 175. Her further instructions to Miss Byron, as to Sir Charles's supposed precipitation, 176. Raillies her aunt Eleanor for her carefulness of a letter of Sir Charles, and for the uses to which she puts her letter-case, 177. Lends Miss Jervois money, and thinks her extravagant, 179. Her ludicrous observations on the gratitude of male birds, and ingratitude of husbands, 180. Retracts her hasty censure of Miss Jervois for extravagance, 298. (*See Miss* Jervois.) Is of opinion, that Lady Clementina will marry the Count of Belvedere, 301. Is an enemy to the poets, and why, 303. Congratulates Miss Byron on her nuptial-day's being fixed, 304. Her description of the joy occasioned by a wedding, to the workwomen employed on the occasion, 309, 310. Raillies her brother, 319.—And Miss Byron, 320. Gives an account of what passed on the day preceding the marriage, 322 to 335. —And of the wedding-day, 335, & seq.—And, in conjunction with Lucy Selby, of the order of procession, 339 to 341.—Of her brother's noble behaviour during the ceremony, 344, 345.—And in the vestry, 346, 347. Her preferable opinion of marriages of prudence, to those that follow the romantic kind of love, 348. Gives an account of the rest of the transactions of the day, 351 to 362. She raises a debate on the natural independency of women, 367. 370 to 385.

Grandison, CHARLOTTE, or, *Lady G.* (VOL. VII.) Raillies Miss Selby for her affectation in disclaiming the talents she is mistress of, 7. Her contempt of citizens checked by Lady Grandison, 17, 18. Sir Charles's censure of her petulance in her present circumstance: Lady Grandison's pretended confirmation of it to him, 58 to 60. She ludicrously describes the circumstances of a young woman from her wedding-day to her childbed preparations, 156. Raillies Lady Grandison on the subject, 179. Brought to bed of a daughter, 202. Appealed to in a debate at Selby-house, on the reasonableness or unreasonableness of a young woman's adhering to a first passion, 222. Her judgment given on the appeal from Selby-house, 224, & seq. Enumerates cases that may render a first love impracticable, 225. Her story of the trick put on a girl over-run with false heroics, by her honest guardian, 227, & seq. Surprised by her joyful lord in nursing her infant, which she did not intend he should know, 233. Arrives at Grandison-hall, greatly amended in her behaviour to her husband, 240. Her humorous letter to Miss Lucy Selby, 249. Another to the same, on Lady Grandison's sudden illness, 252. Confesses, that it was not possible for her to have loved Captain Anderson so well as she loves Lord G. 279. Invites all who would be good husbands and wives to Grandison-hall while she is there, 280. Praises her own lord, ibid. Pleased with him for putting her brother on becoming a public man, ibid. Her account of a conversation on that subject, 281 to 283. Makes light of Lady Laurana's dreadful catastrophe; and is reproved for it by her brother, 296. Invites her sister, and Mrs. Reeves, to what she calls a squalling concert, 314. Raillies Jeronymo; and makes him look about him, 315. Becomes an excellent mother, nurse, and wife, ibid.

Grandison, EVERARD. *See* Everard.

Grandison-hall described, vii. 23 to 26.

Gratitude, i. 304. | ii. 34. 344. 349. | iv. 19. 69. | vii. 175. Gratitude, in a generous mind, will supply the place of love, vii. 230.

GREVILLE, *Mr.* a lover of Miss Byron, threatens to follow her to London, i. 1. His letter to Lady Frampton, describing her person, i. 3, & seq. Relation of his encounter and compromise with Mr. Fenwick, i. 5. Beseeches her to declare her hatred of him, if she will not her love, i. 15. His character and history from Miss Byron, i. 28, 29. Miss Byron's relation of his encounter with Mr. Fenwick, i. 94. Visits Miss Byron, i. 143 to 147. Threatens to devour her, and pretends to begin with her hand, i. 147. Another visit of his, i. 150, & seq.

His scorn of Mr. Orme, and Mr. Fowler, i. 151. He again desires her to declare that she hates him, i. 152. High language between him and Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, i. 153 to 156. Suspected of carrying off Miss Byron from the masquerade, i. 172, 173. 178. Menaces Sir Charles Grandison, iv. 94. His joyful behaviour to Miss Byron, on her return from London, iv. 233. Further instances of his contempt of Mr. Orme, iv. 234. Again absolutely rejected: his insolent behaviour upon it, iv. 256. Menaces both Sir Hargrave and Sir Charles, iv. 258, 259. Perseveres in his suit, and repeats his menaces, vi. 49 to 51. Forces himself into Sir Charles's company, and affronts him, vi. 76. The issue of his insult disgraceful to himself, vi. 106 to 112. His character from Sir Charles, vi. 125. Gives out, that he received a fall from his horse, to silence the report of the foil given him by Sir Charles, vi. 127. 130. His uncommon behaviour to Miss Byron at Selby-house, in presence of all her friends, and of Sir Charles Grandison, vi. 131 to 137. He sickens when got home, having acted a part too great for his powers, vi. 138. Visited by Sir Charles, who thinks, that Miss Byron might have reformed him, vi. 139, 140. His visit at Selby-house, vi. 187. Visited again by Sir Charles, vi. 209 to 212. Wishes that Miss Byron's wedding-day were over; and becomes gloomy and disconsolate, vi. 264. Resolves to hate her, vi. 264. 267. His threatening message to her by Miss Orme, NOT TO BE TOO SECURE, vi. 267. Denounces destruction to Sir Charles; and sets out with armed servants to meet him on his return to Northamptonshire, vi. 272, 273. His continued moodiness, and ill temper, vi. 278. Overcome by Sir Charles's magnanimity, vi. 288, 289. Instance of his sullen complaisance, vi. 388. His various behaviour on Sir Charles's kind visit to him, vii. 2. Debate between Lady Grandison and Miss Lucy Selby, on the propriety, or otherwise, of the latter's accepting his address, vii. 75 to 81. Absolutely rejected by Lucy, vii. 204.

GREY, *Lady Jane*, vi. 376.

Grief, i. 16. | ii. 143. | v. 133. 205. | vi. 334.

Guardian, caution to a young one, iii. 14. What a worthy one will and will not do, iv. 70. 83. | vi. 43, 44. 156. | vii. 40. *See Sir Charles* Grandison.

GUNNING, *Arthur*, captain of the ship which conveys the Porretta family to England, vii. 109.

H.

HALDEN, *Mr.* steward to Lord W. iii. 10. Rejoices at Mrs. Giffard's dismission, iii. 85, 86. *See more of him*, iv. 41.

HANDEL, *Mr.* his just praises, i. 155. | ii. 23. | vii. 197.

Handsome man, i. 318.

Happiness, iii. 119. 281. | iv. 109. | vi. 124. | vii. 7. 38. 40. 214.

Harmony between a wedded pair gives them credit in every eye, v. 186.

HARRINGTON, *Mrs.* aunt to Miss Danby, ii. 356. Visited by Sir Charles on her niece's wedding, iv. 99.

HARTLEYS, two brothers, of service to Sir Charles Grandison in the cause of the Mansfields, vi. 1, 2.

HAWKINS, *Mr.* steward to Mr. Selby, appointed to direct at the tenants feast, vi. 308.

HENDERSON, *Alexander*, a polite seaman, captain of the ship which conveys Lady Clementina to England, vii. 107. 135.

HENRY IV. of France, v. 98. 105.

HENRY VIII. of England, iii. 346.

Herculaneum visited by Sir Charles Grandison, v. 215.

Hero; he is a real one who can subdue his passions on receiving an injury, ii. 49. What is there in the boasted character of most of those called heroes, compared with the un-ostentatious merit of a good man? vii. 319. *See* Challenges, Duelling.

Heroes, ancient and modern, enumerated by Miss Barnevelt as her favourites, i. 83. *See Miss* Barnevelt.

Heroic girl, innocently cheated by her guardian, vii. 227, 228.

Heroism, whether in love or chivalry, owes its being to opposition and resistance, vii. 226. False heroism, vii. 269.

HERVEY, *Mr.* a worthy merchant, master of the elder Danby, gives him his niece in marriage, iv. 99.

History of Miss Hurste. *See* Hurste.

History of a politic guardian, and romancing ward, vii. 227, 228. *See Sir Arthur* Poinings.

HOLLES, *Sir John*, a gentleman of Northamptonshire, related to the Selbys, vii. 2. 4.

Holles, Miss KITTY and PATTY, daughters of Sir John, their characters from Lady G. v. 76. Guests at Sir Charles Grandison's nuptials, vi. 322. 329. Cannot think of marrying, after having seen his graceful behaviour to his lady, vi. 365.

Miss Patty Holles addressed by Mr. James Selby, vii. 289. Miss Kitty by another lover, ibid.

Home, the devil there, conjectural meaning of that phrase, i. 286.

Homer, descant on him, i. 77. Justly admired for his writing to nature, i. 276. Raved at by Lady G.; and why, vi. 303.

Honest man, i. 128. | ii. 234. *See Sir Charles* Grandison.

Honest woman, the peculiar sense of that word in Lancashire, iv. 266.

Honesty is good sense, politeness, amiableness, all in one, i. 123.

Honour, the abuse of the word, i. 295. Honour should be paid to men for better reasons than for either their riches or ancestry, iii. 279. A man of honour, who is not himself disengaged, will be careful of engaging the affections of a young woman, vii. 39.

Hoops, the indecency of wearing large ones, vi. 142.

Hopeless lover, i. 293. | ii. 110. | v. 195. | vii. 147.

Horatii and Curiatii. *See* Duelling.

Horses, why Sir Charles Grandison docks not his, i. 272, 273. | vi. 71.

Hospital for female penitents, iv. 151.

Human nature, its character not to be taken from the ov[erflowings] of dirty imaginations, ii. 194. Not so bad as so[me] disgracers of their own species have seemed to suppose, v. [...] *See also the* concluding note *to the work*.

Humanity inseparable from true bravery, vi. 21. | vii. 2[...] 312. *See the character of Sir Charles* Grandison *throughout*.

Humility, i. 52. 272.

Humour and raillery difficult to be reined-in, iii. 19. T[rue] humour is a gentle, a decent, though a lively, talent, vii. [...]76. *See* Raillery.

Hurste, *Miss*; her story, a proof of the indelicacy and indiscretion of a lady's giving way to first impressions, v. 131. Thinks herself, because of the inferior understanding of the man she suddenly *fell in love with* (as it is called), and marrie[d], under obligation to every one who took but civil notice of hi[m], v. ibid.

Husband, the best, for a woman of wit, ii. 78. Miss Jervois etymology of the word, vi. 359.

Husband and wife, i. 117. | ii. 32. 78. 83. 102. 136 to 1[...]

uestion the rectitude of his own heart, if he had not reason o hope, that charity was the principal of those virtues, which e attributes to him, ibid. (*See* Gaming.) Will consider him s entitled to a brother's share in his fortune, if he acquit imself as a man of honour in his present difficulties, 72. The orretta family confer with him on the terms on which Cleientina will be allowed to be his, 97. Particulars of their onferences, and of his great and manly behaviour and senments, and of their generosity, on this important occasion, 7 to 107. Expresses to Dr. Bartlett, on his near prospect of arriage with Lady Clementina, a tender concern for Miss yron, 108. Recals his concern, in honour to her, as the iggestions of his own presumption—yet wishes, that before lementina receives his vows, he could know that Miss Byron ad given her hand to the Earl of D. ibid. He receives a visit om the Count of Belvedere; who, in despair, gives him a hallenge, 140 to 143. (*See* Belvedere.) His address to Lady lementina, to confirm the honour designed him by the fanily, 148.

For what follows relating to her noble conduct, in preferring her religion to her love; and the conversations upon it between her family and him, and between the lady and him; See the article *Clementina*, Vol. V. from p. 148 to p. 266.

He is greatly indisposed, 161. He surprises Father Marescotti istening to the discourse between Clementina and him, 171. His superior demeanour to the father upon it, 172. Visited by the Count of Belvedere, who, in a desperate mood, brings istols with him, for him to choose one, 173. His noble beaviour, and moderation, on the occasion, 174. He convinces at nobleman of his blameable rashness, ibid. He is again isited by the count, who makes great acknowledgments to him r his goodness in his last visit, 204. Greatly indisposed; but ndeavours to conceal his illness, lest it should be thought a over's artifice, 206. Affected for his cousin Everard, 214. Retrospects the three or four past years of his life; and calls upon Dr. Bartlett to acquit or censure him with that freedom, which, he says, has been of inexpressible use to him in his past life, 215. He gives Dr. Bartlett an account of what passed in an interview between him and Lady Olivia, at Florence, and of an attempt made upon him there, 240 to 242. (*See* Olivia.) Refers to his literary journal, 240. 242. He is very urgent to prevail upon Signor Jeronymo to accompany him to England, 245. Extends his invitation to others of the family, 246.

Hope given him, that the next spring they will accept of h invitation, 248. In his way to England, he visits the Cou of Belvedere at Parma, 266. Waits on Lady Sforza at Milan 267. What passes between him, that lady, and Laurana, 267 268. Writes to Jeronymo from Lyons, ibid. His expostula tory letter to Lady Olivia, on his departure from Italy, 269 t 274. Her high spirited answer to it, 275 to 284. His reflec tions upon it, 284. His sentiments in relation to the acceptin or refusing of presents, 285, 286. Finds at Paris, attendin his arrival in that city, his cousin Everard, 287. Describe the poor man's spiritless figure, ibid. Useful observation on his case, and the pernicious practice of gaming, ibid. Con soles and admonishes him, 287, 288. Comparison of hi cousin's person and airs in the days of his prosperity, wit those in his present adversity, 289. Proposes to be in Englan very soon after Dr. Bartlett can receive this letter; which shut up, as he says, the account of his foreign excursions, 290 Arrives at his house in London, ibid. Joy of all his friend upon his arrival, 290, & seq. He takes pleasure in the prais every one gives to Lady Clementina, 295. Enquires afte Miss Byron's health, and shews emotion on hearing she is in declining way, 296, & seq. Visits Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, Lord and Lady W. 305, 306. Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, in his ill ness, 307. The Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, 308. Visits also Sir Harry Beauchamp, whom he finds in a swift decay 310. His visit to Lady Mansfield, 311. He enables his cousin to pay his debts, 312.

Grandison, *Sir* Charles (Vol. VI.) His management o the Mansfields' cause, against the Keelings, and the vile Bolton 1 to 3. His reflections on the chicaneries of wicked lawyers 4. His concern for his cousin Everard; and reflections on hi case, 5. Proposes to provide genteelly for Dr. Bartlett's on wordly care, his nephew, 6. Receives a letter from Signo Jeronymo, in answer to his from Lyons; in which he wishes he would set his sister an example of marriage, 7, 8. Lady Clementina's letter to him, in answer to his to her from Lyons; in which she complains of being vehemently urged by all her friends to marry; asks his advice, as a *disinterested* man; and is earnest to assume the veil, 8 to 10. His answer, 11 to 14. His reply to Signor Jeronymo's letter, 14. In which he tells him, that he had not till *now*, that his sister in her letter avowedly consults him as a *brother* only, giving up all hopes of her, 15. On Jeronymo's wishes, that he would set his sister an example by marrying, he unbosoms himself to him in a

manner equally just and delicate, with regard to his sister, and to an English lady, whom, he says, he could have loved above all women, had he never known Clementina, 15, 16. He visits Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, 18. He visits Mrs. Shirley, and entreats her interest with her grandaughter, 22.

For what relates to his address to Miss Byron, and what passes between him, her, and her friends, at Selby-house, and Shirley-manor, See the article Miss *Byron*, Vol. VI. from p. 22 to p. 385.

Insulted by Mr. Greville, he leaves that gentleman to relate, in his own way, the rencounter, 78. (*See Mr.* Fenwick, *Mr.* Greville.) Another letter from Jeronymo to him, 90, & seq. (*See* Clementina, Vol. VI.) Lady G. again praises him for his celerity in business, 175. He is not one, she tells Miss Byron, who values a blessing the more for its being dear, 178. He is, she says, above aiming at wit, 182, 183. He engages, by his gallant behaviour, the esteem of Miss Orme against her will, 187. Pursues his father's taste, where innocent to be followed; particularly with regard to dress, and magnificence of spirit, 191. Pities Lady Olivia to Miss Byron, and praises her for some good qualities, 193. Never WILFULLY gave pain either to the motherly or sisterly heart; nor yet to that of any other woman, ibid. His regard to truth in complimenting, 214. His high character among the ladies abroad, 214, 215. Is as free from austerity and uncharitableness, as from ostentation and affectation, 216. Disclaims preaching himself to bad men who know their duty, and have proper monitors, ibid. Thinks more is to be done with such by innocently relaxing than by strictness of behaviour; yet admires those who do not relax, if they have got above moroseness, austerity, and uncharitableness, ibid. Shews his benevolence to men of different persuasions, 217. His sentiments on schism, and on prescribing to tender consciences, ibid. Evades a question put to him about the *methodists*, by leading Miss Byron (oppressed by her uncle's raillery) in a gallant manner out of the company, 218. He communicates to her a despairing letter of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, who requests him in it to be his executor, 219, & seq. Tender scene between them on this occasion, 222, 223. Her generosity with regard to Lady Clementina engages his gratitude and admiration, 223, 224. His munificence to Mr. Bagenhall's wife, on her husband's becoming a fugitive, 226. His compassion for Sir Hargrave: his concern for his Beauchamp on his father's approaching destiny; pity for Lady Beauchamp; and dutiful regrets on

remembering his own father, 231, 232. The tender parting between him and Miss Byron, on his setting out for London, 233, 234. He visits Sir Harry Beauchamp in extremity; who reveals certain secrets to him, and commits his lady to his protection, 237. Visits the despairing Sir Hargrave, 238. Sends Miss Byron a letter which he has received from Signor Jeronymo; in which Lady Clementina, and several of her friends, request him to marry, 240, 241, & seq. (*See* Clementina, vol. vi.) Miss Jervois writes to him, on her presenting her mother, and Mr. O'Hara, with a chariot, without consulting him or his sisters, 256, & seq. His indulgent answer, 261, 262. Her thankful reply, 263. (*See Miss* Jervois.) Extricates himself from Greville's gloomy machinations by his magnanimity, 287, 288. He makes the facetious Mr. Selby observe decorum, without intending it, 319. Encomium on his presence of mind, modesty, and vivacity, 324. *The* DAY *is come*—Lady G. and Miss Lucy Selby join to describe the dresses, the behaviour of the happy pair, and the good order, decency, and respect, observed by the applauding multitude, 335, & seq. Debate on the superiority and inferiority of the two sexes; in which he vindicates the cause of learning and languages, but ill-supported formerly by Mr. Walden, 370, & seq. Description of the bride dressed for her appearance at church, 385. His ease, dignity, and inattentiveness to his own dress on the same occasion, though no stoical nonconformist to the fashion, 386. His behaviour at church, 388. He says there will be a rite wanting, till he and she have communicated at the altar, on this particular occasion, according to the order of the church, 389.

Grandison, *Sir* CHARLES (VOL. VII.) visits Mr. Greville, 2. And Mr. Orme; and engages, by his politeness, the esteem of that worthy man, 3, 4. Resolves to soften the disappointment of all his rivals, 5. Tenants jubilee at Selby-house: Mrs. Shirley's character of him to her tenants, 5, 6. Ball at Mrs. Shirley's; every body in raptures with him: their departure for London settled; to be accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Selby, Mr. Deane, and Miss Lucy Selby, 9, 10. On a motion made for the bride and bridegroom to be presented to the king, he declares his readiness to comply with every proposal that shall shew his duty to his sovereign, and his gratitude for the honour done him by his Harriet, 10. Though, in the noblest sense, he is a CITIZEN OF THE WORLD, yet he prefers the MANUFACTURES, the TRADESMEN, the SERVANTS of his OWN COUNTRY, to those of any other, 11, 12. 29. Particulars of

what passed on their coming to town, 14. He insists that the christening of Lord L.'s child should be performed at church, ibid. His piety in visiting the sick: can pity a dying friend without saddening his own heart, 16. Visits the dispirited Sir Hargrave; visits also Mrs. Oldham; and the Danby family assembled to receive him, ibid. Twice at the drawing-room: admires the royal qualities of his sovereign; wishes his majesty would take a summer's progress through his British, another through his Irish dominions; with an express proviso; which he mentions, 18. He, as politely as affectionately, gives his bride possession of Grandison-hall, 20.

For other parts of his conduct and behaviour in the matrimonial and domestic life, See the article Miss *Byron*, Vol. VII. from p. 20 to p. 46.

Dr. Bartlett's account of his œconomy, discernment, and dealings with his tradesmen and master-workmen, 47, 48. A great planter, 48. Hastens to find out the sighing heart before it is overwhelmed with calamity, ibid. Intends to take a personal survey of his estate, ibid. Instances of his prudence in his charity, ibid. Had studied husbandry and law; the one to qualify him to preserve, the other to manage, his estate, 49. Always prepared for, and aforehand with, probable events, ibid. His cheerfulness on the performance of his superior duties, 54. Solemn address to the Almighty, in a paper found under his common-prayer-book; an address proper to be made by a good man, who lives up to his general duties, and who has nothing greatly wrong to accuse himself of, 54, 55. Settles every thing to the satisfaction of Lady Beauchamp, and her son-in-law, on the demise of Sir Harry: his method of arbitration, 57. Sir Rowland Meredith, and Mr. Fowler, arrive at Grandison-hall, 60. (*For what passed on the occasion, See Sir Rowland* Meredith. *See also Mr.* Fowler). A letter from Mr. Lowther, with news from Bologna, 67. (*See* Lowther. *See also* Clementina, Vol. VII.) Sir Charles's politeness, with regard to the Countess Dowager of D. and the earl her son, 69. Mr. Lowther arrives, 81. Sir Charles is greatly disturbed at the harsh treatment Lady Clementina meets with from her friends: his lady's generous warmth in her favour, 82, 83. (*See Miss* Byron, Vol. VII.) Polite and tender behaviour to his lady in retirement: their subject the woes of Clementina, 84, 85. Encourages her freedom with him, if she thinks him blameable, 86. Accounts for his conduct between that lady's family and her; and for accelerating his declaration to herself, 86 to 88.

Consents that Miss Jervois shall reside with Mrs. Shirley and Mrs. Selby, in Northamptonshire, at her own request, 102. (*See Miss* Jervois.) His great regard to the real delicacies of the sex, 103. Signor Jeronymo, by letter, surprises him with the news, that Lady Clementina, in order to avoid marrying, is fled to England, 104 to 110. His lady's great behaviour on this news, and his admiration of her, 111 to 113.

For the account of his going to London in quest of Lady Clementina—of the letters that passed between her and him, and his lady and him—of his interview with Clementina; and prevailing on her to reside with Lady L.—of his tenderness to his lady on her coming to town—of the interview between the two ladies—See the articles *Byron* and *Clementina*, Vol. VII. from p. 114 to p. 176.

Sir Edward Beauchamp declares to him his love for Miss Jervois: what passes between them on this subject shews his tender regard for both, 137, 138. Refers him to his lady on the subject, 140. 146. Mr. and Mrs. O'Hara give him cause to be pleased with them, 144.

For what follows relating to the delicate and great behaviour of both ladies—to his true brotherly regard to Lady Clementina—to the arrival of her friends—to the part she acted in reconciling them—to the introducing her to them—to her interview with the Count of Belvedere—to the good understanding of both families at Grandison-hall—to the generosity, and fervent, yet despairing, love, of the Count of Belvedere—to his tenderness to his lady, when indisposed—to Lady Clementina's distress on the occasion; and grief on being reflected upon by Olivia—to the different conversations between her and Mrs. Beaumont, and him and his lady—In brief, to whatever further relates to Lady Clementina—See the articles *Belvedere, Byron, Clementina*, from p. 176. Vol. VII. to the end.

Lord G.'s opinion, that he ought to enter into the public service of his country, 281. He gives consideration to the office of a justice of peace, lightly spoken of by Lady G. ibid. His modest reasons for having hitherto declined a seat in parliament, 282. What county he would wish to represent; and, were he in the house, whose example he would propose to follow, 282, 283. His humane concern for the manner of Laurana's death, 295, 296. Engages on the departure of the rest of the Porretta family for Italy, his Jeronymo to stay with him, 304. Attends them to Dover, and thence to Calais, 312. His prevailing solicitude for the future happiness, and independence of will, of Lady Clementina, in case she should not incline to marry, at the end of the time she had taken for consideration, 313. Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, on his death-bed sends to implore a visit from him, 315, 316. He attends him

194. | iii. 152. 174. | iv. 96. 122. | v. 120, 121. 186. 303. | vi. 161. | vii. 39, 40. 78. 141. 233.

Husbandry and labour, of more use to society, for the children of the poor to be brought up to, than to letters, v. 17.

Hyæna, male and female; which the most dangerous, i. 27.

I, J.

Idleness, a great friend to love, iii. 45.

Jealousy, its quick-sightedness, iv. 166.—*See also for this tormenting passion*, vi. 137. 267.

JERONYMO *della Porretta*, third son of the marquis of that name, an officer in the service of the king of Sardinia, VOL. iii. 182.

For the account of his friendship with the Chevalier Grandison—breach of amity, and the occasion of it——for the account of the attack made upon him by Brescian bravoes; and rescue from them by the chevalier ——of his penitence and gratitude——and for the brief history of him; of his sister; of the rest of his family; *as told by Sir Charles Grandison to Miss Byron, in the library at Colnebrook*——See Vol. iii. from p. 181 to 201. (*See also Lady* Clementina, Vol. iii. *Sir Charles* Grandison, Vol. iii. p. 188.)

For the account of his story, *as extracted from Sir Charles's letters by Dr. Bartlett*——of his friendship for Mr. Grandison; of the part he took in his sister's afflictions; of his regard for his safety, when threatened by his brother the general; for instances of the general's rough treatment of him for his grateful attachment to the chevalier; and the unhappy way he is in, by reason of his wounds——See Vol. iii. from p. 208 to p. 392. *See also Lady* Clementina; *Signor* Giacomo; *Sir Charles* Grandison.

JERONYMO (VOL. IV.) Mournful letter from him to Sir Charles, then in England, concerning the dangerous way he is in from the unskilfulness of his surgeons, 56. Further intimation of his danger, as given by the bishop his brother, 294. His case discoursed of between the bishop, Sir Charles, and Mr. Lowther, on Sir Charles's arrival at Parma, in his way to Bologna, 296. His affectionate reception of Sir Charles, on his return to Bologna, ibid. Commended to the skill of Mr. Lowther, 297. History of his case, 298 to 300. Gives hopes of amendment, 310. 312 to 315.

JERONYMO (VOL. V.) Congratulates Sir Charles on the reconciliation between him and his passionate brother, 2. Generously forgets his own weak state, through the hopes he conceives of his sister's recovery, from her change of symptoms, 9. Ascribes his sister's amendment to Sir Charles's pre-

sence, 17. Some hopes of him, 21. Favourable accounts of the state of his wounds, 83. 86. Greatly disturbed at his sister's paper of rejection of Sir Charles, 158. Insists that she shall be his, 159. 162. Entreats him to wait the result of her caprice, 167. With the utmost earnestness entreats him to be a Roman catholic, and the husband of Lady Clementina, 178. But admires him for his noble refusal, 179. Suspects that the bishop his brother, and Father Marescotti, have contributed to the turn in his sister's mind, 197. Favourable accounts of his amended health, 243. He still wishes to call Sir Charles his brother, ibid. Sir Charles's request to the family, that Jeronymo may be permitted to accompany him to England, 245. His pathetic observation, that Sir Charles has brought Mr. Lowther to heal him, in order to have the killing of him himself by his generosity, ibid. His grief on Sir Charles's parting visit, 265, 266. and illness upon it, 266.

Jeronymo (Vol. VI.) Letters from him to Sir Charles in England; in which he begs his interposition in support of the family-measures to induce his sister to marry the Count of Belvedere, 7, 8. Gives particulars concerning Lady Clementina; and urges Sir Charles to marry, in order to set her the example, 90 to 97. Further account of her adherence to her former resolution, and written request to Sir Charles to marry, 241 to 254.

Jeronymo (Vol VII.) His relation of his sister's flight to England, 104 to 110. Gives advice of his own and the family's arrival there, 166. Visited at Dover by Sir Charles, 173. Presented to Lady Grandison, 179. His billet to Sir Charles, including the general wishes of his family, that Clementina would restore herself to their arms, 188. Presented to her by Sir Charles, 195. Reverences her for her noble behaviour in the audience she gives to the Count of Belvedere, 208, 209. Stays in England, after the departure of the rest of the family, for the more perfect restoration of his health, 304. Agreeably raillied by Lady G.; admires her vivacity; and is extremely fond of her little Harriet, 315.

Jervois, *Mr.* an Italian merchant of great worth, driven out of England by the wicked temper and viciousness of his wife, ii. 3. Dies at Florence, and bequeaths his only daughter to the wardship of Mr. Grandison, ibid. His character from Sir Charles Grandison, and extreme indulgence to his wicked wife, iii. 111, 112. His information to Mr. Grandison in relation to Lady Olivia, iii. 179. *See Mrs.* Jervois. *See Miss* Jervois.

Jervois, *Mrs. Helen,* wife of Mr. Jervois: her abandoned

character, ii. 5. Wants to have her daughter in her power, ii. 252. Demands her from him, iii. 13. 24. Declares herself married to Major O'Hara; and threatens Sir Charles with the resentments of her new husband, iii. 25. Goes with Major O'Hara, and Captain Salmonet, to demand her daughter at Colnebrook, knowing Sir Charles to be in London, iii. 29. Her and their behaviour there; and what passed on the occasion, iii. 30 to 36. Copy of a letter she left behind her at Colnebrook, on her not seeing her daughter, iii. 40. She, with the pretended major and captain, visit Sir Charles in town, iii. 97, & seq. Their insolent behaviour; and the affray that happened upon it, iii. 97 to 102. Her vile behaviour to her late husband, iii. 110, 111. Allowed to visit her daughter in Sir Charles's presence, she behaves decently; as also do her husband and Salmonet; and are overcome by his generosity, iv. 77 to 83. Now made her interest to be good, iv. 175. She behaves tenderly to her daughter, iv. 250. Turns methodist, vi. 33.—And converts her husband to methodism, vi. 178. 257. Their prudence in refusing to accept of a chariot presented to them by Miss Jervois, because she had not consulted either her guardian or his sisters upon it, vi. 259. Pays a respectful visit to Sir Charles, vii. 144.

JERVOIS, *Miss Emily*, a young lady of fourteen, ward to Sir Charles Grandison, ii. 2. Her character from him, ii. 4. Her person described by Miss Byron, ibid. Sir Charles's kindness to, and regard for her, ii. 111. Her character further given by Miss Byron, ii. 208. Her great fortune, ii. 253. In love with her guardian, unknown to herself, ii. 346. Her wicked mother demands her of Sir Charles, iii. 23 to 26. Miss Byron contrives to withdraw her from the bad woman, on her visit at Colnebrook, iii. 35. Discourse between her and Miss Byron in the chariot, on her mother's former cruelty to her, and her patience under it, iii. 37, & seq. Her grateful heart, iii. 38. She begs the benefit of Miss Byron's occasional advice, iii. 39. Her affecting attitude in telling her story, ibid. Character of her from Mr. Deane, who imagines that she is in love with her guardian, iii. 46, 47. Affecting conversation between her and Miss Byron, in which she innocently gives an account of the state of her heart, and how it is affected on her guardian's presence, iii. 48. Writes, by Sir Charles's direction, to invite her mother to his house, iii. 115. Dislikes Lady G.'s behaviour to her lord, iv. 137. Her concern at her guardian's departure for Italy, iv. 178, 179, 183. Mr. Beauchamp in love with her, iv. 227. She attends Miss Byron part

of her way to Northamptonshire, ibid. Young Mr. James Selby also in love with her, iv. 232. Description of her thankfulness for Lord G.'s present of his collection of shells, iv. 246. Her letter to Miss Byron, praising her guardian, and Mr. Beauchamp; blaming Lady G. for her conduct to her lord; and giving an instance of her dutiful behaviour to her mother, on seeing her in a mercer's shop, iv. 248 to 253. Beseeches Lady G. to condescend to her lord, because, she says, *it looks pretty in a woman to condescend*, iv. 279. Goes with Lord and Lady G. and Dr. Bartlett, to visit Miss Byron in Northamptonshire, v. 69. Her shy behaviour to Mr. James Selby, v. 74. Improved in her notions of œconomy by the example of Miss Byron, v. 120, 121. Out of extreme joy to see Sir Charles on his return to England, faints away, v. 292. Her emotion on hearing of his approaching marriage, vi. 34 to 36. Tenderly pitied by Miss Byron, vi. 43, 44. Her request made to Miss Byron to be permitted to live with her guardian and her, when married, vi. 164. Borrows money of Lady G. vi. 179, 180. For what purpose, explained by herself in a confessional letter to her guardian, vi. 256 to 261. Her guardian's indulgent answer to her, vi. 261, 262. Her grateful reply, vi. 263. Writes to her guardian for leave to be present at his nuptials, vi. 314. Her emotion on her arrival at Selby-house, vi. 316 to 318. Description of Miss Byron and her in the most amiable attitudes, in a select conversation, vi. 325. A bride-maid at the nuptials, at her own request, vi. 337. For her behaviour on the marriage, see vi. 350, 352, 353. 358, 359. 364. More of her, vi. 367. | vii. 14. Sir Charles's tenderness to her, vii. 38. Conversation concerning her and Sir Edward Beauchamp between Sir Charles and his lady, vii. 40, 41. Sounded by Miss Lucy Selby, in relation to Sir Edward, vii. 58. Conversation between Lady Grandison and her, on her too earnestly eying her guardian, vii. 69 to 74. Grows peevish with her servant Anne, vii. 89, 90. She suspects her veneration for her guardian to be love; and puts a case to Dr. Bartlett, as that of a third person, vii. 93. The doctor's answer determines her, vii. 97. She is nobly resolved to avoid her guardian's presence; and makes it her request to be permitted to go to Northamptonshire to Lady Grandison's friends, vii. 99. Her only objection, vii. 100. Removed, ibid. She endeavours to emulate Lady Clementina and Lady Grandison, vii. 101. Her request approved of, ibid. Lady Grandison admires her as an heroine, vii. 102. She prepares for her journey to Northamptonshire, vii. 147. Affecting scene at

parting with her guardian and Lady Grandison, vii. 162 to 165. She charms all her Northamptonshire friends by her prudence and good behaviour, vii. 213. A hint from her construed as not unfavourable to Sir Edward Beauchamp, vii. 215. Her letter to Lady Grandison for her advice in relation to the visits of Sir Edward Beauchamp to Selby-house, and to his particularly obliging behaviour to her, vii. 287 to 289. Referred by Lady Grandison to the wise counsel of Mrs. Shirley and Mrs. Selby on this head, vii. 290.

Illiterate, a person may be, yet not ignorant, ii. 326.

Immodest men may be made decent, at least, by modest and discreet women, ii. 16, 17.

Impartiality, i. 33. | ii. 200. 220. | v. 46.

Indulgence, i. 41. 47. | vi. 280. | vii. 96. *See* Parents *and children*.

Infants, the advantages of their crying, if not immoderately, vi. 321.

Inferiority and superiority of the two sexes, i. 275. | iii. 214. 276. | vi. Letter LV.

Ingenuousness, i. 17. 308. | iv. 29. 312. | v. 7.

Innocence gives dignity to an injured person, ii. 71. Equally attracts the attempts of wicked men and devils, ii. 96. Innocent man's comfort in calamity, iii. 69.

Insects, the study of them how far useful, ii. 8.

Integrity, the consciousness of it, and a firm trust in Providence, will carry a man through the greatest difficulties, vi. 224.

Intellects of men and women, difference between them, i. 275. | vi. 279. *See also* Letter LV. in vol. vi.

Intemperance, or intoxication, leaves a woman addicted to it no guard, iii. 111. Sir Charles Grandison's observations on young men led into it by false shame, iv. 10, 11.

JORDAN, *John*, Esq. a friend of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, present at the conference between Sir Charles Grandison and Sir Hargrave, on occasion of the challenge given by the latter, ii. 34, & seq. Advises Sir Hargrave, before Sir Charles enters, to hear what so gallant a man can say for himself, ii. 36. Proposes to Sir Charles to ask pardon of Sir Hargrave, ii. 39. Ascribes to him airs of superiority, ii. 40. Captivated by his magnanimity, advises Sir Hargrave to make it up with him, ii. 41. 43. 47. Begs the honour of his acquaintance; acknowledges duelling to be criminal; but alleges that few have the courage to break through a bad custom, ii. 49. Enquires of Sir Charles by what means he got above this barbarous prac-

tice, ii. 50, 51. Admires him for his fortitude with regard to the Pandours, ii. 53.—and for his chastising, without drawing his sword, the young Venetian nobleman, who gave him the highest provocation, ii. 55. Makes a motion to Sir Hargrave to offer his hand in friendship to Sir Charles, ii. 56. Owns that he never saw an hero till he saw Sir Charles, ii. 63. Ascribes Mr. Bagenhall's turning Papist to the *dispensations* allowed by the church of Rome, ii. 66. Tells Sir Hargrave, that he has but ill-profited by Sir Charles's noble sentiments, if he thinks his yielding to him dishonourable, ii. 67. Rejoices at the amicable ending of the challenge, ii. 68. Pays a respectful visit to Miss Byron out of curiosity, ii. 98. Sir Hargrave, in his desperate illness (being uneasy in his own reflections) calls in question the sincerity of his friend Mr. Jordan's reformation, on his forbearing to visit him, vi. 220.

Joy, description of the sober and extravagant kinds of it, iv. 233.

Italians much altered of late, with regard to freedom of manners, iii. 239. Surprising illiterateness of their women, vii. 161.

Italy, the land of harmony, iv. 178.

JULIANO, Signor, a relation of the Porretta family, his character, iii. 350. Proposes to visit England, iii. 372. Accompanies the Porretta family thither, vii. 109. More of him, vii. 166. 175.

Justice, ii. 271, 272. 277. 360. | iii. 9. 72. 113. 115, 116. 173. | iv. 26. 69. | vi. 41. | vii. 269.

Justices of peace; the usefulness of worthy ones, vii. 281. By what means the office might be kept out of mean and mercenary hands, ibid.

K.

KEELING family engaged in a law-suit with the Mansfields, iv. 283. In a way of accommodation, v. 213. Sir Charles Grandison's conferences on this subject with them and their friend Sir John Lambton, vi. 2, 3, & seq. Insolence of the younger Keeling, vi. 3. Accommodation brought forward, vi. 178. *See* Mansfield.

Keepers, *Kept women*, ii. 205. 210. | iii. 71 to 80. 89. 213. 217, 218.

Kindred minds will soon recognize one another, i. 217. | iv. 44.

L.

L. *Earl of*, brother-in-law to Sir Charles Grandison, to whose house at Colnebrook Miss Byron is carried after her rescue from Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, i. 190. Visits her, with Sir Charles, at Mr. Reeves's, i. 304. His character from Miss Byron, i. 315.—From Sir Charles, ii. 2. Defends Sir Charles from the charge of reservedness, ii. 102 to 105. His character from Miss Grandison, ii. 117, 118. Narrative of his love-affair with Miss Caroline Grandison; of his application to her father; and of Sir Thomas's treatment of him upon it, ii. 155, & seq. His character given by young Mr. Grandison to his father, ii. 200. After Sir Thomas's death, he receives Miss Caroline from the hands of her brother, with a fortune beyond his expectation, ii. 247, 248. 250. Pities Miss Grandison on her trial with relation to Captain Anderson, ii. 268. His story of the disappointment of a lady who married an old man in hopes of burying him, ii. 321. What passes between him and Mrs. O'Hara, her husband, and Captain Salmonet, at Colnebrook, iii. 30 to 36. His character from Mr. Deane, iii. 43. Promises to be careful of Miss Byron's punctilio, iii. 96. His opinion of Lord G. as an admirer of Miss Charlotte Grandison, iii. 128. He blames Miss Grandison for her coquetish airs, which had displeased her brother; and sets before her the contrary demeanour of Miss Byron, iii. 132, 133. His and his lady's happiness accounted for by Miss Byron, iii. 149, 150. Admires Miss Grandison for her vivacity, and Sir Charles for his patience, iii. 158. Thinks that, in little instances, the characters of the heart are displayed far more than in great ones, iii. 165. Is of opinion, with his lady and Miss Grandison, that Lady Clementina is the object of Sir Charles's *compassion*, Miss Byron of his *love*, iii. 206. 247. Congratulates Miss Byron on Sir Charles's compliments and communications made to her, iv. 84. Urges Miss Grandison to fix her wedding-day in compliance with Sir Charles's desire, iv. 88. Gives his opinion in favour of Miss Grandison's being married at church, iv. 106. His gratitude to Lord W. for his handsome present to his lady, iv. 129. He and his lady have but one interest, iv. 140. Two keys to their money-drawer, ibid. He observes, that men of merit are neglected by the ladies at public places, iv. 147. Displeased with Lady G. for her behaviour to her lord, iv. 201 to 203. 260. 272 to 280. Lord and Lady L.'s joyful reception of Sir Charles on his return to England, v. 293. His respectful behaviour to

his lady does credit to himself, vi. 161. For more of this worthy nobleman, see vol. vi. 310. 312. 348. 360. 367. 369. vii. 8. 14. 58. 136. 144. 162. 168. 173. 211. *See also*,

L. *Countess of*, eldest sister of Sir Charles Grandison, i. 196. Her character from Sir Charles, i. 212. Visits Miss Byron, i. 301, & seq. Description of her person; her prudent character from Miss Byron, i. 314, 315. Her indulgence of her sister Charlotte's vivacities, ii. 20, 21. Sounds Miss Byron on the address of Lord D.; and gives an advantageous character of the countess his mother, ii. 77. Gives an account of her father's unhappy duel, which cost the life of her excellent mother; and demonstrates the domestic usefulness of women, ii. 101, 102. Hints at several ladies who are in love with Sir Charles, ii. 103, 104. Called by her sister Charlotte a *morning-killer*, ii. 106. Enters, with her sister, into the detail of their family-history, to oblige Miss Byron, ii. 134.

For the particulars of this——for those of her love-affair with Lord L.—of her father's severe treatment of her on that account——of Lord L.'s laudable conduct both to her and her father——of her father's death; of her brother's arrival——of the behaviour of both sisters to Mrs. Oldham—of their brother's humanity to the penitent woman; and generous kindness to them——and other matters relating to her and her lord——See the articles *Miss Charlotte* Grandison, *Sir Charles* Grandison, *Lord* L.

The part she took in the trial of her sister on the affair of Captain Anderson, ii. 268, 269. 286. 291. 293, 294. Her pleasant reason why women, who make soldiers their choice, deserve a rank with heroes, ii. 299. Joins with her sister to railly Miss Byron in her dressing-room, ii. 302 to 313. Her character from Mr. Deane, iii. 43. Her good opinion of Lord G. as a suitor to her sister, iii. 129. Censures her sister for her airs of coquetry shewn on Sir Charles's serious questions about that lord's proposal, iii. 132 to 134. Revives the subject of Lord G. by Miss Grandison's desire, iii. 140, & seq. Presented by Lord W. with a bank-note for a thousand pounds, iv. 128. Her manner of disposing of it, and Lady G.'s raillery of her upon it, iv. 139 to 142. Pleased with her sister for her observation on Sir Charles's supposed divided love, iv. 144, 145. Accompanies her brother on a visit to Lady Olivia, just arrived in England, iv. 158. That lady confesses to her her love for her brother, iv. 164 to 168. Invites Lady Olivia and Lady Maffei to her house, on Sir Charles's being ready to leave England, iv. 173. (*See further of her, during her brother's absence, in the article Charlotte* Grandison, *when Lady* G.) Joy at

his return, v. 290, 291. At his communicating his intention to make his addresses to Miss Byron, vi. 32, 33. Humorously dictates to her sister a letter to that young lady, vi. 37 to 39. Brought to-bed of a son, vi. 305. 310. Lady Clementina prevailed upon to be her guest, vii. 136. (*See* Clementina.) Presented to the family of Porretta, on their arrival, vii. 180. Accompanies Lady Clementina on her being restored to her relations, vii. 192, & seq. Her friendly heart worthily affected with the preceding tender scenes, vii. 202. She and her lord attend the Porretta family to Rochester, on their return to Italy, vii. 311.

LAMBTON, *Sir John*, a mediator in the law-suit between the Mansfields and Keelings, iv. 283. | v. 213. | vi. 2, 3.

LANE, *Mrs.* a gentlewoman with whom Miss Jervois some time boarded, ii. 246. | iii. 16. Defends her from the insults of Miss Jervois's unhappy mother, iii. 37.

Language of nature, one throughout the world, i. 276.

Languages but a vehicle to science, i. 71. Languages and science two things. *See* Learning.

Last wills, ii. 225. 231. 248, 249. | v. 20.

Latin authors, their excellence, i. 80.

LAURA, a female servant of Lady Clementina, appointed at Lady Sforza's desire to attend her in the room of Camilla, iv. 59. Affected with the cruelty used to her lady by Laurana, iv. 60. Attends her lady in her flight to England, vii. 106, 107. 120. Conducts Sir Charles Grandison to her, vii. 127. Implores his protection, and gives an account of their voyage, vii. 131, & seq. Afraid of the general's vengeance, ibid. Expresses high satisfaction at the notice Lady Grandison is pleased to take of her, vii. 160. Reinstated at Lady Clementina's intercession, vii. 197.

LAURANA, *Lady*, daughter of Lady Sforza, and cousin of Lady Clementina, inveighs against the Chevalier Grandison, iii. 346. Is moved, nevertheless, in his favour by his noble address to the whole assembled family of Porretta, iii. 355. Her barbarous treatment of her cousin, committed to the care of her mother and her, in her delirium, iv. 59 to 62. In love with the Count of Belvedere, iv. 306. Refused by him, iv. 309. At variance with the family of Porretta, who are all incensed against her for her cruelty to her unhappy cousin, v. 267. Sees Sir Charles Grandison at Milan, v. 26[illegible]. Her dreadful catastrophe, and the cause of it, vii. 294. Sir Charles's humanity engages him to deplore her unhappy exit, vii. 296, 297. Bewailed by her injured cousin, though the manner of

her death was concealed from her, vii. 304. *See more of her in, the articles* Clementina, *Signor* Giacomo, *Father* Marescotti; *Lady* Sforza.

Law, not made for a man of conscience, ii. 231. Method of compromise between two litigating parties, vi. 2, 3. A good man will not support an unjust cause, vi. 5. Sir Charles Grandison's method of arbitration, vii. 56, 57.

Learned men, as they are called, not always men of sense, i. 321.

Learned women, i. 67. 69. 78. 83. 148, 149. | ii. 322.

Learning, preference of the ancient or modern debated, i. 69 to 81. Learning, of itself, never made any man happy, v. 17. The cause of learning and languages supported by Sir Charles Grandison, vi. Letter LV.

Letter-writing, characteristic, runs into length, i. 84. | iii. 136.

Letters sometimes expose those who might pass tolerably in conversation, iv. 253.

LEWIS XIV. what the greatest glory of his reign, ii. 66. *See* Duelling.

Libertines, i. 28. 151. 237. | ii. 118. 185. 193, 194. 205, 206. 255, 256. | iii. 79. | iv. 50. 92. | vi. 50. 140. 173.

Libertines, sameness in the lives, actions, and pursuits, of men of that cast, v. 309.

Liberty, a word falsely applied by the keepers of women, ii. 210.

Library for servants, judiciously selected by Dr. Bartlett, vii. 44.

Linguists, what rank they bear among the learned, i. 74. *See* Learning.

LOCKE, *Mr.* his method for a mother to teach her son Latin, i. 81.

LORIMER, *Mr.* a profligate and treacherous youth; his history, ii. 363 to 372.

Love, laudable, i. 51. 92, 93. 128. 151. | ii. 357. | iii. 179. 206. 327. | iv. 125. | v. 124. | vii. 215. 218. 222.

Love, not laudable, i. 160. | ii. 70. 100. 170. 203. 258. | vi. 46. 48. 348.

Love may be selfish, but friendship cannot, ii. 170.

Love a selfish deity, ii. 255. 358. | iii. 29. 201.

Love at first sight must indicate a mind prepared for impressions, iv. 152. It is generally owing to a sudden gust of passion; and that of the ignoble kind; since it affords not an opportunity of knowing the merits of the object, ibid. In a

man, it is an indelicate paroxysm; but in a *woman*, who expects protection and instruction from an husband, much more so, 153. *See also* v. 137. 279. | vi. 101. 305. 348.

Love on one side, discretion on the other, is better than love on both, vi. 172, 173.

Love, debate concerning the reasonableness of indulging a first, to the exclusion of all secondary offers, according to the rules of romance, argued at large, vii. 213 to 223. The question decided by Lady G. vii. 226. The arguments shewn to Lady Clementina, who receives them in conscious silence, vii. 291. The brotherly and passionate kinds distinguished by Lady Grandison, vii. 305.

Love-matches generally foolish things, vii 46. If the second man be worthy, a woman may be happy, who has not been indulged in her first fancy, vii. 241.

Lover, i. 6. 12. 40. 268. 293. | ii. 335. | iii. 245. 257. 331. | v. 193.

Lover; one who has generosity will not put a young woman upon doing a wrong thing, whether respecting her duty, or her interest, ii. 171.

LOWTHER, *Mr.* a skilful surgeon; his character from Sir Charles Grandison, iv. 67. 297. Describes his passage over Mount Cenis, iv. 287 to 293. The success of his art on Jeronymo, v. 83. His further character from Sir Charles; who expresses his desire of engaging him to fix in his neighbourhood, v. 251. Sends an account to Sir Charles of the state of affairs in the family of Porretta since his departure from Italy, vii. 67. Returns Sir Charles's presents, on being amply rewarded by his patient, vii. 68. Arrives in England, and gives further particulars relating to Lady Clementina, vii. 81 to 83. Agrees to settle in Sir Charles's neighbourhood, vii. 103. Consults the London physicians on the case of Lady Clementina, vii. 275.

Luxury of the age, and women undomesticating themselves increase the number of bachelors, ii. 11. *See* Modern taste Public places.

M.

MACDERMOT, } The two Irish chairmen employed to carry
MACPHERSON, } off Miss Byron from a masquerade, i. 181.

MACKENZIE, *Colonel*, a friend of Captain Anderson, ii. 325, & seq.

MAFFEI, *Lady*, aunt to Lady Olivia, attends her to Eng-

land, iv. 156, & seq. Incautiously informs Miss Jervois of Lady Olivia's drawing her poniard upon Sir Charles Grandison, iv. 187. Freely blames her niece for her excursion, iv. 211.

Magnanimity, ii. 166. 236, 237. | iii. 66. 68. 74. 176. | v. 204. | vi. 86. *See Sir Charles* Grandison.

Magnanimity, one of the greatest instances of it that can be shewn by a woman, iii. 68. | v. 192.

Making love, as it is called, an ungenerous abuse of a young woman's ear, i. 118.

Man, a rational and immortal agent, iii. 215. Cannot complain, cannot ask for compassion, as a woman can, iv. 180.

Man of gratitude, of principle, whose love is founded in reason, and whose object is mind rather than person, must make a worthy woman happy, i. 160.

Man of honour, i. 194. 271. | ii. 50 to 53. 65. | iii. 357. | vii. 159. *See Sir Charles* Grandison.

Man of the town, and pedant, two extreme points in the comparison with each other, i. 62.

Managing women, not always the best to live with, ii. 83.

Mansfield, *Sir Thomas, and his lady and family:* he is left by his father involved in a law-suit, which being unjustly determined against him, hastens his death, iv. 12, 13. Leaves four sons and two daughters, and a very prudent lady, 13. His eldest son dies of grief, ibid. His second falls into deep melancholy, ibid. The third a cornet of horse, ibid. The fourth unprovided for, ibid. Amiable characters of the two daughters, ibid. Their mother's expectations and theirs with regard to fortune frustrated by the weakness of their uncle Mr. Calvert, and the villainy of his steward, iv. 13, 14. (*See* Calvert. *See* Bolton.) Their cause undertaken by Sir Charles Grandison, 14. A match proposed by him between the elder daughter and his uncle Lord W. iv. 15. His conversation with the mother and daughter on that subject, iv. 16, & seq. The family's joyful acceptance of the proposal, iv. 19, 20. They are visited by Lord W. and Sir Charles, who puts them into high spirits upon the hopeful success of their cause, iv. 114, 115. The law-suit brought into a prosperous way by the agency of Sir Charles, iv. 282. | v. 213. Preparations made for the marriage between Lord W. and Miss Mansfield, iv. 282. The happiness of the new-married pair, v. 18. 213. Miss Mansfield's (now Lady W.) moving expression of her gratitude to Sir Charles on her knees, v. 306. Her character from Dr. Bartlett, ibid. Sir Charles's further proceedings in

the cause of the Mansfields, vi. 1 to 4. That family begin to visit, and to be visited by, the Keelings, their late adversaries, vi. 178. Visit Sir Charles at Grandison-hall, and characterized by his lady, vii. 36. 38. They are visited by Sir Charles and his lady; the melancholy brother is now one of the cheerfullest; and the glorious resignation of the mother and daughters is rewarded, vii. 74. Their gratitude to Sir Charles, vii. 75. *See Lady* W.

MARESCOTTI, *Father*, confessor to the Porretta family, described by Lady Clementina to be a good but a severe man, iii. 234. Apprehensive of the consequences to her religion, from her conversing with the Chevalier Grandison, iii. 235. 259, 260. Presses her to accept of the Count of Belvedere, iii. 281. His conduct in that point censured by Signor Jeronymo, iii. 285. He visits the chevalier from the generous motive of convincing him of the infelicities attending marriages between Protestants and Roman-catholics, iii. 332 to 334. Piously, at parting, offers up a prayer for his conversion, iii. 334. Acknowledges Lady Clementina might have been happy with him, iii. 335. Assures him of his esteem, in warm terms, iii. 358. Tenderly affected with Lady Clementina's wild apprehensions for the safety of the chevalier, iii. 367. Gives his opinion in favour of her interview with the chevalier; which is denied by her family, iii. 374. Is the instrument of freeing Lady Clementina from her confinement at Lady Sforza's, iv. 62. More of his laudable behaviour on the critical situation of Sir Charles and the young lady, v. 27 to 31. Cannot in conscience consent to the marriage; but finds himself, from his gratitude, not capable of opposing it, v. 97. Conditions proposed to him, as Lady Clementina's confessor in England, v. 99. Detected by Sir Charles Grandison in listening to the discourse which passes between him and Lady Clementina; and, generously treated by Sir Charles, is covered with confusion, v. 171, 172. His and the bishop's conference with Lady Clementina on her wished-for conversion of Sir Charles, v. 182 to 184. He makes an affectionate visit to Sir Charles on his departure from Italy, v. 266. Endeavours to persuade Lady Clementina, that her late disorder was a judgment, vi. 94. Introduced to Lady Clementina in England, whither he had attended her family in search of her, vii. 196. Firm friendship commenced between him and Dr. Bartlett, notwithstanding the difference in religion, vii. 237. 240. He and Lady Clementina retire to pray for the soul of Laurana,

vii. 304. Friendly parting between him and Dr. Bartlett, vii. 312.

Marriage, Mr. Selby's opinion that a woman out of it is half-useless to the end of her being, i. 29. 36. Twenty-four the proper age for that of women, in the opinion of Sir Rowland Meredith and Miss Byron, i. 49. 160. Is the highest state of friendship that mortals can know, i. 275. Growing out of fashion among the moderns, iii. 15. Sir Charles Grandison's arguments for the marriage of his uncle Lord W. though advanced in years, iii. 87, 88. Marriage in advanced years, or with persons of unequal age, better undertaken by men than by women, iii. 88, 89. 137. | iv. 17. Lady G.'s debate on the proper place for celebrating it, iv. 106, 107. 110. A duty, when it can be entered into with prudence, vii. 236.

Marriage of the two Danbys, and their sister, iv. 99.—Of Lord W. to Miss Mansfield, iv. 116. Of Lord G. to Miss Grandison, iv. 122.—Of Sir Charles Grandison to Miss Byron, vi. 335.—Of Lord Reresby to Miss Lucy Selby, vii. 290.

Marriage proposals, iv. 15 to 18. | vi. 52.

Marriage-settlements, v. 68.

Marriage-treaty, what is not required in it by persons of generosity, vi. 55 to 57. *See* Smithfield *bargains*.

Marriages entered into by the young with the old for sordid reasons, often punished in kind, ii. 322.—Between Protestants and Papists, argued, iii. 333. 342, 343. 345, 346.—And generally disapproved, v. 249, 250.

Marriages, clandestine, ii. 283. 300. Chamber marriages neither decent nor godly, according to Mr. Selby, vi. 295.

Married people, in their debates, should not choose either mediators or witnesses, iv. 273.

MARSIGLI, *Signor*, the assumed name of the Count of Belvedere, vii. 172. 178, 179.

MARTIN, *Colonel*, takes notice to Sir Charles Grandison of his sister Charlotte's love affair with Captain Anderson, which was supposed a secret, ii. 332. Gives an high character of Sir Charles to his friend Colonel Mackenzie, ii. 333. Is desired to be present at the agreement between Sir Charles and Captain Anderson; and to engage that the affair shall be buried in silence, ii. 334.

MARULLI, *Count*, clandestinely seeks to address Lady Clementina, iii. 226. Rejected by her, with a spirit worthy of herself, iii. 227.

Masquerades, the most foolish of all diversions, i. 175. Not suited to the genius of the English commonalty, i. 211. 277. A conversation on them between Sir Charles Grandison, his sisters, and Miss Byron, ii. 315 to 318.

Masters and servants, i. 25. 141. 253. | ii. 7. | iii. 48, 49. 52. 331. How a man should treat his servants to have them good, iv. 146. | v. 101.

Matrimonial bickerings, iv. 30. 32 to 36. 123. 270. 272. | v. 65.

Matrimony and *liberty*, a girlish connexion of two contrary ideas, ii. 285.

Matronly state, i. 29. When the happiest in female life, v. 76. | vi. 32.

Meannesses, i. 307. | ii. 115. 244. | iii. 82. 85. 221. | v. 172. | vi. 223.

Mediator, a method by which such an one may succeed in making up differences, vii. 56.

Melancholy, iii. 274. | vi. 276.

Men and women, sentiments relating to them, i. 275. 282. 287, 288. 291. | ii. 3. 104. 190. 193. 296. 299. 314. 335. | iii. 11, 12. 68. | v. 24. | vi. 28. 300.

Men's chief strength lies in the weakness of women, i. 23.

Merceda, *Solomon*, a Portuguese Jew, and an intimate of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen and Mr. Bagenhall; his wicked character by Wilson, i. 255. The worst of the three intimates, i. 256. Sends his footmen to help on the design against Miss Byron, i. 258. Present at the conference held in Sir Hargrave's house with Sir Charles Grandison, upon the challenge, ii. 35. His opinion of Sir Charles, ii. 39. Overcome by his magnanimity, avers that he had rather have Sir Charles for his friend than the greatest prince on earth, ii. 43. He and Mr. Bagenhall reproach each other, as not knowing what honour was till now, ii. 44. Will become a Christian when he finds another like Sir Charles Grandison, ii. 47. More of him, ii. 49, 50. 54, 55. 59. 66. 68. 99. 262. | iv. 10. He and Sir Hargrave delivered by Sir Charles, on the road to Paris, from the effects of a private revenge, iv. 262 to 268. Desperately wounded, iv. 268. Vows penitence, iv. 285. Dies miserably, v. 307. Sir Hargrave affected with his sad catastrophe, ibid. | vi. 220. His exit full of horror and despair, vi. 226.

Mercy and *justice*, sister-graces, in a virtuous bosom, will never be separated, ii. 219.

Meredith, *Sir Rowland*, the qualifications he proposes in a wife for his nephew Fowler, i. 38. Requests Mr. Reeves to

favour his nephew's suit to Miss Byron, i. 54. Conversation with her on that subject, i. 47 to 54. Visits her with his nephew, i. 102, & seq. Would be contented with 100l. a year out of his estate of 3000l. if she will consent to be his niece, and suffer him to discourse with her once a day, i. 107, 108. Calls her face one of God Almighty's wonders in a little compass, i. 108. On his knees implores Miss Byron's compassion on his nephew, i. 129. Accepts of the characters of a daughter from her to him, and a sister to his nephew, i. 131, 132. Alarmed on seeing Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, i. 131.—And Mr. Greville, i. 134 to 136. Opinions of him given by Sir Hargrave and Mr. Greville, i. 137. His generous letter to Miss Byron, after having heard of her hopeless attachment to Sir Charles Grandison. iv. 219. (*See Miss* Byron, vol. iv. p. 223.) Sends her another letter full of professions of paternal love, vi. 49. His letter condoling his nephew, and congratulating her on her marriage, vii. 4, 5. His visit at Grandison-hall, vii. 60. Presents her with jewels, vii. 61, & seq. Proposes from himself a match between his nephew and Lucy Selby, vii. 64, 65. *See* Fowler.

Metellus and *Sertorius*. *See* Duelling.

Methodists, their influence over the more profligate part of mankind, vi. 34. *See Mrs. Eleanor* Grandison. *See Mrs.* Jervois.

Milbourne, *Mr.* a worthy dissenting minister, hand-in-hand with Dr. Curtis, as worthy a minister of the established church, make a visit to Sir Charles Grandison at Selby-house, vi. 216. Sir Charles wants no other proof of the goodness of both, than their friendship for each other, 217. *See Dr.* Curtis.

Milliners, their flattery of their young customers, vi. 258.

Military men, ii. 60. 282. 298, 299. *See Captain* Anderson, *and Signor* Giacomo.

Milton; opinion of him by Miss Byron and Mr. Walden, i. 76, 77. A particular passage of his observed upon by Sir Charles Grandison, iii. 148. Lectures from his Paradise Lost given by Sir Charles to Lady Clementina, iii. 187. Miss Byron thinks Sir Charles would not have behaved so complaisantly to *his* Eve, had he been the first man, as Milton supposes Adam did to *his*, v. 220. Mr. Deane thinks he has less perspicuity than Shakespeare, though living after him, vi. 375. Sir Charles questions the truth of that opinion; and accounts for it, if fact, 376.

MITCHELL, *Dr.* physician to Miss Nancy Selby, i. 17.
MODENA, *Duke of,* his works, erected to strengthen his signory, visited by Sir Charles Grandison, v. 214.
Modern taste, i. 24. 269. | ii. 9. 12. | iii. 14. 15. | iv. 147. 244. 259. | v. 81. 134.
Modern wives, iv. 95, 96.
Modern women want not courage, iv. 259.
Modest lover, iv. 121.
Modesty is easily alarmed, i. 53. A pure heart will be always pure, ibid. A modest man *must* have merit, i. 109. Modesty in a man gives an agreeable self-confidence to a woman, iii. 169, 170. 175. All men, good and bad, admire modesty in women: Shall women like men the worse for having that grace? iv. Modesty and meekness characteristic qualities in women, iv. 99. *See also* iv. 139. | v. 292. | vi. 154.
Mutteration, a word of Lady G. iv. 273.

N.

N. *Lady Frances,* daughter of the Earl of N. falls in love with young Mr. Grandison, ii. 198. His father earnest to bring about the match, ibid. Treaty suspended at his son's request, 199. Broken off after Sir Thomas's death, 240. The earl's and his son's high opinion of Sir Charles, ibid. His saying of him, ibid. The earl recommends to him Sir Arthur Brandon, on his going abroad, v. 132.
NEDHAM, *Misses,* two young ladies present at Sir Charles Grandison's nuptials, declare for public weddings from the good order and decorum observed in his, vi. 351.
NESBITT, *Sir Alexander,* recommended by Sir Charles Grandison, to Dr. Bartlett, v. 216.
New-converts, iii. 283.
New-married pair, their proper behaviour to each other, vi. 368.
New-married women; hints to such, vii. 29, 30. 32. 38. 43, 44. 141. 145. 189. The parturient circumstance a reducer of eccentric spirits, vii. 203.—And a cement to the matrimonial union, ibid.
No, the word, more easily said by a young lady courted than *Yes,* i. 91. Wilson complains, that the first beginning of his unhappiness was, that he could not say *No* to the wicked commands of his employers, i. 253.
NOCERA, *Bishop of,* second brother of Lady Clementina,

one day likely to be a cardinal, iii. 182. Very fond of Mr. Grandison, and desirous of learning English, iii. 187. His proposal of a change of religion to Mr. Grandison, in order to be allowed to marry his sister, iii. 277. Angry and surprised at his refusal, iii. 277, 278. His polite address to Mr. Grandison, on his appearance among the assembled family, on his intended departure from Italy, iii. 349, 350. He pronounces him a prince of the Almighty's creation, iii. 359. His tender behaviour to his sister after Mr. Grandison was gone, iii. 365, 366. Writes to England to Sir Charles Grandison to make them one more visit at Bologna, iii. 391. | iv. 55. Meets him on his return to Italy at Parma, iv. 293. —And conducts him and Mr. Lowther to Bologna, iv. 295. Mediates between the general and Sir Charles, iv. 316 to 319. | v. 7, 8. Wishes Sir Charles would be a Catholic, v. 31. His part in the conversation on the terms of marriage proposed to Sir Charles, v. 97, 98. 101. 103, 104. 107. His honourable dealings with him, 160.

See for this prelates, further history the articles *Clementina*, *Giacomo*, Sir Charles *Grandison*, Vols. v. vi. vii.

Nunneries, Protestant, Sir Charles's scheme for erecting such, iv. 149, 150. Not to be of perpetual obligation, vi. 13.

O.

Oaths of office, lightly considered, are often the occasion of a disregard to all sacred and civil sanctions, i. 253.

OBRIEN, *Miss,* a beautiful young creature brought over from Ireland, with a view to captivate Sir Thomas Grandison, by one of his false stewards; who was disappointed by Sir Thomas's untimely death, ii. 202, 203. The hopes of her vile mother, aunt, and the steward, to fascinate Sir Charles by her beauty, ii. 238. He counterplots them, saves his father's name from obloquy in this particular, and the young woman from ruin; and gives a fortune with her to an honest tradesman, to whom (her beauty lost in the small-pox) she makes a good wife, ii. 239.

Obstinacy, i. 61. | ii. 230. 279. | iv. 35. *See* Constancy *in love.*

Oeconomy, ii. 83. 243. 357. | iii. 61. A shining instance of it given by the daughters of Lady Mansfield, iv. 13. *See also* vii. 45. 47, 48.

O'HARA, *Major*, a man of the town, married to Miss Jervois's mother, joins with her, and Captain Salmonet, to demand a sight of Miss Jervois at Colnebrook: what passes between Lord L. and them on this occasion, iii. 29 to 36. Chastised by Sir Charles Grandison for his insolent behaviour to him, iii. 97 to 102. Employs an attorney to sue Sir Charles, iii. 103. His application by his attorney for forgiveness, iv. 7. Sir Charles allows him, his wife, and Salmonet, to visit Miss Jervois at his house, ibid. He is overcome by Sir Charles's goodness to him and his wife, iv. 77, & seq. Turns methodist, vi. 33.

O'HARA, *Mrs.* *See Mrs.* Jervois.

Old bachelors generally insist upon too many good qualities in a wife, i. 38. Increase of bachelors of late years accounted for, ii. 11. When long single, looked upon as houses long empty, which nobody cares to take, ii. 319. Close observers of the behaviour of the married people to each other, iii. 144, 152.

OLDHAM, *Mrs.* a kept mistress of Sir Thomas Grandison; her history, ii. 148 to 150. Designs, from compunction, to leave him, ii. 203, 204. Compassionately treated by Sir Charles; not so by his sisters, ii. 216, & seq. Her case advantageously distinguished by Sir Charles from that of Mrs. Giffard, iii. 63. Her penitential gratitude, iv. 6. She, and her son by Mr. Oldham, and the two she had by his father, dine with Sir Charles, at his invitation, before he goes abroad, iv. 72, & seq. Visited by Sir Charles, vii. 16.

Old maids, ii. 260. | iv. 225. | v. 296. 302. | vii. 216. 223.

Old Maids; Miss Byron thinks that the *women* who ridicule them ought not to be forgiven, ii. 11, 12. It is unjust and cruel to ridicule them at all, ii. 319.

OLIVIA, *Lady*; hints given of her by Lord L. ii. 342. Question put by Lord L. to Dr. Bartlett about her, answered by the doctor, ii. 375. Some account of her by Sir Charles Grandison, iii. 124. Her further character from him, iii. 178. Her violent resentments, iii. 190. In love with Sir Charles, iii. 301. Goes to his lodgings at Bologna in disguise, iii. 361. Engages his promise to visit her at Florence, iii. 373. Comes to England, iv. 156. Miss Byron presented to her, iv. 161, 162. Her person described by Miss Byron, iv. 162. Her history in brief, 163. Owns her love of Sir Charles to Lady L. iv. 164. Believes Miss Byron loves him, iv. 167. Sir Charles praises her for some good qualities, iv. 174. As hinted by Dr. Bartlett, would have lived with him without condition, iv. 181. Her

haughty behaviour to Mr. Beauchamp, iv. 183. Makes an attempt, in rage, on Sir Charles's life, iv. 186, 187. Visits Miss Byron after Sir Charles was gone abroad, iv. 210. Corresponds with Lady L. iv. 242. Miss Jervois's sentiments about her, iv. 251. Visits Miss Byron at Selby-house; says, that Sir Charles has resisted the highest temptations; and wishes he may be Miss Byron's, v. 39 to 41. Hearing that Sir Charles is likely to succeed at Bologna, resolves to return to Italy, v. 122. Her frantic behaviour on taking leave of Lady L. v. 133. Arrives at Florence, and sends a threatening letter to Sir Charles, v. 214. Her alternately violent and submissive behaviour to him at her own palace, v. 240, 241. He modestly hints at his being obliged to refuse her, v. 242. She threatens to have him overtaken with her vengeance; and causes an attempt to be made on his person, ibid. His fraternal letter to her on leaving Italy, v. 269, & seq. Her high-spirited answer, v. 275. Highly praises Miss Byron in it, v. 279, 280. And entreats his acceptance of the magnificent present she will cause to be embarked for him, v. 281. 283. Desirous of returning to England, vii. 85.—Yet casts reflections on another lady for her voyage thither. *See* Clementina, vol. vii.

Orme, *Mr.* his gentle spirit, i. 2. His concern on Miss Byron's intended visit to London, ibid. Contemptibly spoken of by Mr. Greville, i. 5, 6. Takes leave of Miss Byron by the high-way side, i. 15, 16. Though preferable in her esteem to Mr. Fowler, i. 112. 114. yet she has objections to him, i. 160, 161. His disconsolate behaviour on seeing her pass by in her return to Selby-house, iv. 233, 234. His reiterated address finally rejected; but still compassionately valued by her, iv. 256 to 258. Falls into a languishing malady, iv. 257. | v. 136. Returns from Lisbon somewhat amended in health, vi. 264, 265. Visits Miss Byron, who receives him kindly, vi. 267. Intends to go abroad again, vi. 307. On an accidental interview between him and Sir Charles Grandison, soon after Sir Charles's nuptials, he is affected by his generosity and kindness, vii. 2, 3, 4. His infirm health, Mrs. Shirley says, was at one time her only objection to him, vii. 216.

Orme, *Miss*, sister of Mr. Orme, esteemed by Miss Byron, i. 31. Why called by her artlessly artful, ibid. Pleads for her brother, iv. 236. Her reserve on the first sight of Sir Charles Grandison dissipated by his gallant behaviour, vi. 187. Invites him to her brother's, vi. 209. Account of that visit, vi. 213, 214. She tells Miss Byron, that her brother has some

pleasure on reflecting, on his own rejection, that neither Fenwick nor Greville is to be the happy man, vi. 266. What passed between Greville and her on the near approach of Miss Byron's nuptials, ibid. Affected, in tenderness to her brother, on the nuptial day being set, vi. 307.—However, blesses Miss Byron on the occasion, and calls her happy, ibid. Applauded by Miss Byron for her sisterly affection, in determining to attend her brother to Lisbon, vii. 75.

Over-generosity, vi. 53, 54. 159. | vii. 268.

P.

Pandours, marauding savage soldiers, made by Sir Charles Grandison's presence of mind, and address, his guards through a wood, in which they seemed resolved to murder him, ii. 52, 53.

Parents and children, sentiments relating to them, ii. 13. 20, 21. 135. 138. 141, 142. 151, 152. 200, 201. 221, 222. 281, 282. 287. 290. 324. 359. | iii. 22. 33. 61. 222. 251. 268. 311. | iv. 170. 307. | v. 198. 201. 237. | vi. 18. 21, 22. 259, 260. | vii. 181.

Parents who sigh for an unhappy step taken by their children, should sigh also for themselves, if, though they may not have set them a *bad* example, they have not given them a *good* one, vii. 16.

Parliament-man, vii. 282.

Partiality, i. 35. 200.

Passions, ii. 297. | iv. 77. 91. | v. 270.

Passions, properly directed, are the glory of the human nature, v. 257. None of them uncontroulable, vii. 219. *See* Vincibility.

Passion of love, generally confined to the days of girlhood, vii. 228.

Patience, ii. 220.

Pecuniary surprises, ostentatiously made, are double taxes on the gratitude of a worthy heart, iv. 39.

Pedants, i. 62. 82. *See* Walden.

Penitence, i. 251. 334. | ii. 206. 218. 284. | iii. 80. 82. | iv. 6.

Penitents, female, Sir Charles Grandison's scheme of an hospital for them, iv. 151.

Perseverance; had even the noble Clementina been entreated by her friends to refuse the Chevalier Grandison, she would not, in all probability, if she had complied with them at all, have been so happy as she was, when, finding herself absolute

mistress of the question, she could astonish and surprise every one by her magnanimity, vii. 259.

Persuasion, in certain cases, more cruel than compulsion, iv. 70. | v. 255. | vi. 92. | vii. 82. 106. 111. 128. 154.

Perverseness, iv. 107. | v. 53.

Philanthropist; the extensive meaning of that word when applied to Sir Charles Grandison, ii. 258. | iii. 92. Friend of mankind, a character superior to that of conqueror of nations, iii. 106.

Physicians, English, their skill in nervous maladies supposed to be superior to those of the physicians of all other nations, and why, iv. 85.

Physicians, iv. 298 to 300. | vi. 47. 178.

Physiognomy, in a woman, what, i. 8. Judgments formed from it as a science not to be depended upon, i. 223.

Pity, i. 42. 131. | ii. 173. 279. | iii. 133. Difference in the pity of a man and woman in love-cases, iii. 247. A pitiless heart deserves not pity, iv. 59. God will pity him who pities his fellow-creature, v. 35. In what case a woman in love may accept of a man's pity, v. 228. It is the glory of the human heart to melt at another's woe, v. 272. We cannot be angry at the person whom we pity, v. 280. Who would not so act as to invite the admiration, rather than the pity, of a worthy man? vi. 105. Pity and love next-door neighbours, vi. 334.

Platonic love, iv. 193 to 195. | vi. 46. 179.

Platonic love, an insidious pretension, vii. 41.

Pleasure and pain often mistake each other's house, iii. 351.

Ploughmen, from the contractedness of the sphere they move in, generally make fewer mistakes in the conduct of life, than scholars, v. 18.

Poetical ladies, hints to them, i. 22, 23. Sir Charles Grandison's opinion relating to such, ii. 323.

Poets censured for their descriptions of women's eyes, i. 9. The imaginations of poets often run away with their judgments, ii. 135. Dangerous for a poet's wife to excel him in poetry, iii. 129. Inveighed against by Lady G. and excluded her commonwealths for their inflaming descriptions, vi. 303. *See* HOMER.

POININGS, *Sir Arthur*, history of his courtship to a young lady, who had no notion of the love which was not attended with difficulties, vii. 227.

Polite, Politeness, ii. 345. | iv. 107. 200. | v. 286. | vi. 122. 176.

POLLEXFEN, *Sir Hargrave*, visits Lady Betty Williams, on

hearing Miss Byron was to dine with her, i. 57. His first speech to Miss Byron, ibid. His character, i. 59, & seq. Difference, on the comparison, between him, as a man of the town, and Mr. Walden, as a man of the college, i. 62. Despises Mr. Walden, and is despised by him, i. 64, & seq. Declares himself Miss Byron's admirer, i. 79. 85. His bad character, from Sir John Allestree, i. 88. Visits her at Mr. Reeves's, and receives a denial from her, i. 115 to 125. Discovers malice on being accused of want of morals; and wonders a *lady* should reject him on that account, i. 138. 142. Pays Mr. Reeves another visit, i. 141, 142. Another short and sullen one, i. 149, 150. Another, in which pass mutual affronts between him and Mr. Greville, i. 153 to 158. An angry one to Miss Byron, i. 162 to 168. Appears at the masquerade as an harlequin, i. 172. Suspected of carrying off Miss Byron, i. 174. 176. 186. The suspicion confirmed, i. 188. Miss Byron rescued from him by Sir Charles Grandison, i. 204, & seq. Wounded; keeps his chamber, i. 221. Sends by Mr. Bagenhall a challenge to Sir Charles, i. 293. Particulars of his hurt, i. 298. Practises with a fencing-master, i. ibid. Sends Mr. Bagenhall with another message to Sir Charles, requiring a meeting at Kensington Gravel-pits, i. 329. Again sends Mr. Bagenhall to Sir Charles, ii. 6. Accepts of Sir Charles's intrepid offer to breakfast with him at his own house, ii. 30. His behaviour in the conference that followed there; in which he was subdued by Sir Charles's magnanimity, ii. 37, & seq. Visits Miss Byron, and implores her pardon, ii. 70 to 74. Visits her again, with his friends Bagenhall and Jordan, ii. 97 to 100. Dines at Sir Charles's, ii. 102. Intends to go abroad; is induced by Sir Charles to act generously by Mr. Bagenhall, and justly by the penitent Wilson, ii. 110, 111. 262, 263. Entertains Sir Charles at his own house in the forest; a riotous day there, iv. 10. He, and Mr. Merceda, are attacked by several Frenchmen on the road between St. Denys and Paris, to revenge themselves for insulting the wife of one of them at Abbeville: narrow escape after the severest treatment: delivered by the man whose life he once sought, iv. 261 to 269. Is in a dangerous and low-spirited way, iv. 284. One of the most miserable of men, v. 307. Visited and comforted by Sir Charles and Dr. Bartleet, ibid. Continues in a deplorable way, vi. 178. His desponding letter to Dr. Bartlett; in which he requests Sir Charles to be his executor, vi. 219 to 222. Visited again, and soothed by Sir Charles, vi. 238. Drags on life without hope, vii. 8. 16. Requests, in

extremity, another visit from Sir Charles, vii. 316. Account of what passed in that visit, vii. 317. His penitence, ibid. Unwillingness to die, ibid. Dies; leaving Sir Charles his sole executor, and great legacies to him, and his lady, vii. 318.

Poor, education of their children, v. 17, 18. Characters of great men may be gathered from the behaviour of their poor neighbours to them as they come in their way, vii. 48.

PORRETTA, a noble Italian family; history of it in its several branches, iii. 181, & seq. *See the particulars of it under the proper articles.*

Power, an ill use of it, will take reputation from the aggressor, and give it to the oppressed, iv. 26.

Praise, ii. 81. 342. | iii. 65. 138. 172. 362. | iv. 41. 131. | v. 42. 130, 131. | vi. 202. | vii. 23.

Praises, on what occasions allowable to repeat the praises given us, i. 43. | v. 88.

Precept, less effectual with men of abandoned principles than example, vi. 216.

Presents, Sir Charles Grandison's opinion in relation to them, v. 285, 286.

PRESTON, *Mrs.* a Lady of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's acquaintance, to whom he gives a false account of Mr. Greville, in order to screen himself from detection in carrying off Miss Byron from the masquerade, i. 185.

Pride, ii. 94. | v. 253. A not illaudable one, v. 273. She who can give pride to others by her condescension, should not condescend to be proud, vii. 17.

Princess of Cleves, a dangerous novel, vii. 220.

Promises should never be made between lovers, ii. 187. 288. 296. 327, 328.

Protector of innocence, his duty, ii. 73.

Protestants, those among them censured who favour persecution, iii. 234. | v. 99, 100. Have their prejudices, iii. 254. Calumniated, iii. 345. Have more charity for persons differing from them than Roman catholics can have, v. 101. 105. 231. Represented by Clementina as more intent on adorning their houses than their churches, vii. 117.

Protestations, large, to be suspected, i. 85. 100. 118. | iii. 242. | iv. 66. 73. 303. *See* flattery.

Prude, the dangerous misapplication of that word, vi. 156.

Prudence, i. 38. 42, 43. | ii. 10. 82. 94. 125. 235. 240. | iii. 16. 89. | v. 2. 8. 220. | vi. 54, 55. 174. 348. | vii. 30. 48.

Prudery, ii. 106. | iv. 147. | vi. 156.

The *Public*, iv. 3.

Public places, i. 131. 154. 268. | ii. 182. 316, 317. | iii. 12. | iv. 269. | vi. 235. | vii. 38. *See* Modern *taste.*
Punctilio, iii. 113. 245. | vi. 195. 198.

Q.

Qualifications in the human mind, that will generally attract universal love and reverence, i. 270.
Qualities in both sexes, that will make the married state happy, iii. 151, 152. | iv. 116. | v. 79.
Quarrels, matrimonial, iv. 30. 32, 33. 36. 123. 271. 273. | v. 65.

R.

R. Countess dowager of, proposed to Sir Charles Grandison for a wife, iii. 65.
Raillery of men less delicate than that of women, i. 291, 292. A talent of humour or raillery difficult to be reined-in, iii. 19. Some men cannot appear to advantage, unless they make their friend a butt to shoot at, vi. 131.
Rake, ii. 320. *See* Libertine.
Recommendation, ii. 334.
Recrimination should not be used to a forgiven penitent, except on repeating the offence, iii. 115. 133.
REEVES, *Mr.* and *Mrs.* of opinion that Mr. Orme will succeed with Miss Byron, i. 16. He is a friend of Mr. Fowler and Sir Rowland Meredith, i. 40. Acts as moderator in the debate about learning and languages, i. 80. He is thought to be of too mild a temper, i. 125. 142. Goes with his wife, Miss Byron, and Lady Betty Williams, to the masquerade, i. 171. His distraction on Miss Byron's being carried off from hence, i. 170 to 189. Hears of her, i. 189. And attends her at Colnebrook, i. 192. His concern for the issue of Sir Charles Grandison's visit to Sir Hargrave, ii. 30, 31.

[See further of him and his lady in the articles Miss *Byron,* Miss Charlotte *Grandison,* and Sir *Charles.*]

Reformation, i. 251. | ii. 17. | iii. 63. 67. | v. 65.
Relation personal, inferior to that of mind, iv. 130. In what cases relations have a claim upon relations for assistance, iv. 42.
Religion, iii. 236. 264. 335. | iv. 148. 303. | v. 48. 88. 168. 170. | vi. 217. | vii. 43. 171.

Religion will make charitable and great minds, however differing even in some essential articles, love one another, vii. 237. A day spent in doing good, be the objects of it ever so low, is more pleasing to reflect upon, than a day of the most elegant indulgence, vii. 281.

Remorse, iv. 62. | vi. 173. 178. 219. 233.

Reresby, *Lord*, his character, vi. 329. A guest at Sir Charles Grandison's nuptials, vi. 329. Courts Miss Lucy Selby, vii. 204. 236. His good character, vii. 251. Marriage-day fixed, vii. 279. Married, vii. 290.

Reserve, iii. 53, 54. 150.

Retribution, ii. 321.

Riot. *See* Intemperance.

Roberts, *Mr.* a guest at Sir Charles Grandison's nuptials, vi. 329.

Romances, the favourite reading of the last age, vii. 217 to 221.

S.

S. *Lady Anne*, proposed to Sir Charles Grandison for a wife; and has the good wishes of his sisters, ii. 254. She makes a visit at Colnebrook, Miss Byron present: what passes in it, ii. 259. Sir Charles's sisters sound him as to his intention with regard to her, ii. 309. She properly rebukes Lady G. for raillying her on her hopeless love, iv. 242, 243. More of her, vi. 43. 46. 48.

Salmonet, *Captain*, a pretender to a French extraction, iii. 30 to 36. Chastised by Sir Charles Grandison for his insolent behaviour to him, iii. 97 to 102. *See* O'Hara.

Saunders, *Richard*, Sir Charles Grandison's gentleman, often his almoner, vi. 148. Carries relief to Mrs. Bagenhall from Sir Charles, vi. 226. His and Mrs. Curzon's description of the voluntary distinction every-where paid their master, for his goodness, by people of low degree, vii. 46.

Satirist, marks of a true one, i. 64.

Scholar, true signification of that word, i. 63.

Scotland, rebellion there in 1745, what hoped for from it in Italy, iii. 189.

Scots women, their beauty commended by Sir Charles Grandison, ii. 18. Miss Byron a little piqued at the distinction paid them by him, ii. 19.

Sebastiano, *Signor*, nephew of the marquis of that name, present at the solemn leave Mr. Grandison took of the family,

iii. 350. Invited, with his brother Juliano, by Mr. Grandison, to England, iii. 357. They both lament that Mr. Grandison cannot be their relation, iii. 362. Visits Mr. Grandison before he quits Bologna, iii. 372. They accompany the Count of Belvedere to England, vii. 109. 166. 169. Signor Sebastiano visits Lady Grandison, vii. 169. His character, from her, vii. 172. 175. Lady Clementina's address to him and the count, on their taking leave of her, vii. 306.

Secrets, ii. 93. 113, 114. 270. | iii. 2. 28. 251. | iv. 105. | vii. 143.

Seduction, iii. 213. | iv. 281. | v. 72.

SELBY, *Mrs.* grandmother of Miss Lucy and Nancy Selby, her civility to Mr. Greville, i. 2, 3. Present at Sir Charles Grandison's nuptials, vi. 360.

SELBY *family*, some account of it, v. 74. 80.

SELBY, *George*, Esq. a facetious gentleman, uncle of Miss Byron by marriage: she is apprehensive of his censures, i. 17. His observations on the vanity of women, i. 18. His letter of ironical blame of his niece, i. 32 to 37. Amuses himself with making observations on his niece's letters, i. 92. His half-distracted letter to Mr. Reeves, on her being carried off at the masquerade, i. 175. (*See Mr.* Reeves, *Miss* Byron, *&c. on that subject.*) Raillied by Lady G. v. 74. Reflects on Sir Charles Grandison for going over to Italy, v. 111. Raillies Miss Byron, vi. 64. 71, 72. 121. 157. Debates between him and his lady, on the manner of receiving Sir Charles Grandison at Selby-house, vi. 66, 67. Vexed at Sir Charles's supposed slight; teazes his lady and niece, vi. 72. Petulant on the same supposition, vi. 74. Sullen to Sir Charles, vi. 76. Entirely satisfied; and throws all the fault on his lady and niece, vi. 77. Desires to live upon good terms with Mr. Greville; and why, vi. 127. Difficult to restrain his honest zeal in favour of Sir Charles, vi. 147. Humorous but earnest dialogue between him and his lady, on this subject, vi. 149, & seq. A zealous man for the church, vi. 217. Whimsically declares his dislike of the methodists, vi. 218. By his good-natured jests, throws Miss Byron into confusion, ibid. Called home on an alarming occasion, vi. 272. Strengthens unintendedly the alarm, vi. 274. Out-argued on the subject of punctilio, vi. 284 to 286. Why pleasantly preferred by Lady G. to the rest of the family, vi. 299. His headstrong joy on his niece's approaching nuptials, vi. 306. His preparations for the solemnity, vi. 308. Kept in order by Sir Charles, unknown to himself, vi. 319.

His character, from Lady G. vi. 321. His behaviour in the church, as nuptial father, vi. 344, 345. In the vestry, vi. 348. In returning from the church, vi. 350. On coming home, vi. 351. His archness diverted by Sir Charles, vi. 353. Insists on the bridegroom's waiting on the bride at dinner, as he had formerly done on his, vi. 355. The part he bears at the ball, vi. 359. Gently reprimanded by Sir Charles, for endeavouring to put the bride out of countenance, vi. 366. His admiration of his niece, dressed for her bridal appearance at church, vi. 387. With his lady and Lucy, and Mr. Deane, is to attend the bride and bridegroom to town, and to Grandison-hall, vii. 10. Admires Sir Charles more and more, at Grandison-hall; and thinks they were not respectful enough to him in Northamptonshire, vii. 26. Charmed with the expectation of a jovial day with all the neighbouring people of condition, vii. 32. Delighted with Sir Charles's noble behaviour, and with the happiness of his niece, he says, he knows not such a place as Selby-house, vii. 69. His emotion at parting with her, vii. 165. *See Mrs.* Selby, *Lady* G. *&c.*

Selby, *Mrs.* aunt of Miss Byron; her character by Mr. Greville, i. 10. Pleasant debates between her and Mrs. Shirley on one part, and her husband on the other, on the superior excellencies of the sexes, and on Miss Byron's particular ones i. 33, & seq. Is apprehensive of her niece's growing affection to Sir Charles Grandison, i. 317 to 320. Her answer to the Countess of D.'s proposal of marriage between the earl her son and Miss Byron, i. 322, 323. Endeavours to dissuade her niece from thinking further of Sir Charles, ii. 119 to 122. Her character from Lady G. v. 76.

For further accounts of this lady, *See Miss* Byron, *Mr.* Selby, *&c.*

Selby, *Mr. James*, in love with Miss Jervois; but discouraged, though he will have a fine fortune, iv. 232. | v. 74. His character from Lady G. v. 76. Fired with emulation of Sir Charles Grandison's accomplishments, he expresses a desire to travel, vi. 79. 124. Blamed by Lady G. and why, vii. 252, & seq. Addresses Miss Patty Holles, vii. 287. 289.

Selby, *Miss Lucy*, niece of Mrs. Selby, and favourite correspondent of Miss Byron, gives an account of the regrets of Miss Byron's three lovers, on her intentions of going to London, i. 1 to 3. Thought to favour Mr. Greville in his address to Miss Byron, i. 1. 27 to 30. Conquers her first love,

on finding the object unworthy, i. 93. Her character, from Miss Byron, iv. 231. From Lady G. v. 76. Her and her sister's billet of congratulation to Miss Byron, on Sir Charles's arrival at Selby-house, vi. 70. She pleasantly charges him with being a designer, vi. 114. Further mention of her overcoming her passion for an undeserving lover, vi. 173. Offers to correspond with Lady G. vi. 271. Proceeds with a letter begun by Miss Byron; but, through terror, left unfinished, vi. 272. Raillies her uncle Selby for his indelicacy, vi. 285, 286. Her reason why her cousin Byron's wedding-day will be a wicked day, vi. 297. Her account of the preparations to entertain the tenants, and the poor, on that occasion, vi. 308. Writes, in concert with Lady G. an account of the nuptials, vi. 335 to 350. Describes the appearance at church, vi. 385 to 390. Seemingly displeased with Lady G. for her pretending, that she thought her description unequal to the subject, vi. 390. Gives to Lady G. accounts of transactions during the stay of the bride and bridegroom in Northamptonshire, vii. 1 to 6. 9, & seq. Thinks Sir Charles could not have been happy with an Italian wife; and why, vii. 11. Touches briefly the parting scene between Mrs. Shirley and her beloved grand-daughter, vii. 12, 13. Accompanies the bride and bridegroom to London, and Grandison-hall, vii. 14. Her talent at describing works of art, buildings, prospects, vii. 19. 28. 32. Describes Sir Charles's seat, vii. 25, 26. Gives doubtful answers to Lady Grandison, with regard to her acceptance or refusal of Mr. Greville's offered address to her, vii. 77 to 81. Her appeal to Lady Grandison and Lady G. for their judgments on the force of first impressions in love, and an invincible adherence to them, vii. 212. Blamed by Lady Grandison for neglecting to write to her, vii. 236. Courted by Lord Reresby, vii. 204. 236. 251. Her wedding-day fixed; and Lady G.'s descants on the subject of first love, vii. 279. Nuptials solemnized, vii. 290.

SELBY, *Miss Nancy*, sister of the above, in bad health, tenderly pitied by Miss Byron, i. 2. 14. 17. Pleasing hopes of her recovery, i. 17. Her sarcasm on Mr. Greville, vi. 138, 139. Assists at Miss Byron's nuptials, vi. 337. Is not without her lover, vii. 289.

Self-diffidence, i. 323. | iii. 211.

Selfishness, iii. 1. 159. | v. 104. | vi. 7. | vii. 88, 89.

Self-partiality, iii. 60. | iv. 197. | v. 130.

Self-praise, in what cases lawful to repeat, i. 43. | v. 88. | vi. 131. *See* Praise.

Sensual men are always in the power of women, iii. 217, 218. *See* Address *to men of sense in the gay world.*

Sentimental, what, vi. 349.

SERTORIUS and *Metellus*. *See* Duelling.

Servants, Miss Byron's opinion of them, i. 25, 26. Mercenary disposition of servants in England, iii. 360. Sir Charles's management of servants, iv. 146. A pleasure for servants to be directed by those who know when things are properly performed, vii. 30. Lady Grandison resolves, that her new ones shall not find her pragmatical, 31. Piety the best security for the good behaviour of servants, vii. 43. The happiness of Sir Charles's, vii. 44.

Servants library, vii. 44.

Sexes, whether equal or not by nature, vi. 383, 384.

SFORZA, *Lady*, dowager-aunt of Lady Clementina, to be present at Mr. Grandison's solemn leave of the Porretta family, iii. 341. She, and her daughter Laurana, inveigh against him, and are for using harsh measures with Lady Clementina, iii. 346, 347. She, in his presence, desires the general to be pacific, iii. 351.—Yet blames the mother for having permitted Mr. Grandison to see Clementina, iii. 352. Addressed to by Mr. Grandison to interest her in behalf of tender measures, iii. 353, 354. She highly commends him in his absence, iii. 362. Compassionates her unhappy niece, iii. 364. Severe to her, iii. 375. Takes a letter out of her bosom, which she had hid there, iii. 376. And a paper, transcribed from the Canticles, ibid. Is earnest to have her niece entrusted to her care, iii. 387. Prevailed once to have her put into a nunnery for a trial, iii. 390. Obtains her wish, and connives at her daughter Laurana's cruel treatment of her, iv. 57, & seq. (*See* Laurana). Clementina taken out of her hands, a breach ensues between her and the rest of the family, iv. 62. [Her and her daughter's particular inducements for endeavouring to drive Lady Clementina into a nunnery, iv. 304, 305. She finds means to stimulate the Count of Belvedere to challenge Sir Charles Grandison, on his return to Italy, 143. Her high-spirited and artful character, v. 144. However, at her own request, receives a visit from him, on his again leaving Italy, v. 267. *See* Clementina. *See Sir Charles* Grandison.

SHAKESPEARE, a favourite of Miss Byron, i. 25. Mr. Walden's opinion of him, i. 82. His great genius, unaided, as some suppose, by learning, vi. 375.

SHIRLEY, *Mr.* grandfather of Miss Byron, his polite and worthy character, i. 10. His personal care of her education,

i. 60. 68. Desires his lady will keep up the hospitality he practised, vi. 52. Extolled by his tenants, vi. 356. History of his courtship to his lady, vii. 218.

SHIRLEY, *Mrs.* called by every one an ornament of old age, i. 6. Her billet to borrow her grand-daughter, as a cordial to raise her spirits, i. 11. Is afraid that Miss Byron will be entangled in a hopeless passion, i. 319. Her letter on the Countess of D.'s proposal for her son, ii. 123 to 129. Her pathetic address of thankfulness to Heaven on the safe return of her beloved child to Northamptonshire, iv. 235. Her character, from Lady G. iv. 242. Her excellencies (and indulgence to the foibles of youth) further displayed, v. 75. 77. Her great behaviour, when it was thought Sir Charles was on the point of marriage with Clementina, v. 113 to 115. Sir Charles's first visit to her, to tender himself as a lover to her grand-daughter, vi. 22, 23. Her letter, accepting gratefully of his proposals, vi. 30, 31. Her encomium from Mr. Deane, vi. 52. Her billet of congratulation to Miss Byron, on Sir Charles's arrival in Northamptonshire, vi. 69. Further instances of her cheerfully promoting the innocent diversions of youth, vi. 79. Sir Charles addresses her with a reverence that does credit to his own heart, vi. 113. Her lively turns in conversation, vi. 114, 115. Urges Sir Charles to speak unreservedly of the merits of Lady Clementina, vi. 122. Picture to be drawn of Sir Charles and her conversing, vi. 141. Further instance of her pleasure in promoting that of young people, vi. 144. Decision on the appeal brought to her by Sir Charles and Miss Byron, vi. 201. A fine conversation between her and Sir Charles, vi. 215. Visited, hand in hand, by Dr. Curtis, a church of England clergyman, and Mr. Milbourne, a dissenting minister, whom she had formerly brought to a good understanding, vi. 216. Makes pious and instructive observations, on the desponding letter of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, vi. 225. Fine instance of her tender love to Sir Charles, and of his pious reverence to her, vi. 232. 283. Gives the day (left to her) for the celebration of the nuptials, vi. 293. Description of her withdrawing from company, supported by Miss Byron, vi. 330. The meritorious occasion of her lameness, ibid. Supports her grand-daughter's spirits on the wedding-day, vi. 337, 338. Blesses her at her setting out to church, vi. 339. The spectators bless Sir Charles for his tender and respectful care of her, vi. 342, 343. She blesses him in the vestry, after the solemnization; and gives an instructive lesson to the young ladies present, vi. 346, 347. Further lesson to the young ladies, advising them to make a

good man their choice, vi. 365. Tells her tenants, that they will be happy after her death in the goodness of Sir Charles Grandison; but that he will see with his own eyes, and not be imposed upon, vii. 6. Gives a ball, vii. 9. Magnanimity in parting with her grand-daughter, vii. 12, 13. Presents her with a gold box, in which was her beloved Mr. Shirley's picture, highly valued by herself, vii. 51. Her superior method of enjoying herself in the absence of her grand-daughter, who had wished her to be an eye-witness of her happiness, vii. 52. Gives her opinion as to the supposed hardship of Lady Clementina's case, urged, as she lately was, to marry a man, to whom she had an indifference, and choosing to live a single life, vii. 214. Illustrates, by solid reasonings, her opinion, and extends it to her grand-daughter, when she used to declare, that, if she was not the wife of Sir Charles Grandison, she would never marry, vii. 215, 216. Gives briefly the history of the excellent Mrs. Eggleton, vii. 217. Owns a fondness for romance in her younger days, ibid. But that her false heroism lasted not till she was twenty, vii. 218. Relates the debates between Mrs. Eggleton and her on her then romantic taste, vii. 218 to 220. Exposes the notion of those, who, marrying without a vehement passion, are, apprehensive, that such a one will seize them, after marriage, in favour of a stranger, vii. 220, 221. She describes the love that is truly excellent and laudable, vii. 222. Her and Mrs. Eggleton's reasonings supported by Lady G. vii. 224, & seq.

Shirley-manor, some account of it, v. 80. | vi. 53.

Signs of love, i. 84. | ii. 85. 96. 104. 178. | iii. 21. 44. 46. 49. 51, 52, 53. 135. 169. 230, 231. 242. | iv. 9. 249.

Sincerity, i. 121. | ii. 203. | iii. 2. | iv. 67. | v. 85. 241.

Single life capable of the noble tendernesses, iv. 225.

SINGLETON, *Mr.* his character, i. 55, 56. What Miss Byron supposes he would have written to his grandmother about her, i. 100, 101.

Single women, sentiments for their benefit, i. 13, 14. 90, 91. 127. 159, 160, 161. | ii. 79. 88, 89. 134. 159. 163. 168. 175. 194. 288. 293, 294. 329. 335. | iii. 12. 272. | iv. 109. 170. | vi. 78. 365, 366. | vii. 279.

Single women, their defenceless condition, iv. 15. 148. | vi. 379. | vii. 216. Yet an unsupported state is better than an oppressed, a miserable one, with a bad husband, vii. 223.

Singularity, i. 128. | vi. 191.

Sisters, two, agreed to manage a love-affair, have advantages

over a lady and her woman, ii. 80. 122. Hardships of sisters from brothers, in certain cases, vii. 148.

Smithfield bargains, vulgarly so called, an odium too often cast upon prudence by selfish persons, vi. 42. *See* Marriage settlements.

Soldiers, English, their difficulties with respect to the practice of duelling, ii. 60. Women's favour for soldiers accounted for, ii. 298, 299.

Soliloquies and asides in a play censured, iii. 146.

SOMNER, *Mr.* his conceited character, i. 20.

Spirit, iii. 339. 349. 359. | iv. 318. | v. 211.

STEELE, *Mr.* a guest at Sir Charles Grandison's nuptials, vi. 328.

STEVENS, *Miss*, her character, i. 22.

Story, in works of imagination, is at this day hunted after by the English; sentiment by the French, vi. 349.

Suicide, vii. 294.

Sumptuary laws, their revival to be wished for, vi. 191. *See* Dress.

Sunniness of complexion, what, i. 270.

Supererogatorian, a word of Mr. Selby, i. 34.

Superstition, vi. 230.

Surgeon, the qualities of a good one, iv. 297. 300.

Surprises, i. 304.

Susceptibilities, v. 293.

Suspense, ii. 309. 352. | iii. 175. 181. 250.

SWIFT, *Dr.* censured by Miss Byron, ii. 193, 194.

SYLVESTER, *Mr.* a worthy attorney, attends Sir Charles Grandison for the Danbys, ii. 348. Compliments Sir Charles on his great *windfall*, as he calls it, ii. 349. Gives him a good account of the two nephews and niece of the late Mr. Danby, his clients, ii. 350. Sir Charles desires him to tell them his kind intentions towards them, ibid. Desires leave to introduce them to him, ibid. Presents them to Sir Charles, an honest pleasure shining in his eyes, ii. 351. Weeps for joy at Sir Charles's goodness to them all, ii. 360. Declares, that he shall be impatient till he has done some little good, after such a self-rewarding example, ii. 361. Joins with the two brothers in invoking blessings upon Sir Charles, 362. Further account of this affair, and of his honest sensibility, iii. 91, 92.

T.

Talents of youth, if properly applied, thousands will make a figure in life, who otherwise would be outcasts of the world, v. 17.

Taste, iii. 11. 244.

Tears. *See* Grief.

Temptation, iii. 6, 7. | v. 22.

Time, at what period of their age it stands still with women, i. 48.

TOLSON, *Mr.* his declared antipathies to red hair, a widow, and particularly a widow with a child; yet marries to a widow with red hair, and an idiot daughter, i. 39.

Tradesmen, when they fail in the world, have advantages which reduced gentlemen have not, vi. 5, 6.

Tradesmen, not to be despised in a trading nation, vii. 17, 18. Sir Charles Grandison chooses men of approved principles to deal with, that he may not be a watchman over people of doubtful honesty, vii. 47, 48.

Travelling, its uses and abuses, i. 275. 290. | iii. 61. 236. 239. | iv. 50, 51. 102, 103. | v. 88. 182, 183. 191. *See* Lorimer. *See* Youth.

Trifles, insisted upon, make frequently the widest breaches, iv. 201.

TULLUS and *Albanus.* *See* Duelling.

TURENNE, *Mareschal,* his answer to a challenge sent him by the Elector Palatine. *See* Duelling.

TURNER, *Sir William,* a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Grandison-hall, iii. 11. Censures Sir Thomas Grandison for keeping such a son as Sir Charles so long abroad, vii. 37. Visited by Sir Charles, &c. vii. 91.

V.

Vanity. *See* Conceit.

Venice, a young nobleman of, chastised by Sir Charles Grandison, ii. 53 to 56.

Vice, is a coward, when it knows it will be resolutely opposed, i. 210.

Vice, ii. 201. 205. | iii. 74. | vi. 129.

Virtue. The cause of virtue, and that of the sex, can hardly be separated, iii. 213.

Virtue, ii. 171. 236. | iv. 144, 145. 181. 198. | vi. 150. | vii. 34.

Virtuous love looks beyond this temporary scene, iii. 214.
Vincibility of love, ii. 200. | iv. 47. 49. 53. | v. 133. 224. | vii. 222. 228.
Unchastity, iv. 74, 75. | v. 309.
University, the world the great one, i. 66. Caution to those who are brought up in the lesser, ibid. What is to be wished to be propagated in the latter more than is, i. 75, 76. 80.
Voice sometimes denotes the qualities of the mind, i. 45.
Volubility of speech generally owing to want of doubt, i. 59.

W.

W. *Lord*, uncle to Sir Charles Grandison, his libertinism, ii. 153. Avarice, ii. 196. Governed by his mistress more absolutely than he would have been by a wife, ii. 210 (*See Mrs.* Giffard, *for what relates to his quarrels, and parting with that woman, and the just part his nephew acted by her, and noble one by him.*) His pathetic apostrophe to his deceased sister for blessing him with such a nephew, iii. 90. His character summed up by Miss Byron, iv. 120. He puts her into confusion, iv. 121. 124. Fired by Sir Charles's magnanimity, he presents a thousand pounds to each of his two nieces, iv. 128, 129. His happiness with the wife obtained for him by Sir Charles, v. 213. 306. (*See Miss* Mansfield.) Arrives with his lady at Selby-house, to assist in the celebration of Sir Charles's nuptials, vi. 322. A different man to what he once was, lifted up from low keeping to a wife, who, by her behaviour, good sense, politeness, gives him consequence, vi. 325. His joy on Sir Charles's nuptials, vi. 348. They accompany Sir Charles and his bride to Grandison-hall, vii. 18. 20. Presents Lady Grandison with a rich service of gilt plate, vii. 36. Their affection to each other founded on love and gratitude on his side; on gratitude, and compassion for his infirmities, on hers, vii. 38.
W. *Lady*, corresponds with Lady G. vi. 46. Her friendship greatly valued by Miss Byron, vi. 49. Her fine compliment to Sir Charles on his prospect of happiness with Miss Byron, vi. 325. Her relation of an East-India officer silencing a pedant, vi. 373, 374. Loves her lord on the best principles, vii. 38. *See Miss* Mansfield. *See also Sir Charles* Grandison.
W. *General*, brother of Lord W. in the Imperial service, desirous to make young Mr. Grandison a soldier, ii. 60. | vi. 146.
Walden, *Mr.* an Oxford student, his character, i. 55. His supercilious behaviour to Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, i. 58. 61.

Admired by Mr. Singleton, i. 63. Compels Miss Byron to enter into a dispute about learning and languages, i. 66, & seq. A mere student, and of no account in the university, i. 69. Sneers at Mr. Addison, i. 77. His opinion of Shakespeare, and the moderns, when compared with the ancients; and proposal for introducing the Spartan jacket for the ladies, i. 82. Miss Byron supposes him in the character of Pasquin writing her character to his Marforio, i. 97, & seq. This debate observed upon by Sir Charles Grandison, who thinks the cause of learning suffered in Mr. Walden's hands, vi. 374. 376. 382.

Ward. *See* Guardian. *Sir Charles* Grandison. *Miss* Jervois.

Watkyns, *Sir Walter*, an admirer of Miss Grandison, ii. 9. His character compared by Sir Charles Grandison with that of Lord G. with a preference to the latter, ii. 273, 274. Miss Grandison reflects upon him for his bad spelling, though he can talk Italian and French, iii. 130. Sir Charles writes, at his sister's request, to put an end to his hopes, iii. 175.

Watson, *Miss.* A bride-maid at Sir Charles Grandison's nuptials, vi. 322.

Widows, ii. 128. The refuge of battered rakes, and younger brothers, vi. 174. Mr. Everard Grandison likely to be re-established by the kind widow of his wine-merchant, ibid. Lady G.'s reflections upon that subject, and upon the rich widows of tradesmen setting up for taste, and marrying reduced gentlemen, vi. 175. *See* Everard *Grandison.*

Wife; description of an affectionate one receiving a long-absent husband, ii. 32. What wife the most suitable to a man labouring under bodily infirmities, iii. 137. *See* Husband *and wife.*

Williams, *Lady Betty;* a relation of Mr. Reeves; her slight notions of a mother's duty in the education of children, i. 23. Offers to conduct Miss Byron to the places of general entertainment, i. 24. Her complaisance to Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, i. 57, & seq. Congratulates Miss Byron on a conquest made of him, i. 84. 86. Insists upon dressing Miss Byron for the masquerade, i. 126. Particulars of the dress, i. 168, 169. Causelessly suspected by Mr. Selby of being an accomplice in the carrying off Miss Byron from one, i. 176. Greatly admires Sir Charles Grandison, i. 219, 220. Declares that Miss Byron ought to marry Sir Hargrave, in order to prevent a duel between him and Sir Charles Grandison, i. 295. Visits her with Miss Clements at Colnebrook, iii. 137. Character of her and

her daughter, iv. 229, 230. Her daughter's misconduct owing in a great measure to her careless education of her, vi. 21. Pitied by Lady Grandison, vii. 16.

WILLIAMS, *Miss*, daughter of the former; a forward girl, i. 22. Her further character, iv. 229, 230. Runs away with an ensign, whose colours were all his fortune; yet both extravagant, vi. 19. Pitied by Miss Byron, vi. 21.

WILSON, *William*, proposed as a servant to Miss Byron, i. 14. Entertained by her, i. 149. Suspected of being concerned in the surprisal of her at the masquerade, i. 174. 178. How he effected it, i. 181 to 184. Courts the daughter of the widow Awberry, to whose house his young lady was carried, i. 237. His historical and penitential letter, i. 252 to 263. Sir Charles engages his vile principals to perform their promises to him, ii. 262. Is to marry the honest girl he courted, and to enter partner with his sister in her inn in Smithfield, ii. 263.

Wise man, iii. 20. | iv. 176.

Wit, i. 21. 50. 56. | iii. 131. 174. 243. | iv. 239. | v. 133. 303. | vi. 181.

Witty men, ii. 172. 281.

Witty women, i. 56. | iii. 143, 144. 153. | iv. 142.

WOLSEY, *Cardinal*, in his fall found but one faithful Cromwell among all his numerous and better-descended attendants, iii. 8.

Women, English; comparison between them and the French, i. 8. Reflected upon by Mr. Selby for their vanity, and love of admiration, i. 18. 32. Pride and cunning the sum-total of their virtue, according to Sir Thomas Grandison, ii. 193. The hearts of artful women easily discoverable, iii. 81. Women's sphere is the house, and their shining place the sick-chamber, iii. 8. Modern women can divert themselves abroad, which only men were used to do formerly, when any thing crossed them at home, iv. 96. 259. Women may be eloquent in their grief, when a man must hardly be heard to complain, v. 219. Women want protection; therefore love men of courage, vi. 279. Silly antipathies of women to beetles, spiders, frogs, &c. exposed, ibid. Daring in adventures, vi. 279. 305. Affect procrastination in certain cases, vi. 309. They love hurry-skurries, in Lady G.'s language, vi. 309, 310. What is the inclemency of season, what are winds, mountains, seas, asks the elder brother of Lady Clementina, to a woman who has set her heart on an adventure? vii. 295.

The *World*, i. 41. 107. 276. 296. | v. 244. 270.

Y.

Youth, the season of cheerfulness, i. 11. Should never take advice in love-cases of youth, iv. 153.

Youth, i. 11. 22. 253. | iii. 92. 177. 362. | v. 127. | vi. 232. 343. | vii. 214. *See* Single *women*. *See* Travelling.

Z.

Zeal will be zeal in persons of whatever denomination, iii. 254. A religious zeal, says Jeronymo, is a strengthener, a confirmer, of all the social sanctions, vi. 95. Religious zeal, says Sir Charles Grandison, is too generally a fiery thing, vi. 217.

SIMILES

AND

ALLUSIONS,

IN THE FOREGOING

SEVEN VOLUMES.

BACHELORS, old, and old maids, compared *to* haunted houses, ii. 319.

BARTLETT, *Dr.* surrounded by three inquisitive ladies, *to* Adam, ii. 338.

BEAUCHAMP, *Sir Harry*, in the quarrel with his lady, *to* a parading officer, iv. 31.

Beauty, *to* flowers, vi. 82. 176. 213.

BELVEDERE, *Count of*, *to* Varanes, in the tragedy of Theodosius, vii. 278.

Brides adorned for the nuptial ceremony, *to* heifers decked out for sacrifice, vi. 361. | vii. 156.

Brother, polite, *to* a black swan, ii. 4. 342.

BYRON, *Miss*, *to* a Parthian, i. 72. (See *also* vi. 151.) *To* a frighted bird, i. 208. | ii. 315. Drawing of characters, *to* throwing of squibs, ii. 295. On a particular occasion, *to* a child put out of its lesson, vi. 64, 65. Urged, as she thought, too pressingly, *to* a snail shrinking into its shell, vi. 189. In the prudery attributed to her by Lady G. *to* a pretty cow, with a careless heel, vi. 300. And by the same, *to* a see-sawed infant, ibid. *To* Minerva, vi. 326. *To* the Blessed Virgin, by Lady Clementina, vii. 153. *To* the middle character between Vashti and Esther, vii. 189.

CLEMENTINA, *Lady*, bleeding, *to* Iphigenia, iii. 295. *To*

Jephtha's daughter, vii. 105. Travelling to England, *to* Lady Olivia, vii. 119. *To* a lost jewel, vii. 311.

Conjugal affection, compared *to* Aaron's rod, devouring all other loves, i. 269.

Courted lady, who, having several lovers, prefers the worst, *to* a lady in a mercer's shop, i. 32. 113.

Courteous woman's general civility, *to* a stream sluiced off into several channels, i. 93.

Curiosity diverted, *to* a whale playing with a tub, ii. 265. 266. *To* a nail, that fastens to the ground the foot of an inquisitive person, vii. 243.

Death, *to* a river, iii. 323. *To* a cloud, vii. 39.

Discretion, *to* late-blowing flowers, vi. 259.

Dissembling men, *to* the Hyæna, i. 27.

Friendship, *to* an indissoluble knot, vii. 150. 152.

G. *Lord*, with his collection of insects, *to* the mountain and mouse in the fable, by his over-lively lady, ii. 20. His face, *to* a new moon in a frosty night, v. 51. Himself, *to* Mr. Singleton, vi. 321. *To* Acteon, vii. 233.

G. *Lord* and *Lady*, *to* Saul and David, iv. 209.

G. *Lady*, and her broken harpsichord, *to* Epictetus, and his snapt leg, v. 55. *To* a caged bird, v. 57. *To* a builder on a faulty foundation, v. 59. *To* Lady Betty Clemson, v. 76. *To* a kitten, vi. 321. Her maids, crowding about her on a certain occasion, *to* Diana's nymphs, vii. 233.

Giacomo *della Porretta*, *to* Naaman the Syrian, iv. 316.

Giffard, *Mrs.* in her disgrace, *to* a fallen minister of state, iii. 86.

Grandison, *Sir Thomas*, designing to make over his estate to his son, *to* King Victor Amadeus, ii. 198.

Grandison, *Sir Charles*, and Miss Jervois, *to* Cadenus and Vanessa, ii. 10. Sir Charles, *to* Noah's good sons, ii. 145. *To* the sunshine, ii. 236. *To* Cæsar, with a preference, ii. 346. By Clementina, *to* the spouse in the Canticles, iii. 376. Sir Charles and Olivia, *to* Rinaldo and Armida, iv. 181. Sir Charles, *to* the first man, v. 220. *To* a prince travelling incognito, vi. 63. *To* the sun, vi. 203. *To* a certain King of Egypt, by Mr. Selby, vi. 217. His look, *to* a sun-beam, vi. 337. His friends in the nuptial procession, *to* the satellites attending a primary planet, vi. 343.

Grandison, *Everard*, reproved by Miss Grandison, compared *to* a sullen boy, ii. 108. Ruined by sharpers, *to* St. Denys without his head, iv. 283.

Greville, *Mr.* *to* a serpent, vi. 129. *To* the prophet Da-

..aam, blessing those whom he came to curse, vi. 138, 139. 268.

Heirs, succeeding their fathers in their estates, and reversing their fathers tastes, *to* the faces on the royal coin, each succeeding prince looking the contrary way to that of his antecessor, vi. 191.

Hope, *to* a crevice that lets in day, vi. 233.

Husbands, by the lively Lady G. *to* the male blackbirds and sparrows; with a preference to the birds, vi. 180.

Jervois, *Miss*, on a disliked address, *to* the sleekness of a new-caught bird, v. 74.

L. *Earl of*, proud of his infant son, *to* a peacock, vi. 305.

L. *Countess of*, her indulgence to her sister Charlotte's vivacity, *to* that of an indolent parent, ii. 20.

Learned woman, *to* an owl among the birds, i. 67. 69.

Legacy-hunters, *to* savages at a wreck, iii. 138.

Life, the present, *to* a short and dark passage, ii. 260.

Love, *to* a pacing horse, ii. 185. *To* water, iii. 244. *To* free-masonry, iv. 271. | vi. 99. 170. 285. *To* a bee, vi. 172. Love concealed, *to* a smothered fire, vi. 311. *To* gun-powder, tinder, and gauze, vi. 348.

Lovers; *to* babies, i. 285. *To* spaniels, iii. 243. Bashful lovers, *to* two parallel lines, vi. 101. (See also vi. 150.) *To* dunghill cocks, vi. 101. Trembling lovers, *to* people in an ague-fit, ibid. Negligent lovers, *to* lazy people gaping, vi. 176. Gentle lovers, *to* shepherds and shepherdesses, ibid.

Marriage, *to* passing the Rubicon, vi. 301. | vii. 157.

O'Hara, *Mrs.* her face, *to* a withering John-apple, iii. 31.

Olivia, *Lady*, *to* Medusa, iv. 199.

Orme, *Miss*, her reserve vanishing on Sir Charles's polite address, *to* the sunshine emerging from a cloud, vi. 187.

Pedants, *to* livery-servants, i. 73. *To* conjurers, i. 117.

Pollexfen, *Sir Hargrave*, compared *to* a keen knife, i. 117. *To* Prince Prettiman in the Rehearsal, vi. 309.

Pride, *and love*, *to* fire, that, though endeavoured to be hidden by a barrel, will flame out at the bung, i. 33. Both contending for mastery, *to* a coat torn in struggling, vi. 183.

Quarrel ending with spirit (by Lady G.) *to* a coachman coming in with a lash, iv. 217. Matrimonial quarrels, in their beginnings, *to* thunder rumbling at a distance, iv. 274. Accumulated quarrels, *to* the contents of a woman's work-bag, v. 65.

Scholar disputing with a lady, *to* a grown-up man fighting with a boy, i. 99.

SIMILES.

SELBY, *Mr.* in an hurry, *to* King William Rufus ordering a wall to be pulled down, vi. 30. *To* an horse at liberty, vi. 32?. *To* a person in a coach, pointing out to, yet hindering a prospect, vi. 340. *To* a lady displeased at guessing her true age, vi. 34?.

SELBY, *Miss Lucy*, by her uncle, in pleasantry, *to* a toad; Miss Byron says why, vi. 307.

SHIRLEY, *Mrs. to* ripened fruit, vii. 13.

Tears of tenderness, *to* the fertilizing dew, ii. 143.

Vice, *to* weeds, i. 290. Bad habits by Lady G. *to* the Jerusalem artichoke, vi. 174.

Visiters, kind, to persons in distress, *to* a physician expected by the friends of the desperate sick, i. 300.

Understanding, *to* a tree, i. 275.

W. *Lord*, parting with Mrs. Giffard, *to* a prince dismissing a rapacious minister, iii. 86. *To* King Henry VIII. iii. 88. His sudden generosity, *to* a miser's feast, v. 18.

Wit, in woman, *to* a person leading her friend through a bad road, when a good one was before her. vi. 183.

Women out of character, *to* bats, i. 56. And *to* eccentric planets, vi. 384. But, containing themselves within their proper bounds, *to* doves, ibid. Those boundaries, *to* the prohibited tree in Paradise, ibid.